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Old Bowery Days

By ALVIN F. HARLOW

OLD TOWPATHS

OLD POST BAGS

OLD BOWERY DAYS



WILD LIFE ON THE SINFUL BOWERY AS PORTRAYED
BY AN ARTIST OF 1880

Old Bowery Days

The Chronicles of a Famous Street

By
Alvin F. Harlow



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PROLOGUE

THERE are four streets by which the City of New York is known to the uttermost isles and hamlets of the earth: Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Wall Street, and the Bowery. Mention any one of them to a man in Moscow or Calcutta or Buenos Aires, and he recognizes it; mention any other street in New York and the chances are that he has never heard of it.

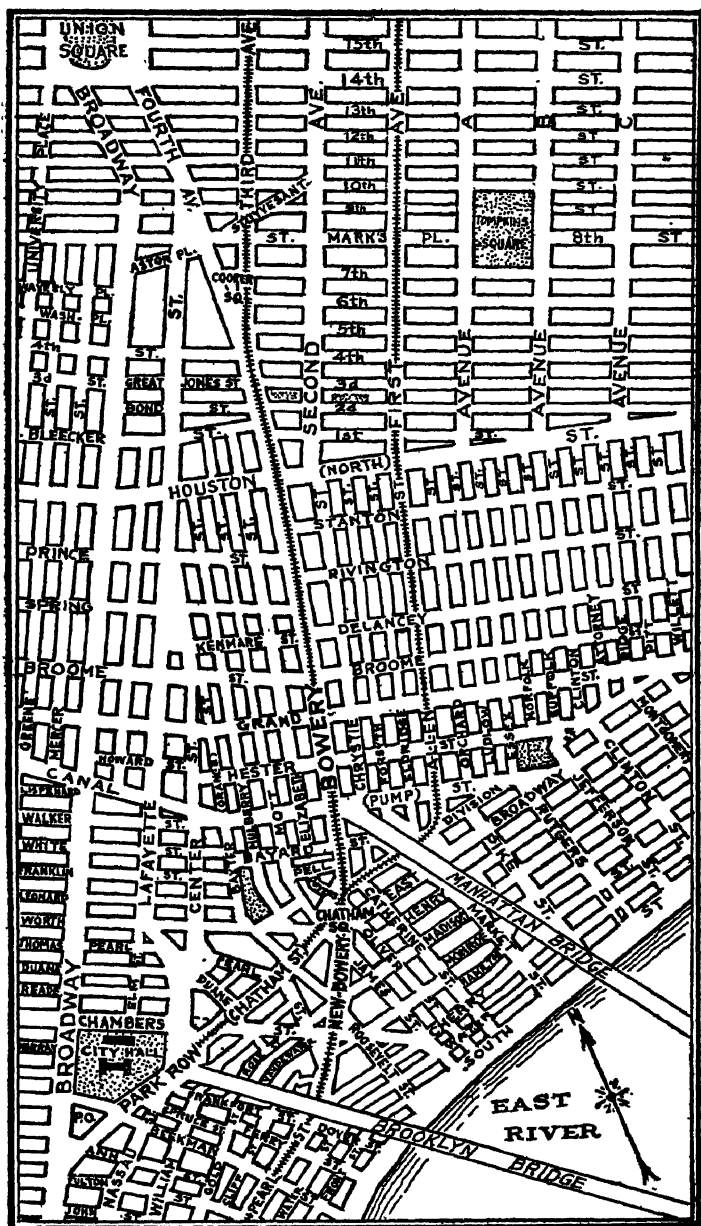
One of these is the longest street in the world; so long that every sort of human activity and inactivity may be seen on it; specifically, the Great White Way, the home of Thespis, the symbol of Bohemia, the Western World's most gorgeous playground, its name the glamorous word that to homesick exiles, as well as to all who have once tasted its pleasures, means New York. Another, formerly the abode and symbol of aristocracy, once bordered with the châteaux of the first millionaires produced by young America—buildings now, alas, nearly all vanished—and to-day known as our proudest and costliest shopping street. A third, short and narrow, a puny little lane, but the center and symbol of great finance, of stocks and bonds, of margins and calls, of bulls and bears; lair of the Money Demon, that hobgoblin of rural spellbinders, the street which finances nations, the geographical center of the world's wealth. The fourth, simultaneously the Broadway of the cosmopolitan East Side and the Fifth Avenue of the tenements; once rowdy, impudent, and fascinating; though but a scant mile in length, yet the most heterogeneous, the most chameleonlike, the street of the most vivid contrasts in the world, where the highest respectability was elbowed by the lowest degradation; a street which the popular mind somewhat unjustly conceives as having been

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the vortex and headquarters of all the vagabondry, thievery, swindling, and prostitution of the metropolis. Perhaps the most famous comic song of the past hundred years was written about it. For decades it has been as well known to seamen and casual world rovers as any waterfront street in San Francisco, Hong Kong, or Sydney. The old ribald attractions for the wanderer are gone, but the missions and labor agencies which were established down there in more boisterous days still function and draw him to the ancient thoroughfare, to the disgust of the decorous merchants who do business on it.

The stories of the first three, the more respectable streets, have been written; that of the notorious one, the black sheep of Gotham's flock, has seemingly been thought too indelicate a chronicle for dignified historians to touch. But it is too important, too significant a section of the American story to be neglected. Scattered through its pages one sees vivid pictures of old, rough municipal politics, of the workings of immigration, of the joys and sorrows of the urban poor.

The Bowery has passed through several incarnations. First it is faintly noticed as the dim path of the cat-footed Indian through the forest; then in turn as the quiet country road bordered with prosperous estates; the suburban business street, increasingly bustling; the playground of lusty, superenergetic youth, rioting in new-found freedom; the haunt of cheap sin and petty crime; realm of the gangster and slum politician; and finally the staid, uneventful, solidly prosperous business street, little changed in physical appearance in fifty years; though many of its buildings are even much older than that. You may still see the actual structures which sheltered Stephen Collins Foster, beloved writer of "Suwanee River," in his hall bedroom; Mike Lyons's famous restaurant, Big Tim Sullivan's political club, and Johnny McGurk's noisome Suicide Hall. They are all given over to business now; but the merchants down there grumble that the street has not progressed like others in the city.



THE PRESENT-DAY BOWERY AND ITS VICINAGE

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"It was that song that killed it," they insist. However that may be, the street is leading a humdrum life, drowsily awaiting its next incarnation. Whatever that is, it will doubtless be decent, and, by the same token, far less colorful than its past. There was never a street just like it anywhere else on earth. There self-expression was untrammelled, individuality ran riot, original characters often did not labor to be anything else than themselves. There will never be anything like it again, for individuality is fading and the race is conforming more and more to patterns. It may not be amiss to breathe a sigh of regret even for the passing of the free thought and free action of the old hurly-burly, catch-as-catch-can days on the Bowery.

CHAPTER I

THE INDIAN TRAIL AND THE ROAD TO HAARLEM

IT was in 1626 that Peter Minuit, a Rhenish Prussian in the service of the Dutch West India Company, made that scandalous deal with the poor, stupid, effete Manhattan Indians, by which the savages handed over their squatters' title to Manhattan Island in exchange for trinkets supposed to be worth about twenty-four dollars. For several years there had been a tiny settlement of Dutchmen at the extreme lower tip of that earthly paradise, where "Chestnuts, Plumbs, Hazle Nuts, Walnuts" and other fruiting trees flecked the woods, where the hillsides were spread with patches of bilberries and the lowlands with strawberries, while the forests were tangled with grapevines, and all abounded with deer, turkeys, pheasants, pigeons, rabbits, and quail. So goodly a land must be held for the House of Orange, so Minuit proceeded to build an earthen fort at the toe of the island. The Indians, meanwhile, still in possession of the twenty-four dollars' worth of gewgaws, continued to live in the upper part of the island, rent free; certainly an example of eating your cake and having it, if ever we heard of one. But these Manhatoes, their virility thus sapped by wealth, finally became so degenerate that they did not even build wigwams for themselves, but lived under shelving rocks and in caves, some of which you may still see on the northern end of the island. They had a spark of genius, nevertheless, for it was they, we are told, who first mixed corn and beans together and called the dish *sicquataash*.

A little more than a mile north of the Dutch settlement was a pretty pond (later known as the Collect or Fresh

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Water) surrounded by low hills and fed mostly by strongly flowing springs under its surface. Rumor had it bottomless, but it is believed upon better authority to have been from forty to seventy feet deep. It was beloved of the Indians, who caught fish in it and killed ducks over it, not to speak of snipe and other fowl in the marshy spots adjoining it. It consisted of a larger northerly lake and a smaller bay to southward called the Little Collect, almost separated from the main pond by a peninsula which itself was almost an island. The larger Collect lay roughly between the present Canal and Pearl streets on the north and south, and Mulberry and Elm streets on the east and west. That grim old prison, the Tombs, stands where its waters once rippled, and the great new civic center which New York is slowly creating overlaps its southern boundary.

This pond had two outlets—one to the northwest, through a sluggish stream—roughly along the line of the modern Canal Street—which finally lost itself in a salt marsh, later known as Lispenard's Meadows, before entering the Hudson. The other outlet—the Dutch called it Versch Water Killeetje, the English the Ould Kill or Old Wreck Brook—ran south-eastwardly along the course of Roosevelt Street through another and much smaller tidal marsh to the East River. This pond, with its two outlets, therefore fairly cut the island in two; and there were times of high tide when the East River water, driven by strong winds into the Old Wreck Brook, actually made it impassable save by boat and isolated the section south of it.

The Indians camped and feasted on the shores of the lake, their canoes coming up the brooks from the Hudson and East River, often bringing quantities of oysters and clams which, it is said, the squaws were wont to string on long withes, dried, for winter use. Fancy the toothsome-ness of a nice, tough, dried clam! Imitation ones cut out of old kid shoes might be palmed off even on connoisseurs. Anyhow, when the white men came, the west shore of the lake

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was deeply covered with oyster and clam shells; whence the Dutch called a little cape or point on that shore Kalch or Kolck Hoek—that is, Shell Point. The English showed a tendency to lengthen Kolck into Kollick, just as they do elm into ellum; whence we find the little lake presently sailing under the perfectly senseless name of Collect. But during the greater part of the eighteenth century it was better known just as the Fresh Water.

Southward along the low ridge which lay east of this pond ran an Indian trail, heading for the tip of the island. That trail followed pretty closely the line of the modern Bowery; and it is on this ground that the claim is not unreasonably founded for the Bowery that it is the oldest street in the United States. The main reason for the trail's following the line of the Bowery and Park Row was that there was just one place where a person on foot might easily cross the system of waterways composed of the Collect and its outlets, and that was at a point on the Old Wreck Brook near where Roosevelt Street now joins Park Row. Another feature of this trail was that just as you reached the brow of the slope leading down to the Old Wreck Brook, you obtained a fine view, sweeping over the present financial district, then a wooded lowland, to the waters bounding it and even to the shores of Long Island and the Jerseys. Hostile or friendly canoes stealing along either of the rivers or the bay, signal smokes or the reek of camp fires within a ten miles' radius were all under the eye of the watcher at that point. The Indians called the spot Werpoes, which means something like Lookout; and it was at the upper end of the present Chatham Square, about where the Bowery joins it.

When the little hamlet of New Amsterdam had swelled to a population of five hundred or more, vacant lots were scarcer and it became inconvenient to pasture cows in the streets, so they began to be driven up to the Commons (now the City Hall Park and thereabouts) or further along the shores of the Collect Pond. A herder gathered them up and

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escorted them to the pasture in the morning and returned with them towards sunset, winding a mournful horn before the owners' doors to notify them that it was milking time.

New Amsterdam was primarily a trading post for the fur business; but the Dutch West India Company, which presided over its affairs all through the Dutch occupation, saw at an early date that agriculture was necessary to the building up of the colony, and would be profitable in so rich a soil. To induce pioneers to come from home into these savage wilds, a settler was offered a *bouwerij* or farm of partly cleared land free, equipped with house, barn, farming implements, four horses, four cows, some sheep and hogs, the increase of which the pioneer might enjoy during six years. At the end of that time he must return the original number of cattle he had received, keeping the increment for himself. There was a rental fee for each bowery of 100 guilders and 80 pounds of butter per year.

A few daring souls accepted these terms, and during the first twenty years after Minuit's purchase, the rural land from the brush fence which formed the outer boundary of the town—later replaced by a wooden wall which marked the line of Wall Street—up to somewhere near the Union Square of to-day, became dotted with boweries—seven or eight of them—which covered most of the territory. These first few were designated by numbers.

Bowery No. 1 was intended for the use of the Director-General or Governor, Minuit being the first to enjoy it. Wouter van Twiller (Walter the Doubter, Irving calls him) came as Governor in 1633 and was succeeded by William Kieft in 1638. Van Twiller wished to remain in the colony after leaving the office, so he rented the bowery from Kieft and sat there outside his door all day, wrapped in the cloud of tobacco smoke and the profound contemplation so well described by Knickerbocker; the latter finally producing a scheme by which he grabbed another of the boweries and died a few years later a well-to-do man. This, "the Com-

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pany's Bouwery," was the one which Stuyvesant bought in 1651 and which gave our street its name, as we shall see anon. It lay some two miles from the town, east of the Indian trail which now began to be used more and more, first as a rough bridle path and then as a rough wagon road to reach the farms.

There were Negro slaves in the colony almost from the beginning of the settlement. They helped to build the first little earthen fort down at the water's edge; and from 1630 to 1635 we find an increasing number of them being employed in improving the fort and building windmills in the town for the grinding of grain. Near the shores of the Collect Pond in the fall of 1626 three Negro servants of Director-General Minuit robbed and murdered a Weekquaesgeek Indian who had come from the wild Westchester hills to sell beaver skins to the Dutch traders. The only witness was an Indian boy, a nephew of the victim, who exacted blood vengeance fifteen years later, after he had grown to manhood, by killing one Claes, "the Raadmaker," a Dutch wheelwright, who had done him no harm, but was a convenient sacrifice.

This killing occurred during the administration of Governor Kieft—"William the Testy"—and in his sullen, vindictive way he punished this single murderer by raids and massacres of whole villages of Indians at Corlear's Hook, on the little hill at Hoboken where Stevens Institute now stands, at Canarsie on Long Island, and among the villages of a small tribe in Connecticut. For all these enormities the savages exacted pay in kind, and innocent citizens for years afterwards suffered for the Governor's cruel stupidity.

Some of the Negro slaves who had given the Dutch West India Company many years of faithful service and who had passed their prime as laborers now began receiving the boon of freedom on certain conditions and were granted parcels of land of from eight to twenty acres each, outside the town, on which to live and do a bit of farming. The conditions

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were that each freedman should pay during life an annual rental of $22\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of grain and one fat hog for his land, and that his children should remain slaves. Emanuel De Groot (Big Manuel), the most prominent of the manumitted slaves of his day, received his freedom in 1644 and was granted a tract between the Fresh Water Pond and the Indian trail, lying in the vicinity of the Werpoes. Ten other Negroes and their wives were freed and received grants in the immediate vicinity during that year and the following. Their names were a curious mixture of Portuguese, Spanish Dutch, and what not—Manuel de Spangie, Manuel de Ros, Antony Antonys and so on. The motive behind these measures was far from being purely benevolent. By locating the Negroes along the only feasible land approach to the settlement, an outpost and buffer against Indian attack was created. It was upon the hapless blacks that the first blows of the tomahawk would fall, and undoubtedly some one of them would escape and run to give the alarm to the white settlement.

Some of the cattle of the townsmen were already running at large, half wild, in the woods, and being rounded up every year for the branding of the calves, just as was done later in our western states. But the Indians now developed such a fondness for beef that late in 1644 another responsibility was put upon the Negroes. A great inclosure for cattle was created in the midst of their settlement, and they were expected to aid in protecting it. A semiclearing was made, extending from the Great Bowery (No. 1) to Manuel the Negro's, and all who wished to conserve their cattle by pasturing them there were required to appear by a certain day to assist in building a fence around it. Thus along the line of the present Bowery was the first extensive clearing outside the settlement on Manhattan.

Kieft's misgovernment, when finally understood in Holland, brought about his recall, and in 1647 there came in his stead the most colorful character in the early history of

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New York—the irascible, hard-headed Petrus Stuyvesant, who had for some years been Governor of the Company's colony of Curaçao, and who had lost half a leg in fighting in those waters with the Portuguese. He arrived at Manhattan, "like unto a peacock with great state and pomp," complained a disgusted taxpayer. He stumped ashore, his one whole leg clothed in a scarlet stocking, the other extended by a wooden peg, ornamented with silver, and was welcomed by the leading citizens with uncovered heads. He kept them standing thus for several hours while he retained his hat, "as if he were the Grand Duke of Muscovy, offering nobody a seat to sit down," although he himself had sat at his ease in a chair meanwhile. As to the matter of etiquette, he desired to be addressed as "Lord General," a title "never before known here," grumbles the commentator. "I shall govern you as a father his children," he declared, "for the advantage of the chartered West India Company and these burghers and this land."

The choleric Governor was an energetic and in most respects a wise executive. He found the colony in bad case. Disorder and discontent were rife. Few of the boweries were under cultivation. Trade was bad because of misgovernment and Indian dangers. There was little real money in circulation, and much dealing was carried on with the Indian moneys, wampum, and seawant, the latter being black and white shells (*periwinkle*, *quahaug*, etc.) brought from Long Island.

The town of New Amsterdam still contained only a few hundred inhabitants, and the houses were mostly of wood, thatched with reeds, some even having wooden chimneys. Only the *Stadt Huys*, the church, the governor's residence and two or three other buildings were of brick or stone. Stuyvesant appointed two "worshipful fire wardens," arranged for fire buckets and ladders and began repairing the fort, building up the town more substantially and encouraging commerce and agriculture. He engaged in business of

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his own; had shops and a brewery, owned shares in vessels and did foreign trading. One of the wisest of all his doings was a conciliatory attitude toward the Indians which brought peace for the first time in several years. The Governor was a regular churchgoer and set a fine example of public piety—he “sighed during the sermon so that he was heard by the whole church.”

In 1651 Stuyvesant bought the “Company’s Bouwery” (No. 1), paying therefor 6,400 guilders (a little over \$5,000). The property included a dwelling house, barn, reeklands, six cows, two horses, and two young Negroes. He also acquired later a part of Bowery No. 2, adjoining him on the south, and a large tract lying north of his plantation, thus forming what came to be known as “the Great Bouwery.” It lay roughly between the modern Sixth and Eighteenth streets on the north and south, bounded on the east by the East River and touching the line of the present Bowery and Union Square on the West. Considerable portions of this land—now, of course, enormously valuable—are still owned by his descendants!

The Governor’s example stimulated other activities in real estate. In 1651 Augustine Heermans, a shrewd trader and the first real speculator in land in New Amsterdam, received a grant from the government of “the land called Werpoes,” embracing about fifty acres and evidently lying east and northeast of the Collect, near to the Indian trail. He owned already much real estate in the town. To his Werpoes tract he added Negro grants and other plots until he acquired between one and two hundred acres, which later became the Bayard estate.

One of the earliest citizens living near the Werpoes was Wolfert Webber, whose small original grant is believed to have been just south of Chatham Square. He lived thereabouts for many years, and seems for a time to have operated a little groggery—perhaps after the Bowery Lane had come to be more frequently traveled. Webber had also picked up

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by 1696 five other small tracts which he referred to in his will as "the Negroes Farms." He was a contentious, unlucky fellow who was always in trouble. His house was attacked and robbed more than once by Indians, and on one occasion his daughter was taken captive, returning only after several months of absence and suffering. Webber had many bickerings with his neighbors, Casper Verleth's family. Mrs. Verleth haled him into court for inciting his dogs to mangle her swine—to which Webber retorted that the hogs were devastating his garden. In turn he later went before the burgomasters and schepens to complain that Judith Verleth, his neighbor's daughter, had berated him and thrown stones at him. She declared in rebuttal that he had called her foul names and "threatened to strike her with the whip, as he daily does his wife, bruising and dragging her arm, and kicked her sister so that her hip was blue." Instead of receiving redress, he was fined twelve stivers for "fulminating lies in the presence of the court." Judith Verleth herself, though still young, had had a life not unvoid of excitement. Her family had formerly lived in Connecticut, and in 1662 she had narrowly escaped execution at Hartford as a witch, being saved only by the intervention of Stuyvesant. In later years, as Mrs. Nicholas Bayard, she became one of the great ladies of New York.

The Indian wars broke out again in 1655, when a stupid Dutchman shot a squaw whom he found stealing fruit from his orchard. The Indians organized for reprisal, and all up and down the Hudson the war whoop resounded, and blazing houses and scalped bodies strewed the countryside. A number of persons were slain on the very outskirts of New Amsterdam, and not a few women and children carried into captivity.

Early in 1656, shortly after the first outbreak occurred, the Governor, "having heard that several Indians of the Tappans are harboring some evil designs," ordered that "those persons who are living outside in separate habita-

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tions shall withdraw into the nearest village or hamlet and form a combination for their protection," going armed and in squads whenever they left the village. In New Amsterdam itself, "No person residing south of the fresh-water pond shall harbor an *Indian* at night without permission from the Director-General or the Secretary."

The peril subsided somewhat after a few months, and the Governor set about improving his bowery. He built a sub-



GOVERNOR STUYVESANT'S MANSION

stantial and inexpressibly ugly mansion on it, perhaps using a Dutch torso as a model, for it was square and heavy, with the upper story projecting slightly in front to form a shallow portico. Whether the main body of the house was of brick or stone or wood has long been a matter of debate, as has also its exact location. Signs seem to point to its having been on a knoll just east of the present Third Avenue, somewhere about Eleventh or Twelfth Street. The ground in front of it was very pleasantly laid out in Dutch fashion with flower beds in formal patterns. That an orchard adjoined it on the south is proven by the fact that one of the pear trees survived until well along in the nineteenth century.

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So large a plantation required the attention of a considerable number of slaves and employees, and these were housed in small buildings, mostly of stone, grouped about the master's mansion; rather closely, too, because of the uneasiness still prevailing as to the intentions of the pesky savages. Of course, there must be a blacksmith and wagon shop, a general store, and then a tavern as a sort of community center. Thus began the Bowery Village, which played a noteworthy part in New York's history. The Governor himself built a chapel (on the site of the present St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie), and in 1660 engaged the Reverend Henricus Selyns to hold service there. Dominie Selyns had just been called from Holland to the pastorate in "Breuckelen," then described as "an ugly little village with the church in the middle of the road." Stuyvesant offered to pay 250 guilders annually towards the support of the Dominie if he would preach the Sunday evening sermon at the Bowery chapel; and Selyns began his work on September third, passing between his two charges by ferry and horseback. In a letter to the Classis of Amsterdam, he said,

I serve on Sundays, in the evenings only, at the General's Bouwery, at his expense. . . . Catechizing will begin at the Bouwery at once, either on week days, or when there is no preaching service there. I preach at Breuckelen in the morning; but in the Bouwery at the end of the catechetical sermon. The Bouwery is a place of relaxation and pleasure, whither people go from the Manhattans for the evening service. There are there forty negroes from the region of the Negro Coast, beside the household families.

One fears that there are some nowadays who would not consider it "relaxation and pleasure" to ride or walk out to hear a country parson preach on a Sunday evening. We wonder if they had the "reminder" practice in Bowery Village as they had down in the city in the latter seventeenth century; i.e., between the ringing of the first and last bell

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for service, the sexton would hurry around, knocking on house doors with his ivory-headed cane and calling out, "Church time!" Each family paid two shillings a year for this service.

Margaretje Cozine is said to have been the first woman married in the Bowery Chapel, this in 1662. The name of the bridegroom is lost to fame. The diagonal, curving little thoroughfare known variously as Astor Place and Stuyvesant Street still remains to mark the course of the ancient lane which led from the Bowery Road to the chapel.

In October, 1661, a school for teaching the common branches and the catechism was opened "on the Bouwery of the Director-General" for the children of the tenants and Negroes. The instructor was Harmanus van Hoboken, who bore military rank as an *adelborst*—a grade corresponding somewhat to that of corporal or sergeant—and was subject to call for military service in time of disturbance. This site of the school is believed to have been near the corner of Sixth and Hall Place, just east of Cooper Square.

The Indian menace flared up again in 1660, and Stuyvesant renewed his order of 1656, directing rural settlers to leave their homes and go into the village. But he decided to consider the little group of houses at his bowery as a village or hamlet, and so, by official act it did not have to be vacated. This is the first legal notice of the existence of Bowery Village. That it was still in the midst of a wilderness is proven by the petition of one Jansen who had taken up a tract of land two miles beyond it and who, alarmed at the war rumors of that year, asked that he be allowed to relinquish his grant, "as he has to ride two miles through a dense forest."

Thomas Hall, Wolfert Webber and several other farmers living around the Werpoes, near Fresh Water, also petitioned that their neighborhood be considered a village and that others be encouraged to build near there, so that their houses and farms need not be abandoned. Consent to this

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was deferred for a while and in the meantime the Indian scare blew over and the mobilizing order lapsed into desuetude.

This Hall was a hustling Englishman who made a substantial place for himself in the Dutch colony. In 1652 he obtained a small grant of land "at the turn of the road" at the Werpoes, later known as the Plow and Harrow Tract, from the name of the inn which long flourished there. It embraced the land west of Chatham Square covered by the Chinatown of to-day. Hall also had a tract south of Chatham Square (Brooklyn Bridge passes over it now) including a marsh which the Dutch called the Kripple Bush or tangled thicket. In 1670 he sold this land to Willem Beekman, and the fen became known as Beekman's Swamp. In 1677, when the slaughterhouses were banished from the town by Governor Andros, Beekman sold tracts of his marshland to them for their uses. Soon afterwards that allied trade, tanning, came hither from Maiden Lane; and in that spot for two hundred and fifty years the leather business has had its headquarters. To this day the district along William, Beekman, Gold, Ferry, Jacob, and Cliff streets, where leather merchants most do congregate, is known to the trade as the Swamp.

In the early days of the colony a mere trail called de Heerewegh (the Highway), an extension of de Heere Straat (Broadway) left the town through a sally port in the wall or stockade, and continued northward to the *Vlacte* (Flat), just south of Fresh Water—later known as the Commons, or Fields, and now partly included in City Hall Park—where cows were pastured. As it began to be connected with the Indian trail for communication with the boweries, it bent to eastward at the present corner of Ann Street, and followed the line of Park Row. After passing the site of the Brooklyn Bridge approach, you were confronted by a steep slope pitching down to the Fresh Water outlet, the Old Wreck Brook. This was called Catiemuts Hill, which may

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have been an Indian name, though some theorists try to connect it with catamounts; and Watson, the annalist, and other legendaries insist upon honoring in the word one Aunt Katie Mutz, a somewhat hazy figure alleged once to have run a little "Garden" on the slope and served cakes and tea and mead. It was also known as Windmill Hill, because of two of the long-armed Dutch mills which stood at its brow. The first one was built by Jan de Witt just northeast of the City Hall site in 1662. It was burned by lightning in 1689, rebuilt in 1695 and disappeared before 1723. Scarcely more than a good stone's throw to eastward of it stood another. Captain Nicholas de Meyer procured a patent in 1677 for a piece of land eight rods square for a windmill, "by the edge of the hill near Fresh Water." This was at Park Row and Duane Street. The mill changed hands several times and was dismantled before 1741, when the Post Road (Park Row) was defined by law as running "through the hill by the House of Captain Brown, where the Wind Mill formerly stood."

When the public gallows was moved from the Commons to the slope leading down to the brook, the hill received still another nickname, Gallows Hill.

Near De Meyer's *wintmolen*, as the Dutch would have called it, the road took a sharp turn to eastward, to ease the steep descent, and with a wide curve following roughly the line of Duane, Rose, and Pearl streets, it came back to the crossing of the Old Wreck Brook near Park Row and Roosevelt Street. Forging the little stream, one found just north of it on the left side of the road a fine spring which later became the source of supply of the famous Tea-Water Pump. To climb the Werpoes hill, the road wriggled this way and that again, realigning its course from time to time according to the depth of the mud; and it is to this uncertainty of the highway that we owe the present wide area called Chatham Square. Finally, at the head of the hill the road entered the stretch now known as the Bowery, and

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thenceforth pursued a tolerably direct course northerly to the Village.

There soon came to be another connection of the town with the road to the boweries—this by Perel Straat or Pearl Street, which rambled up from the East River side, a part of its course under English rule being known as Queen Street. By this way came folk from the busy retail district of Hanover Square and from the abattoir and tannery district.

The road, even up to 1670, extended no farther north than Bowery Village. Beyond that, the Indian trail was once in a long while used as a bridle path. But about 1645 a settlement was made on the upper end of the island, and there came many immigrants whose family names are woven into the history of New York; Bogerts, La Montagnes, Brevoorts, Delavals, Dyckmans, Kortrights, Tourneurs, Nagles, and others. There being a plurality of ex-Haarlemites in the village, it was christened New Haarlem. The "New" was presently dropped, and when the English came, they eliminated one of the a's, so that it is now Harlem. Fancy the astonishment of those early burghers if they could have been told that two centuries later the site of their little *dorp* would be covered by a city of two or three hundred thousand Negroes!

Communication between New Haarlem and the seat of government was mostly by boat via the East and Harlem rivers; though men began riding more frequently on horse-back over the Indian trail through the woods, whose fault was that it could not be traveled by wagons, and sometimes not even by a horse. In 1669 the English Governor Lovelace held a court at Haarlem to consider "the laying out of a wagon road . . . very necessary to the mutual communion with one another." The new road, an extension of the Bowery Lane, was cut through in 1671-72, following the course of Fourth Avenue past Union Square, bending this way and that to conform to the character of the ground.

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Incidentally one notes that for a short time a portion of it near Union Square was called the Borce or Boree.

Meanwhile certain branches of the Bowery Lane were beginning to come into use. A dim cross trail of Indian origin, developed somewhere after 1650 into a lane leading to the Turner farm, and known as "the Indian trench or graft" is now represented by Prince Street. From Bowery Village southwestward, starting along the line of Astor Place, a highway called by the Dutch the Zantberg Weg, or Sandy Hill Road, meandered towards Sapokonican, later Greenwich Village. Other turnoffs led to various boweries, and there was one in particular which became an important road, running east approximately on the course of Grand Street towards Corlear's Hook, where Anthony Corlear, Stuyvesant's trumpeter, had his rural retreat.

CHAPTER II

THE ROAD TO BOSTON

THE Dutch period of New York's history came to an end in 1664. Stuyvesant had been able to hold his own against his jealous Anglo-Saxon neighbors of New England and the Swedes of the lower Delaware, but when Colonel Richard Nicolls, with a well-armed English squadron of four vessels, cast anchor in the Narrows on August 29, 1664, and sent a demand for the surrender of the island of Manhattoes, even stout old Petrus knew that the game was up. But he could not reconcile himself to the thought. He parleyed, tried to keep the knowledge of the English terms from the people, and was still meditating resistance when Nicolls moved up the bay and took post, with his sixty guns covering the little earthen fort with its one-third as many pieces of small, old-fashioned artillery. Certain English citizens were preparing to aid the invaders, and it was known that Nicolls contemplated landing a force in the rear of the town, where, with delightful simplicity, several dwelling houses had been built outside the stockade and so close to it that scaling parties could easily have climbed over the defense by way of their roofs. The minister, Dominie Megapolensis, begged Stuyvesant to avoid useless slaughter, and a petition of the leading citizens and officers of the burgher guard set forth with appalling frankness the helpless condition of the fort and town. When Petrus saw his own son's name among the others appended to this paper, he gave way. "Well, let it be so," he sighed. "But I would much rather be carried to my grave."

His answer was delivered to Nicolls's representative that evening near Abram Pietersen's tide mill, in the estuary of

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the Old Wreck Brook, and on September sixth the commanders met at the Governor's bowery and agreed on terms of surrender. The Dutch were promised every security of property and liberty of conscience. Two days later, with old Petrus limping sadly and with averted face in the lead, the garrison marched out of the fort, carrying their arms and lighted matches, with colors flying and drums beating—all of which no doubt soothed their feelings mightily. The fort was promptly rechristened Fort James and the city New York, both in honor of King Charles's brother, James Stuart, Duke of York.

A fine hurly-burly there was in Holland, you may be sure, when news of the surrender arrived, though, after all, it was only what they might have expected. There was a sting in the sorrowful letter of the burgomasters and schepens to the Dutch West India Company, wherein with charming bluntness they relieved the Most High of a portion of His responsibility—lamenting the recent "event which through God's pleasure . . . unexpectedly happened to us in consequence of your Honors' neglect and forgetfulness." But of course the Director-General was called home to "explain" his failure to hold the fort against the world. Before his departure, he wrote a touchingly humble note to the burgomasters and schepens, wishing them "every luck and happiness . . . and the above named Heer Stuyvesant requests, if the burgomasters and schepens think proper, that they accord to him a certificate of comportment, which may avail him or his children to-day or to-morrow." To which the dignitaries promptly assented with a resolution, declaring that his Honor had during eighteen years' administration, "conducted and demeaned himself not only as a Director-General ought to do . . . but besides, as an honest proprietor and patriot of this province and a supporter of the reformed religion." This was not only a tribute to his high character but likewise an admission that they did not hold him responsible for the recent surrender.

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The testimonial undoubtedly had its weight. In the course of a few months the old General, with his official conduct freed of all suspicion, came back to the new country he had learned to love, and settled down to spend the rest of his days on his bowery. He brought with him from the Fatherland some fine young pear trees, which he planted in his orchard, saying, according to legend, that they would serve



STUYVESANT'S PEAR TREE, AS
IT APPEARED ABOUT 1860

as his memorial. The remark is almost too prophetic to be authentic. One of the trees lived for a trifle more than two hundred years, and bore fruit nearly all that time. Long after every vestige of Stuyvesant's manor had been swept away, it survived, standing in a little iron-spiked pen near the curb at the northeast corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue. During its last few decades it was a slowly

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decaying relic, pathetically putting forth blossoms every spring, but finally giving up all hope of producing fruit. One day in 1867 a runaway horse collided with another rig which was turning the corner; one of the wagons was flung against the iron guard, and down went both fence and tree. The trunk was cut up into souvenirs and a tablet was placed in a building wall by the Holland Society to mark the spot. For several years a sprout from the root of the old tree tried hard to sustain the tradition; but the city was too close about it, and it finally smothered to death in the close, noisome air. Some cuttings from the original tree had already been planted, however, in orchards near Peekskill, and thus descendants of the Stuyvesant orchard still carry on to-day.

For seven years more old Petrus was a veritable patroon in that little cosmos, his farm and his village. He ruled his subjects "as a father his children," indeed, but like a father who is in good sooth the head of the family and who believes that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. Oddly enough, he and Nicolls, now the English Governor, became good friends, and many were the pleasant evenings the two spent at the Bowery farmhouse, stowing away heavy Dutch meals, seasoned with strong rum and strong tobacco, and talking of strange sights and sprightly *mêlées* in other parts of the world. Now and then the old General's eyes rose with a glint of sadness to the steel cuirass, vambrace, and sword which hung on the wall, and likewise to that orange, blue and white banner which had not been surrendered, even when the British flag supplanted it. But the song of birds, the drowsy hum of bees and of the life of the little village drifted in through the windows; away to the East River stretched blossoming orchards, rippling fields of grain and meadows dotted with cattle; and with old Dutch friends to drop in now and then for a glass and a pipe and a powwow, he was tolerably well content, after all.

Like most of the other citizens of New Amsterdam, he took the oath of allegiance to the new government and soon

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found that he had lost no liberties thereby. There was some friction at first, of course, but, on the whole, Nicolls's course was so wise and just that when he departed, four years later, he took with him the respect of the whole colony. When he abolished the old city government of burgomasters and schepens and substituted therefor mayor, sheriff, and aldermen, out of the seven officials appointed, three were Englishmen and four Dutchmen. For nearly a century afterwards Dutch blood predominated in New York, Dutchmen held many of the offices and no little of the wealth.

Nicolls was recalled to England in 1668, and four years later fell in a naval battle with the Dutch admiral De Ruyter. His friend Heer Stuyvesant was spared the pain of hearing of that conflict, for in February, 1672, the crusty old warrior passed away peacefully at his bowery home at the age of eighty, sincerely mourned by the whole colony, although, as one has said of him, he held to his last moment "not a particle of respect for popular liberty . . . or notions about the rights of man."

Almost all New York turned out to do honor to his memory, as his body was borne to a vault under the little Dutch chapel. To this day his rest has not been disturbed, although the chapel gave way more than a century ago to a more pretentious church. The old stone slab which so simply, so modestly, and without poesy or eulogy marked the Governor's tomb may still be seen, built into the wall of St. Mark's.

After the Governor's death, his widow and younger son, Nicholas William, lived together in the mansion until Mrs. Stuyvesant died in 1687. The older son, Balthazar, died at the age of twenty-eight. Nicholas was much interested in civic affairs, and at the time of his mother's death was representing the Out Ward (as the bowery district had come to be) as alderman. Mrs. Stuyvesant's will shows that she had a premonition of the chapel's later neglect and ruin, though she tried to prevent it by commending it to the care of the church in the city:

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I doe further bequeath to my said Cousen Nicholas Bayard and to his wife and Child or Children (if desired) a bureing place In the Tomb or Vaught of my Last deceased husband In the Chappell or Church att my Bowry; And In Case it should happen that my sayd Church or Chappell did Come to decay or for an other Reason be demolished I doe hereby declare and publish it to bee my Last will and Testament that of the materials and Rubbage of sayd Chappell bee made a buildeing Sufficient for a Coover upon the said Vaught . . . And I doe by these presents further by forme of a Legasie Give and grante to the Reformed nether dutch Church or Congregation of the Citty of New Yorke my Testracies Church or Chappell Seituated On my bowry or farmes,

with the stipulation that the church must protect the tomb from violation.

Perhaps the chapel was already falling into disuse when she wrote this. One suspects it from a letter which Governor Fletcher wrote to Captain Stuyvesant (Nicholas) in 1694, requesting the loan of the bowery chapel bell for use by the garrison for a short time, the bell in the fort being cracked.

There are many other quaint pictures of early life in Bowery Village. In 1660 we find it of record that Focke Jans, "husbandman dwelling on the bouwery of Mr. Petrus Stuyvesant," was permitted by the burgomasters and schepens to lay in every week half a barrel of strong beer free of excise, "in consideration of the great expense he has to incur before he can get the beer to his house, inasmuch as he has to convey it in his own wagon with his own men, also the leakage of the beer in the road."

Abel Hardenbroeck testified in August, 1665, that he met Denys Isaacksen on the "Bouwerij road yesterday" . . . "where the latter drew a knife and said Draw, van Leer or I shall stab and cut you," etc., that he used such threats and abusive words that the plaintiff was obliged to save his life by seeking shelter in the house of Cosyn Gerritson he was so hard pressed. Whereupon the defendant answered and said



PETER STUYVESANT AND HIS TOMB UNDER THE WALL
OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH

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that the plaintiff had challenged him the same morning in the house of Luycas Dircks, the tapster, to fight in the neighborhood of the Fresh Water and as he did not find plaintiff there at the appointed time, he went further towards the bouwerij where he found him on the road and asked him: "is this the appointed place," etc. He admitted that he drew a knife and told the plaintiff to draw also. "Plff in his defense denied the challenge and demanded proof as there were many people at Dirck's who without doubt had heard him. Not so, said the deftd, as plff whispered it to him so that none of bystanders could hear him. Tomas Lodowyck, a witness for the plff, testified that as he was proceeding with Hardenbroeck and some women folks towards the Bouwerij he saw the deftd draw the knife on the plff whom he pursued with many abusive and threatening words."

Mr. Mott¹ lays the scene of the above encounter at the corner of the Bowery Road (now Fourth Avenue) and Astor Place, Gerritsen's farm being close by. The tavern of famous memory was later located at that corner also. The whole affair sounds much like a Bowery episode of two hundred years later.

If there was a constable for the village then, he exercised the law officer's prerogative of being absent from the scene. There was one fifteen years later, as is proven by an official note that Gerrit Hendricksen was chosen and sworn "Constable of the Bouwery, the present Constable being sick." Nine-tenths of the names in the Village then were exquisitely Dutch—Gerritsen, Hendriksen, Janzen, Bastiaenszen, Cossynszen, Andrieszen, Stoutenburgh, and the like. Even "Willem Anthonissen, Neger," and "Claes Manuels, neger" bore names with a strong flavor of Hollands. Their description, moreover, as entered on public records, shows that our supposed southernism, "Nigger," has ancient precedent back of it.

¹ Hopper Striker Mott, "The Hamlet at the Bouwerij," *Americana*, Vol. 10, 1915.

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Another Bowery Village character of those days who has, we think, received insufficient notice, was one Rip or Rap Schalyon, loafer and panhandler, who could not be induced to work, but subsisted on the bounty of his fellow-citizens. Even before his death his name became a byword; any worthless person or what we would now call a "bum" was spoken of as "another Rap Schalyon"; and so, as the legend hath it, the word rapscallion was added to our language. Some of the lexicographers have another theory, but why listen to those old fossils?

Stuyvesant had held a pretty uncompromising attitude towards other religions than the Dutch Reformed, and Jews and Quakers in particular had little opportunity to practice their worship under his régime save in secret. The change in government gradually brought greater liberality. One of the most pathetic souvenirs remaining of seventeenth century New York, by the way, is the little Beth Haim or first cemetery of the Jews, a tiny scrap of ground alongside the New Bowery, just below Chatham Square, whose history is a part of this chronicle. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many Jews who were driven out of Spain and Portugal by religious persecution found refuge in Holland, most of them settling in Amsterdam. From there a number of them emigrated in 1624 and thereafter to a new Dutch colony in Brazil. But about the middle of the century the Portuguese gained possession of the Dutch territory, and the Jews, again threatened with the alternative of recantation or torture and death, embarked once more in several ships for Holland, where at least they might have freedom of conscience. On the way one vessel, separated from the others, was seized by Spanish pirates; but in turn a French privateer appeared, annihilated the pirates, rescued the Hebrew captives—and, its next stopping place being Brazil, back went the unhappy Jews to the land which did not want them. The only ship they could find which would take them away was a French vessel bound for New Amsterdam; and so

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thither they came in 1654, hoping for a freedom which they did not fully obtain for many years afterwards.

With the shrewdness and perseverance of their race, they presently began to make their way as merchants, but Stuyvesant would not let them have a synagogue, though they might worship in a private home. Their first request for a cemetery of their own was likewise refused; but by this time the Dutch West India Company, which had some wealthy Jewish merchants among its stockholders, began hinting broadly to Stuyvesant that it would be well to relax his attitude a bit. Accordingly "a little hook of ground situated outside the city" and near the Bowery Road was allotted to them for their purpose in 1656.

For some unexplained reason, there is no record of their having taken title to this ground for more than twenty-five years. In 1682 one of the congregation, Joseph Bueno de Mesquita, bought it as trustee for the synagogue. By 1728 the plot was full, and Mordecai Gomez and his sons bought additional ground, running through to Park Row. Then the city closed about it and no more expansion was possible. Instead it contracted, for new streets were cut through it, some of the ground was disposed of and the bodies moved elsewhere. In 1805 the congregation opened a new cemetery on a knoll overlooking the Minetta Brook near Greenwich Village, and later another one, half a mile farther north.

To-day only a small square is left of the original Beth Haim, shut in on three sides by tenement houses whose clotheslines, garnished with flapping underwear, cross through the air above it. Peering through the iron fence from the street as the L trains roar overhead, you may still trace on the crumbling stones the sculptured hands upraised in benediction. Gershom Mendez Seixas is buried there, one of the early great rabbis of the church and a sterling patriot who left New York during the British occupation in 1776-83 and went to Philadelphia, returning after the war. Moses L. M. Peixotto, another prominent pastor of the flock, was

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once buried here but later removed to another cemetery. Cardozo, Seixas, Davis, Peixotto, Gomez, Nathan, Phillips, and other noteworthy Jewish family names were contributed to New York by this little Congregation Shearith Israel (Remnant of Israel) whose founders crossed the seas from Spain and Portugal nearly three centuries ago.

A number of French Huguenot refugees, too, came to New York after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 had made France unsafe for Protestants. The most noted of these, as far as our history is concerned, was Etienne De Lancey, who married Anne van Cortlandt after reaching this side, and in 1700 built his town house in Broad Street. That building sixty years later became Sam Fraunces's Tavern and still stands, one of America's most famous buildings. Several French families, such as the Coutant, Badeaus, and De Voes, became citizens of Bowery Village and thereabouts, while a group from the old Huguenot city of Rochelle founded a village up the Sound. Other families scattered through neighboring hamlets in Westchester County.

Wealthy young De Lancey built a church on Pine Street, New York, for his expatriated coreligionists, and the Huguenots from up Westchester way used often to come there to church on Sundays during mild weather in the late seventeenth century—come on foot because they were too poor to travel otherwise. A pretty picture is drawn for us² of this pilgrimage, with the delegations from New Rochelle, Mamaroneck, Scarsdale, and other places meeting at a prearranged spot at midnight between Saturday and Sunday and singing hymns to hearten them as they trudged on, a long line of bobbing lanterns in the darkness, down to the Harlem River, where they ferried across by daybreak or before. Here they paused at a large rock near Harlem Village to rest and eat a little lunch. Pressing on, they reached Bowery Village in time for late breakfast, where all houses, not only French but Dutch, were thrown open to them. After rest and re-

² A. A. Rikeman, *The Evolution of Stuyvesant Village*.

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freshment they would hurry on again down the Bowery Road, their Dutch friends now walking with them, each to his own service in the town. In the afternoon they came trooping back again, had a bit of cold supper at the Bowery and then toiled on, a little more quietly than they had come, some lagging a bit and stopping frequently to rest, many not reaching home until well along in the night. Of course only the hardy and more zealous could negotiate this walk of thirty miles or more in a day, but most people were better walkers then than now.

The Bowery has another proud distinction in being the first road in America over which an overland mail carrier passed. Governor Lovelace, the energetic and public-spirited executive who succeeded Nicolls, was disgusted with the difficulties which he and other colonial governors experienced in communicating with each other, and although postal service even in Europe was as yet comparatively in its infancy, he determined to inaugurate it in this country by setting up a post line to Hartford and Boston. He accordingly made proclamation that the first monthly messenger to Boston would leave New York on January 1, 1673. But instead, he was held until January 22, in the hope that later news would arrive from England. In his letter to Governor Winthrop of Connecticut, announcing the service, Lovelace said, "I herewith present you with two rarities, a packquett of the latest intelligence I could meet withal, and a post."

He reminds Winthrop that this service is "consonant to the demands laid upon us by his sacred majesty . . . to enter into a close correspondency with each other. This I look upon as the most compendious means to beget a mutual understanding." He discloses the wild condition of the country between the three cities when he suggests, "It would be advantageous to our designe, if in the intervall you discoursed with some of the most able woodsmen, to make out the best and most facile way for a post, which in process of tyme would be the King's best highway."

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It was a momentous day when that first messenger, carrying two or three small leather "portmantles" full of letters set forth from the City Hall, rode up Broadway, turning to the right at the foot of the Commons and picking his way through snow and mud over the twisting curves down Catiemuts and up Werpoes hills and along the Bowery Lane, thenceforth to be known to many minds and on many maps for the better part of a century as "the Road to Boston."

Swaggering through Bowery Village, he continued over the new road cut through only the year before to Harlem, perhaps pausing at the tavern there for a glass of ale before crossing the Harlem River with Verveelen, the ferryman. Beyond that lay wilderness, through which the rider must pick his way as best he could by dim trails of Indian or military origin. He was expected to be a sort of missionary, a herald of transportation. "When you think it requisite," said the Governor's instructions to him, "you are to marke some Trees that shall direct Passengers the best way." Also, "When any persons are desirous to travaile with you, you are to treat them civilly, and to afford them your best help and assistance."

Lovelace's post was short-lived. Less than seven months after it was started, a Dutch fleet of twenty-three vessels and 1,600 men under Captain Anthony Colve came charging in through the Narrows and set the whole town by the ears. When Lovelace demanded of the Dutch what they meant by coming "in such a hostile manner to disturb his majesty's subjects in this place," the invaders replied that they had simply come to take back what was their own, and their own they would have. Colve with six hundred men landed on the Hudson shore back of Trinity Church, and at that, the fort surrendered. The truculent Captain became Governor, hoisted the Orange flag, changed the name of the town to New Orange and set up a régime of great severity, with none but Dutchmen in office. But his reign, too, was short. Early in the following spring news came that a treaty of peace had

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been signed, by the terms of which the American colony was restored to England. Out went Colve and in came a new English governor, Andros, less far-sighted than Lovelace and not interested in mail service, and so the post to Boston was not reëstablished for more than ten years.

The Boston Road really began where the postrider turned off of De Heere Straat at the present corner of Broadway and Ann Street; and as Park Row (or Chatham Street, to use its earlier name), which begins there, is a part of the road and partook to some extent of the character of the Bowery, its story must be touched upon in studying the more famous thoroughfare.

By 1699 the road had become so much more important that a bridge, probably a rough affair of logs, was thrown across the Old Wreck Brook at a cost of one pound, ten shillings. Evidently it was not very high above the water, for even as late as 1800 an old lady could remember when a boat was kept there beside the road to ferry folk across in rainy seasons or at times of very high tide. This structure became famous in the years that passed as the Kissing Bridge. Reverend Andrew Burnaby, an English clergyman who visited America in 1759-60, said that there were several places along the East River where people went to enjoy turtle feasts:

Thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves until evening and then return home in Italian chaises (the fashionable carriage in this and most parts of America, Virginia excepted), a gentleman and lady in each chaise. In the way there is a bridge . . . which you always pass over as you return, called the *Kissing-Bridge*, where it is a part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection.

The reverend gentleman admits that he found the practice "curious, yet not displeasing."

In the same year that the Kissing Bridge was built, the

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old stockade along the line of Wall Street was removed. The city had spread considerably beyond it. The little town which could boast no more than a thousand souls in 1656 had quadrupled that population, and was having something of a real estate boom in the 1690's. There were five churches and a synagogue. A small volunteer fire department functioned with great zeal if with small efficiency. "Four good and honest inhabitants" had been appointed as watchmen to "comprehend all vagrom men" between nine in the evening and the break of day. A dozen wells, one of them in front of the Stadt Huys, had been dug. A lantern hung on a pole in front of every seventh house lighted the streets. But rusticity still pressed close upon the town. In very recent years the bounty on wolves killed on the island between New York and Harlem was still in effect, and in 1680 a bear was found regaling himself in an orchard on Maiden Lane.

One of the great landowners of the Bowery in those days was Nicholas Bayard, whose name is commemorated by a short street which very nearly marks the southern boundary of his property. He was of French ancestry, a grandson of a Huguenot professor in the University of Paris, who fled to Holland in the terror following St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572. The professor had a son, Samuel, and a daughter, Judith. The latter married Petrus Stuyvesant, a rising young Dutch soldier and colonial official, while her brother Samuel married Stuyvesant's sister. Samuel Bayard died in Holland, and his widow with her three sons accompanied her brother, Governor Stuyvesant, to America in 1647. A well-educated woman herself, Mrs. Bayard saw to it that her sons had good instruction, and they all grew up speaking English, Dutch and French. Nicholas, the youngest, was secretary to his uncle, the Governor, when the province passed to the English in 1664: Under Governor Nicolls, he became Secretary of the City Council. He was a shrewd, pushing man; he inherited some money and rapidly raised himself in political power.

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He married Judith Verleth in 1666, was appointed Surveyor of the Province two years later, and in 1685, when the city had 3,500 inhabitants, he was elected mayor. Meanwhile he had been accumulating an estate lying to westward of the Bowery Lane, between the Collect and Bowery Village. The original boweries 7 and 8, also Big Manuel's and four other Negro grants went into his farm, which extended across the present Broadway and as far west as Macdougall Street. His mansion was on high ground on the line of Grand Street between Center and Broadway. From it one commanded an extensive view to west and southwestward across the Lispenard Meadows to the Hudson. Southward the beautiful little Collect Pond lay among the hills with its outlets flowing this way and that to the two rivers; and far beyond might be seen the smoke and spires of the town.

Just east of the house was a still higher knoll known variously as Bayard's Mount, Pleasant Mount, or Bunker Hill. Irving represents it as having been the scene of military maneuvers by Stuyvesant's comic-opera army.

The sturdy Peter eyed this ragged regiment with some such rueful aspect as a man would eye the devil; but knowing, like a wise man, that all he had to do was to make the best of a bad bargain, he . . . resolved to try the mettle of his troops and give them a taste of the hardships of iron war. To this end he encamped them, as the shades of evening fell, upon a hill formerly called Bunker's Hill, at some distance, from the town, with a full intention of initiating them into the discipline of camps and of renewing next day the toils and perils of the field. But so it came to pass that in the night there fell a great and heavy rain, which descended in torrents upon the camp, and the mighty army strangely melted away before it; so that when Gaffer Phœbus came to shed his morning beams upon the place, saving Peter Stuyvesant and his trumpeter Van Corlear, scarce one was to be found of all the multitude that had encamped there the night before.

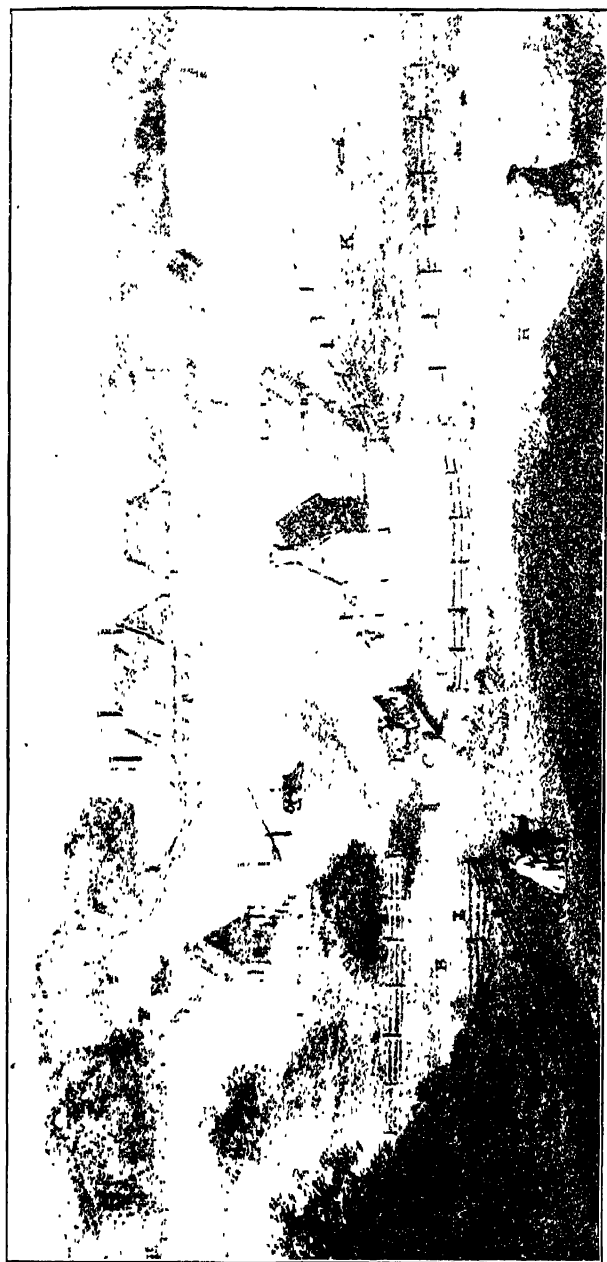
Governor Andros was succeeded by Thomas Dongan, who

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gave the colony a charter which is still the foundation stone of our property rights and property titles. He likewise officially laid out the Eastern Post Road or the High Road to Boston, as it was variously called, across the lower corner of the old Dutch cattle pasture or Commons, following the present line of Park Row. The land southeast of the road, from Beekman Street on towards the Old Wreck Brook, was granted in 1642 to Govert Loockermanns, a friend of Stuyvesant. It descended to his stepdaughter Elsie, who married for her second husband Jacob Leisler, a young German who had come from Frankfort in 1660 and was prospering mightily in his new home. He was progressive and democratic in his ideas, but inclined to be impetuous and arbitrary.

When in 1689 news came of the overthrow of James II and the Catholic régime in England, Dongan, who had given a good administration but who was himself a Catholic and therefore subject to the criticism and suspicion of the Protestant majority, became alarmed and sailed for Europe incontinently, leaving the colony without a governor. Wild rumors flashed through the city that the Catholics of Maryland and other places were meditating attack on New York. In the hysteria of excitement and terror which swept the city, Leisler was called to command the militia, greatly to the anger of Nicholas Bayard, who was officially their colonel. Followed by an excited crowd Leisler seized the Fort, turned out the redcoats quartered there and was proclaimed acting Governor. Bayard, a sturdy adherent of King James, fled to Albany. Had it been known that Parliament had called the Protestant Dutchman, William of Orange, to the English throne, there would probably have been no such action. But with fear of religious war and persecution curdling their blood, Leisler and his party threw several who opposed their course or who professed loyalty to the deposed King into prison.

Leisler called representatives from the other colonies to meet at the Bowery Village in what was the first approxima-



"Valentine's Manual"

THE PRESENT CHATHAM SQUARE ABOUT 1730

B - OLD WRECK BROOK
C - KISSING BRIDGE

D - JEWS' BURYING GROUND
E - RUTGERS FARMHOUSE

F - BOWERY ROAD
G - PEARL STREET

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tion of a Continental Congress, to formulate plans for holding off a threatened incursion from the Canadian French and Indians who had invaded the Mohawk Valley and sacked Schenectady. More Catholic peril! said the New York Dutch. In the midst of these perils, in 1690, a ship arrived, bearing one Captain Ingoldesby, a sort of herald for the new Governor, Sloughter. The aristocracy promptly got the ear of Ingoldesby and convinced him that Leisler was a rebel, plotting to throw off the authority of the English crown. The Captain demanded the surrender of the Fort and government to him. Leisler in turn asked to see his authority for such a demand, which Ingoldesby could not produce. Leisler then declared that he would turn over the Fort and *Staat Huys* to Governor Sloughter and no one else; but he adjured the people to treat Ingoldesby and his soldiers with respect and attention. The Captain attempted to seize the Fort by force, whereupon Leisler forgot his own instructions and beat him off, killing and wounding several of his men.

After several weeks of this excitement, Governor Sloughter arrived—a drunken spendthrift, who was easily persuaded by Leisler's opponents to regard him as a traitor. Leisler offered to turn over the Fort to him and give a full account of his conduct, but instead was arrested, tried in company with some of his associates by a special court of eight men, all enemies, who found him and his son-in-law, Jacob Milbourne, guilty of high treason. Sloughter for some time hesitated to sign the death warrant, fearing popular resentment and the censure of King William, and is said at last to have been persuaded to sign it while drunk.

Only a few hours had passed when soldiers took the two men from their cells and drew them in a cart to a hastily erected gallows located directly across the Boston Post Road from Leisler's residence, which would now be at the corner of Frankfort Street (named for his birthplace) and Park Row. It was a chill, drizzling dawn, that of May 16, 1691, just as so many May mornings are yet in New York. A

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great crowd had gathered, for the direful news had spread quickly.

Men wept and women fainted as the two were first hung and then beheaded. The bodies were buried on Leisler's land just south of the gallows, at the present corner of Spruce Street, and the property then confiscated. But four years later, through the efforts of Leisler's family, Parliament reversed the attainder of high treason, thus practically declaring the execution unjustifiable, and the confiscated estates were restored. Lord Bellomont, who became Governor in 1698, denounced the execution of these men as "violent, cruell and arbitrary. . . . I do not wonder that Bayard, Nicolls and the rest of the murderers should be disturbed at the taking up of their bones—" which was being done in order that they might be buried in consecrated ground. The aristocrats were trembling now for another reason, for Bellomont, amid great excitement, was removing a number of them, including Bayard, from the King's Council, on suspicion that their wealth was in large part the profits of piracy.

Hearing in 1700 that Lord Cornbury would probably be chosen to succeed Bellomont soon, Bayard wrote letters to the King, to Parliament and to Cornbury, making serious charges against Bellomont, Lieutenant-Governor Nanfan and other officials. Bellomont died in 1701 and Nanfan became acting Governor. Bayard and his allies had been responsible in 1691 for the law aimed at Leisler, decreeing that whosoever, "by any manner of ways or upon any pretense whatsoever shall endeavor by force of arms or otherwise to disturb the peace of government, he shall be deemed a traitor." This weapon, designed for Leisler's ruin, was now turned against Bayard by Governor Nanfan. A special court, as in the previous case, railroaded him through a flimsy trial, he was convicted of treason and sentence to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. But as before, sentence was deferred until the new Governor, Cornbury, arrived, and as he sided

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with the aristocrats, Bayard was restored to his former honors and estates. He died in 1707, and until his death and even afterwards, there were Leisler and anti-Leisler parties in the city.

CHAPTER III

A DRIVE THROUGH THE SUBURBS

THAT vivacious Boston lady, Mrs. Sarah Knight, when she came on her long and perilous horseback journey down to New York in 1704, found New York a speed-loving town then, as it is to-day :

Their Diversion in Winter is Riding in Sleys about three or four miles out of town where they have a House of Entertainment at a place called Bowery : and some go to Friends Houses, who handsomely treat them. Mr. Burroughs carry'd his spouse and Daughter and myself out to one Madame Dowes, a Gentlewoman that lived at a farm House, who gave us a handsome entertainment of five or six Dishes and choice Beer and metheglin, Cyder, etc. all which she said was the product of her Farm. I believe we mett 50 or 60 Sleys that day ; they fly with great swiftness, and some are as furious that they'll turn out for none except a Loaden Cart. Nor do they spare any diversion the place affords, but are sociable to a degree theyre Tables being as free to theyre Naybours as to themselves.

The fast driving on the Bowery Road was a sign of the times. The English were bringing speed and luxury to color and accelerate the phlegmatic trudge of life as it was under the Dutch. Fast horses, gaming, more hard money, fine raiment. The clock was replacing the hourglass. The town was beginning to take on more of an English air and English was being spoken on the streets with less of a guttural accent, though there were still many households where Dutch was the official tongue. In fact, as late as 1748 Professor Kalm, a German traveler, found that

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The inhabitants, both of the town and of the province belonging to it, are yet for the greatest part *Dutchmen*; who still, especially the old people, speak their mother tongue.

They begin, however, by degrees to change their manners and opinions; chiefly indeed in the town and its neighborhood; for most of the young people now speak principally *English* and go only to the English Church, and would even take it amiss if they were called Dutchmen and not Englishmen.

But even at that date you had to know the Dutch language if you did much buying in the public markets.

The parlor of the seventeenth century Dutch housewife, shut up most of the week, with its sprinkled sand swept into intricate patterns, was slowly giving way to the parlor with the floor carpeted with fabric from the looms of England, Belgium, or the Orient; the parlor where tea, the popular tippie introduced about 1690, was served to callers almost every afternoon. And the stolid Dutch lady, nearly as broad as she was long, with her taffeta hoods and massive quilted petticoats, who did much of her own spinning, weaving, and knitting, was beginning to wear lighter, daintier fabrics from foreign factories and of French or English design; while the sober woolen garb of the men of Stuyvesant's day was giving place to ruffled shirts, silk stockings with embroidered clocks, scarlet or blue silk and velvet coats. But even as late as 1745 there was only one private carriage—Lady Murray's—in the town.

There were as yet no newspapers, though William Bradford had set up a little job printing shop on Hanover Square in 1693. One of the best private libraries in the city was that of Joannes de Peyster (elected Mayor in 1698), and consisted of about thirty volumes. Of these, five were Bibles, large and small; three catechisms, one a book on housewifery, and the rest were mostly church histories, volumes of sermons and other religious works. Golf was introduced about that time, for the inventory of Governor Burnett, an enthusiastic sport, in 1729, lists "nine gouff Clubs,

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one iron ditto, and seven dozen balls." War was already beginning to bring nuisance taxes. In 1703, when the Assembly voted fifteen hundred pounds towards the building of batteries at the Narrows, they levied small yearly taxes upon "every batchelor above twenty-five," and every one who wore a periwig.

In a spasm of cleanliness in 1691 it had been "Ordered, that the poysonous and stinking weeds before every one's Door be forthwith pluckt up," but hogs still continued to run at large and serve as scavengers for the family garbage which was thrown into the streets. Dogs, too! A disgusted citizen, disguising himself as Shadrach Plebeianus, complained in a letter to a newspaper in 1752 that there were in the city at least a thousand dogs, "which with their dismal Howlings disturb the repose of the Healthy, break the interrupted slumbers of the sick, add fresh Horrors to the Night and render it perilous to traverse our Streets after the Sun is sunk beneath our Horizon."

There were still a few slaves, but slavery in New York never became the mighty institution it was in the South. In 1703 the families of Nicholas Bayard, Abraham Loocker-manns, Rip van Dam and William Beckman had three slaves each; Colonel de Peyster, the Widow Van Cortlandt, Mrs. Stuyvesant, and the Van Schaicks had five each, Balthasar Bayard had six and the Kips seven. In 1738 the assessors of the Bowery District of the Out Ward found in that division twenty-four persons owning forty-three slaves between the ages of fourteen and fifty. As a matter of fact, slavery was never profitable in New York; but the institution was not generally abolished until after 1815.

The Negroes, bond and free, created a fine turmoil in the early eighteenth century—or, to be more accurate, it was created in their name. There were rumors of insurrection in 1712, after a riot in which several white men were killed and as a result of which nineteen Negroes were executed on more or less flimsy evidence. As a precaution

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against plotting, a law was passed, decreeing that "no negro or Indian Slave above fourteen years should appear in the streets south of Fresh Water Brook (Pearl and Park Row) in the night, after an hour succeeding sunset, without a lantern, by the light of which they may be plainly seen, or else to be in company with white persons." On Sundays they were not to fetch any water save from the next well or pump to their place of abode. Violations were punished with forty lashes at the whipping post; and the public whipper of those days, by the way, not only inflicted legal punishments (for a stipend of £20 yearly) but would also belabor refractory slaves and servants for you, if you found the chore too heavy or too plebeian for your own arm, at so much per dozen lashes.

In 1741 the population of the city and suburbs was about 10,000, of whom nearly 2,000 were Negroes. In the spring of that year occurred the panic known for years afterward as the Negro Plot. A series of fires, some bits of circumstantial evidence and the false "confessions" of a low white woman created the belief that the Negroes had planned to burn the city and massacre the inhabitants.

All told, one hundred and fifty-four Negroes were arrested that spring and summer, of whom fourteen were burned, eighteen hanged, seventy-one transported, and the rest pardoned or discharged. Four whites were executed, including a Catholic clergyman, Ury, who was teaching school in the town, and who was accused and condemned, as we see it now, almost purely because of his religion. The burnings were done in the little hollow on the shores of the Collect, and the hangings on the gibbet, a short distance away on the Common—and all in the presence of eager, gaping crowds of thousands of people.

There were a few level-headed citizens who had all along doubted the existence of a plot, and towards the close of the excitement there was a considerable revulsion of feeling,

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much to the disgust of some who had been most active in prosecuting the Negroes.

In the eighteenth century the Common and the southern shores of the Fresh Water Pond were becoming littered with agencies and enterprises which were anything but ornamental to the landscape. There were brick kilns, a tanyard, lime kilns, charcoal pits, and what not on the slopes leading down to the pond, from the Boston Road westward. In 1765 an advertisement announced that journeyman weavers were wanted at the flax factory near Fresh Water. There was such good clay there that the slope was often called Potter Hill. Lime was even produced on the Common until an ordinance of 1731 forbade the burning of oyster shells, or stone for lime there.

After a long squabble over the validity of the grant, Anthony Rutgers received a full title to the Collect Pond and a considerable portion of land immediately surrounding it in 1733. He construed his grant as giving him the right to drain the lake, and accordingly opened up a ditch along the line of Canal Street to the Hudson, which lowered the water and stopped the flow of Old Wreck Brook, but did not abolish the pond, merely making it uglier and depriving some of the industries of their water supply—whereupon a roar of protest arose. In a broadside of 1734, "Steep, the Tanner" complains that "the old POND in the Neighborhood, which used generously to give us its Water to steep our Hides and wash our Shirts, is gone to take a New Habitation in the Dominions of his Elder Brother." Tanners and others petitioned the Council, declaring that they had been injured by Rutgers's drain, and he was finally forced to dam it and restore the pond to its old level.

But as this section became uglier, the near-by Bowery Lane improved in beauty and tone and became more and more the rural dwelling place of well-to-do folk. Dankers and Sluyter, passing over it in 1679, said that "upon both sides of the way were many habitations of negroes, mulattoes and whites."

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The unthrifty Negroes, one by one, sold their little grants to white speculators or large proprietors, and not a few of them moved into huts around the foot of the Collect, close by the industries which gave them employment. In the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, some of their descendants were mingled with low whites on that very spot in the Five Points, one of the world's most noisome slums.

On the rocky peninsula, almost an island, which separated the main Collect from the bay called the Little Collect, stood a small stone building erected in the early eighteenth century which was the governmental powder magazine. The road leading eastward to it from Broadway came to be called Magazine Street, and is now the upper end of Pearl Street. And just southwest of the pond, pathetically close to the scene of the dreadful bonfires and hangings, was the Negro cemetery, whose site is now partly covered by A. T. Stewart's first store building, the present home of the *New York Sun* and the Munsey publications.

Let us enjoy in fancy a drive out the Boston Post Road on a spring afternoon somewhere between 1755 and 1760, when New York was approaching its Golden Age of the colonial era. We have the choice of starting by the Broad Way or by Queen (Pearl) Street, and we choose the former, as being in reality the main road.

Up the street we go, past the Governor's mansion and Trinity Church, and coming into a scattered suburb by the time we reach the spot where St. Paul's Chapel was built a few years later. There at the foot of the Common we veer to the right. At our right, as it would now be, at the northeast corner of Broadway and Ann Street, we pass a pleasure resort, then called Spring Garden and later Hampden Hall, when it became a headquarters for the Sons of Liberty.

The Post Road, into which we are turning, had been surveyed under the supervision of a council committee in 1707 and again in 1723, at which latter date the surveyors were cautioned to continue "the Broad Way the breadth it now is,"

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showing that the road was regarded as a continuation of Broadway, and that the present extension of that great thoroughfare northward along the western edge of the Common had not then been thought of. As a matter of fact, there was no northern outlet for it, for the marshy brook flowing westward from the Collect had not yet been bridged.

On a portion of the triangle of land adjoining Spring Garden the Presbyterian congregation in 1768 erected a new house of worship. Because of the material of which it was constructed, it was called the Brick Church, and so the congregation has been designated ever since. The eighteenth century building was not demolished until 1856, when its successor, also of brick, the present church at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Eighth Street, was being erected.

A few rods beyond Spring Garden, again on the right, stood a long frame residence of two low stories, with its end to the road, near the present corner of Spruce Street. This was the farmhouse of Thomas Hall, who had received a grant of land between Nassau and Pearl streets and just south of Govert Loockermanns, in 1645, a goodly portion of which was later sold to William Beekman. The Beekmans laid out streets through the land; first Nassau, extended northerly to the Boston Road, then two narrow farm lanes running down to the swamp became Beekman and George (now Spruce) streets.

Almost in the shadow of the Hall farmhouse Leisler and Milbourne were buried and across the road was the gibbet where they met death. The latter had been moved a little farther away and delicately screened under a sort of Chinese kiosk in 1720, when William Burnet, son of the famous Bishop Burnet, became Governor of the province and was married in the Hall house, which then became the Governor's residence, and so continued for several years. After the Revolution it became Brom Martling's tavern and the first headquarters of the Tammany Society; in other words, the first Tammany Hall.

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To our left we see the Common, the old Dutch *Vlacte*, site of New York's present beautiful City Hall, and in the eighteenth century scene of many and varied activities—hangings, burnings, whippings, jollifications, manufacturing, Stamp Act riots, mass meetings, horse and cattle fairs, liberty pole erections and fellings, and what not. There, right over against the gallows and the instruments of torture, they often had merrymakings when a new monarch ascended the English throne; as for example, in 1714, when George I succeeded Anne, and the Council ordered "seven or eight cord of wood for a bonfire and twenty gallons of wine." The inhabitants were also instructed to illuminate their houses for the festive occasion, and a glazier hastily mended the broken windows in the City Hall—the old one down at Wall and Nassau, of course.

On the Common is also the poorhouse, built in 1735, with a large garden in its rear, and the new jail, a rectangular stone structure, is in course of erection as we pass in 1757-58. This jail became infamous during the British occupation in the Revolution, when American military officers and civilians of importance were confined in it under the wardenship of the cruel Provost Cunningham.

About 1756 the gibbet was removed from the Common "to the place where the negroes were burnt," the ravine near the Little Collect Pond. But the whipping post, the stocks, and the pillory still stood near the new jail. In fact, in 1764 a new pillory was erected in the rear of it, together with a wooden cage for the confinement of boys who "publically" violated the Sabbath.

Over on the brow of the hill the long arms of the two windmills swing creakingly about in the spring breeze and beyond them rise clouds of smoke and vapor from the kilns and vats in the Fresh Water hollow. Across the edge of the Common past the windmills, just north of the line of Chambers Street, runs the stockade erected in 1754; for the French and Indian War, the American side show of Europe's

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Seven Years' War, is now going on and there is fighting even in upstate New York, so Governor Delancey has caused this palisade of cedar logs, fourteen feet long, set in a trench and loopholed, to be drawn across the island from river to river to protect the city against attack from the north. There are four gates in the wall—at Pearl Street, the Boston Road, Broadway, and the Greenwich Road respectively.

At the very brow of the hill, just before passing through the gate, we come upon another pleasure resort, Catiemuts Garden, which functioned for at least thirty or forty years before the Revolution. One might think that the smoke from the adjacent valley and the odors of burning wood, oyster shell and lime, of tanbark and leather and, on rare occasions, of human flesh would be detrimental to the popularity of such a place, but apparently not. In 1726 and for several years thereafter the Garden was being run by Francis Child, who was also by way of being a racing promoter: some of his contests being straightaway affairs along the Bowery Lane. In October, 1736, advertisements in the newspapers announced races "on the course at New York," for a plate of twenty pounds value, horses to carry ten stone in two-mile heats. Entries, if made in advance with Francis Child on Fresh Water Hill, would cost one-half a pistole each.

Down the hill we go, curving far to the right and back again to the bridge over Old Wreck Brook, catching glimpses to the left of the sparkling waters of the Collect. The swampy low ground to the right along the brook and some better land adjacent to it was bought by Jacobus Roosevelt early in the century for two hundred pounds. Already a street bearing his name has been laid out through it, and lots are being sold at a profit.

Just after we cross the brook we pass the fine spring on the left where the Tea-Water Pump was later located. Dr. Alexander Hamilton, a sprightly southern traveler, wrote in his diary in 1744:

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They have very bad water in the city, most of it being hard and brackish. Ever since the negro conspiracy, certain people have been appointed to sell water in the streets, which they carry on a sledge in great casks, and bring it from the best springs about the city, for it was when the negroes went for tea-water that they held their cabals and consultations.

This also brought about the law already mentioned, forbidding Negroes to procure water on Sundays from any save the well nearest their abode. Professor Kalm wrote of the city's water problem:

There is no good water to be met with in the town itself, but at a little distance there is a spring of good water which the inhabitants take for their tea and for the uses of the kitchen. Those who are less delicate on this point make use of the water from the wells in town, though it be very bad. This want of good water lies heavily upon the horses of the strangers that come to the place, for they do not like to drink of the wells in the town.

The purveying of drinking water from this spring came to be an important business. Taverns and distilleries were located near it, to obtain advantage of its fine water. In the Tea-Water Garden adjacent to it (possibly once kept by the shadowy Aunt Katie Mutz, though some locate her more logically in the Catiemuts Garden up the hill) dandies and ladies used to come to drink tea and mead and eat cakes and waffles.

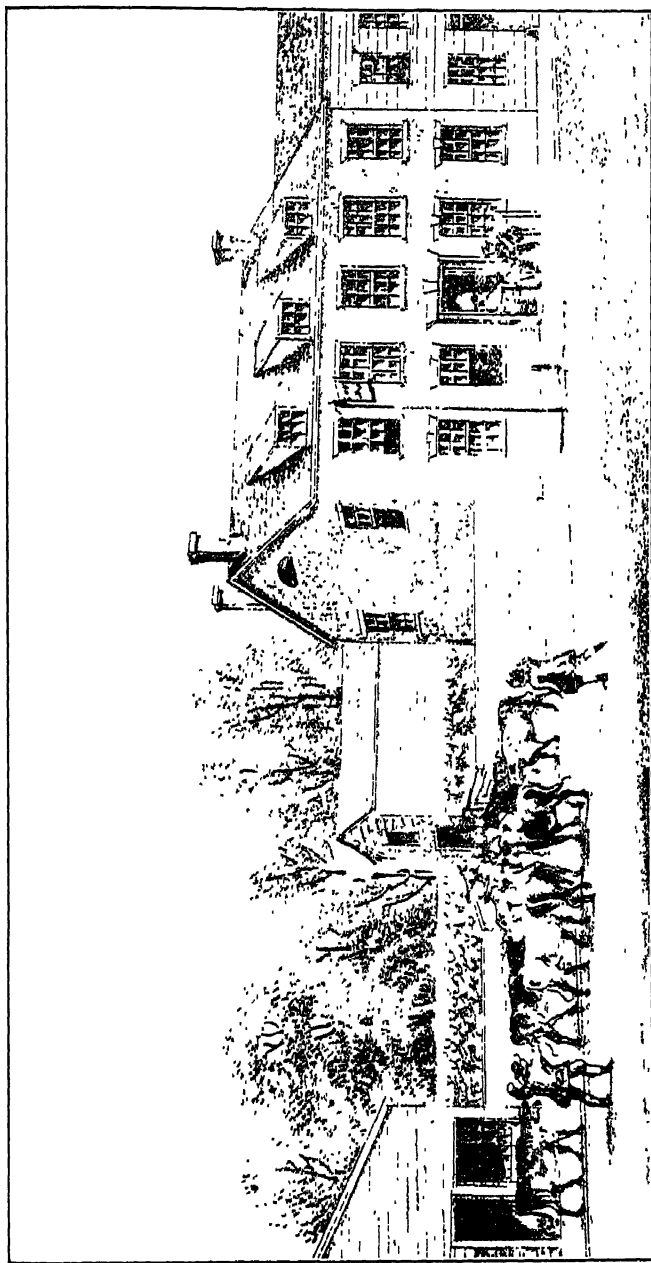
We are now in the settlement, sometimes called New Batavia or The Meadows, where Wolfert Webber took up his abode a century ago. Again we twist to right and left up the hill where the L trains now thunder over Chatham Square. We pass under the shadow of Mr. Rutgers's windmill, creaking and groaning its way through a turn of wheat. Just below it gleam the white stones of the Jews' burying ground. The latter received an addition of land in 1728, but when streets began to be cut, as for example, when Fayette (now Oliver) was opened after the Revolution, portions of the

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cemetery were lopped off. When Chatham Square was regulated and paved at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a second slice was taken, and another when the New Bowery was cut through in 1855.

As we reach the top of the Werpoes hill, we pass Stout's tavern (formerly known as the Plow and Harrow) on the left, and on the right the home of Harmanus Rutgers, another of the well-to-do men who were buying up the old grants and making the Bowery a pleasant thoroughfare of semisuburban, semicountry residences. The grandfather of Harmanus came from Holland in 1636 and settled at Albany, where he prospered in the brewing and fur business. The old man had one son, Harmanus, who moved to New York and set up a brewery on Stone Street. Of his two sons, Anthony became a large property holder around the Collect and to westward thereof, while the other, Harmanus the second, likewise a brewer, bought in 1728 over one hundred acres of land to east and southeast of Chatham Square where he grew barley for his malt. His residence stood on the east side of the Square, just across the road from "the Tavrín," about at the northwest corner of East Broadway and Catherine Street. The former thoroughfare was at first called Harman Street in his honor, while Catherine Street was named for Mrs. Rutgers.

We now enter the stretch of road known to-day as the Bowery—then a fair country road, bordered with comfortable homes, blossoming orchards, vegetable and flower gardens, meadows dotted with cattle and horses, and an occasional tavern or windmill. The fences are of split rails, wooden pegged or nailed to posts or set in forks and held by withes. A council ordinance of 1715 prescribed the legal fences for the Bowery Division of the Out Ward, as to be for "The Outside fences, four Rails and four foot and a half High, and the Partition fences to be of three Rails and four feet high and not Otherwise." One wonders how such fences were made pig-proof.



"Valentine's Almanac"

THE BULL'S HEAD TAVERN IN 1783

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Far to the right a wooded knoll called Mount Pitt rears its head on the line of Grand Street. To the left the horizon is broken by Bayard's Mount, flecked with evergreens and with two little ponds at its foot. West of it along the ridge is the Bayard manor house, shrouded in trees. The first Nicholas Bayard is long since dead and so is his son, Samuel, and the second Nicholas, now a man of sixty and a merchant, lives in the mansion. He advertises "very good Sea Coal" and other merchandise for sale. His brother Stephen was Mayor of the city from 1744 to 1747. Already the fourth generation is on the way, and a fifth is foreshadowed when young Nicholas the third married Miss Livingston in 1762. "a very agreeable young lady, endowed with all the good qualities necessary for rendering the connubial state perfectly agreeable."

Bayard does more advertising because of the human nuisances who pester him than he does of his merchandise. His farm is a favorite resort for sportsmen and picnickers, who give him no end of trouble. For many years hunting had been permitted there; but in 1754 a hunter shot another in a thicket, mistaking him for a bear (although there had been no bears on the island for many years); whereupon an editor bitinglly remarked that "Short-sighted persons are not fit to go a-gunning; they therefore would do well to go to Ohio where, as they can't see distinctly, they may shoot as many Frenchmen as they please instead of bears."

Again in 1759 it was publicly complained that it was unsafe to walk in Mr. Bayard's woods because of the gunning there; and finally, when the woods were set afire one autumn day (by a gun-wad, as he firmly believed) and his barns and stacks were saved only by strenuous efforts, Mr. Bayard angrily offered ten pounds' reward for the name of the miscreant who caused the trouble and warned all and sundry of actions for trespass if caught on his land in future.

But he was still annoyed by another sort of pest; for in 1762 he offers five pounds' reward to be informed

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Who it is that comes by night to *his farm* near the City, and digs great holes in the Land, to the damage of his People and Cattle. If they be money-diggers, he will allow them the indulgence of a Search if they will come to him personally and dig by Daylight, and *fill up again*. He will also give them two Spades and one Pick-axe, left behind in their supposed fright.

And by way of variety, in 1764 a newspaper nonchalantly informs us that "several persons" (who or how many apparently didn't matter) were shot for stealing apples in Mr. Bayard's orchard on Sunday—which is all we ever hear of the affair.

Only a few rods beyond Stout's tavern we pass, again on the left, the greatest inn on the Bowery Road—the Bull's Head, a bustling place, headquarters of the cattle men, with stockyards behind it, all standing on land leased from Bayard. An abattoir was built still farther back a little later. We are halted by a drove of hogs which is being herded into the yards with much squealing and grunting. Farmers and drovers with long whips and city butchers cluster about the door and stare at us as we pass, while chambermaids peep from the low windows above.

There are two or three cottages across the road from the tavern, and a hundred yards beyond it is the windmill, not far from where the shaded avenue turns off toward the Bayard mansion. The mill is an interesting landmark of the Bowery. Like many other of the old buildings, we cannot tell its age, but we know it was there in 1755. It stood about one hundred feet north of the line of Canal Street, a little nearer to Elizabeth than to the Bowery, and of course on land originally belonging to the Bayards. But if a Bayard built it, it was disposed of, together with several building lots, comparatively early in its career; for John Burling advertised it for sale in 1760, adding that it had two pair of stones and was in good repair.

In 1770 a sixty-nine year lease of the mill was offered for sale by public vendue, together with five lots and two

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houses. In 1775 it was offered for sale again. In July, 1776, William Davidson notifies the public that he "has opened the noted Wind-Mill at the one-Mile Stone in the Bowry-Lane, and will give constant Attendance; and will grind Wheat, Corn, Oats, Ginger, etc., at the lowest price." In 1781 it was being offered for sale, together with six building lots. When the streets around it were regulated in 1807, deference was shown to the old landmark, which was apparently still in operation, and a right of way was left to it from the Bowery. But after that date it disappears from history. A graybeard familiar with the district at the beginning of the nineteenth century believed that he remembered a windmill grinding linseed for oil between the Bowery and the Collect Pond; so perhaps it changed its occupation in its later years.

There was a snuff mill near it for several years, operated by what power we know not; but taking into consideration the needs of the community and the foreign competition, one questions whether it might not have been turned by one or two men with a crank. Frederick Sigismund Lentz advertised in 1765:

All sorts of Snuff, viz. Rappee, Scotch Snuff and Black Guard; also all Sorts of Tobacco for Smoaking and Chewing, in Papers or loose; and the best of Pig and Hog-tail. Retailers supplied.

His downtown place was in Queen Street near the Scotch meetinghouse, and his snuff mill "in the Bowry-Lane, near the Wind-Mill." "The Snuff Mill situated near the Bull's Head Tavern in the Out Ward," presumably the same one, was being offered for sale by George Traill in 1772. But he found no buyers, for he was offering to lease it two years later—after which we hear no more of it.

A quarter of a mile or more beyond the windmill a big, sturdy brick mansion embowered in trees appears at the right, with gardens, orchards and many outbuildings in its rear. A driveway arched with trees leads down to a gate in

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an arc-shaped recess of stone walls at the road. We turn hastily and respectfully aside as a big gilt coach drawn by snow-white horses and accompanied by outriders in rich livery issues from the gate. As it passes us at a trot, we catch a glimpse of Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey's proud face and fine figure, clad in black satin breeches with silver knee- and shoe-buckles, silken stockings, embroidered yellow vest, and silver-laced blue velvet coat. He is carrying his ermine-trimmed, three-cornered hat in his lap, that he may not disarrange his carefully dressed and powdered hair; for he and Mrs. DeLancey, who sits beside him in gorgeous silk gown and towering headdress, are going down in the town to dinner.

This handsome three-story brick country residence of his was built some forty years earlier by Mr. May Bickley, who came over from England in 1702 as one of Governor Cornbury's staff. "A busy, waspish man," as Governor Hunter called him, he practiced law for nearly twenty years in New York and died in 1724. His will directs "my Body to the Earth, to be decently buried, without pipes or Tobacco, as usual." His kinsman, Dr. Brune Bickley of London, came into possession of his country place, and in 1744 sold it to James De Lancey.

The latter's father, Etienne or Stephen, the first American representative of the name, was born at Caen, France, in 1663 and came to New York already a well-to-do man. He married Anne Van Cortlandt, and, as has already been mentioned, built, shortly after 1700, for his residence the structure now best known as Fraunce's Tavern. His son James, born in 1703, was bred as an attorney, and in 1733 became Chief Justice of the colony. In 1747 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor by the Crown, but the Governor, Admiral George Clinton, who disliked him, pocketed his commission, and, instead, urged the King to remove him from the office of Chief Justice. The King ignored the request, but Clinton continued to hold up De Lancey's commission as Lieu-

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tenant-Governor for six years. This reacted on his own head, and in 1753 a new Governor, Osborne, was sent from England to supersede him. But some ill cloud was hanging over Osborne, for on the next day after he was sworn in (at which time his demeanor was markedly strange) he was found dead, having hanged himself with his pocket handkerchief.

Thus De Lancey became Acting Governor, amid demonstrations of joy by the people, which were very galling to Clinton. The citizens were tiring of the rapid succession of governors sent to them from across the water, some good and some very bad. De Lancey was one of their own, born in New York and a big, handsome, intellectual man who inspired enthusiasm. He enjoyed higher honors than any other native citizen of New York of the colonial era. With the exception of a brief period when Sir Charles Hardy was nominally Governor over him, he ruled the colony—and very ably, too—for seven years. He was brilliant, cultured, magnetic, vivacious, and witty; usually affable, but when thwarted was apt to be haughty and overbearing, and finally, he was a good hater.

His first purchase of land in the Out Ward was "the Dominie's Pasture," so called because it had been the property of the Reverend Mr. Selyns, at the corner of the Bowery and Division Street. The latter street received its name, by the way, because it ran along the boundary line between the property of De Lancey and Rutgers. Next the Chief Justice bought Dr. Bickley's country seat, then added other property until his estate included all of the present Tenth and Thirteenth Wards, nearly all of the Eleventh, a third of the Seventh and a quarter of the Seventeenth. He had a mile of waterfront on the East River. His country mansion (he had a town house also on lower Broadway) stood facing the Bowery but about two hundred feet back from it, almost on a line with Chrystie Street, and between the present De-lancey and Rivington streets. Back of the house, where

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Forsyth Street is now, were his racing stables and paddock, and near by a private track for horse training. Orchard Street is so named because it was cut through the Governor's extensive grove of fruit trees.

In his mansion he collected the best private library yet seen in the colony, and hung some good paintings and tapestries on the walls. The provincial council met there in 1746. In 1754 De Lancey presided over the second Congress assembled in America, a meeting of colonial delegates at the time of the French and Indian War to concert measures for defense and for conciliating the near-by Indians. The Governor's son, Captain James De Lancey, served in the war under Johnson and Abercrombie. We read again in the journal of the Legislative Council in 1757 of its meeting "in Bowry-Lane, in the Out Ward," which meant at De Lancey's house.

There was another and merrier function at the manor that same year, when the house was hung with garlands, when the *élite* of town and country gathered in the big drawing-rooms whilst humbler neighbors danced and drank ale and wine on the lawn. The newspapers announced it as the wedding of "Mr. WILLIAM WALTON, of this City, Merchant, eldest son of the late Mr. Jacob Walton, deceased, and MISS SUCKY DE LANCEY, eldest Daughter to His Honour, Governor De Lancey, at His Honour's House in the Bowry." The bride's good old rustic English name was usually spelled, more pleasingly, Sukey or Sookey.

And finally, three years later, the road was called upon to witness another sort of cavalcade, a much more doleful one, issuing from the big gate. At 3 A.M. on July 31, 1760, the Governor, then aged fifty-seven and supposed to be in perfect health, was awakened by a severe pain in his chest. Physicians, if they could be so called in those days, were summoned, but could give him no relief. He sank rapidly and died of his unknown malady after an illness of only six hours.

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The public inviter to funerals, with his professionally lugubrious countenance, his long crape "weed" reaching from his hat nearly to the ground and his scroll in hand bearing the names of those honored, had a busy and profitable twenty-four hours that day and the next. The Governor's funeral procession, on the evening of the following day, was the greatest spectacle that the Bowery Road had ever seen. At 6:45 P.M., His Majesty's ship *Winchester*, lying in the North River, fired a gun as the signal for the *cortège* to move. At the same instant, minute guns began firing from the Battery, and were followed by the *Winchester* and the *General Wall* packet to the number of fifty-seven, the years of the Governor's age. The order of the procession, as recorded in Hugh Gainé's *Mercury*, was as follows:

1. The Clerks of Trinity Church and St. George's Chapel, in an open Chaise.
2. The Rector of Trinity Church, in an open Chaise.
3. The Clergy of the several Protestant Denominations in this City, Two by Two, in Chaises.
4. An Open Hearse, bearing the Body in a Coffin, covered with black Velvet, richly adorned with gilt Escutcheons and Furniture. The Hearse was drawn by a beautiful pair of white Horses belonging to His Honour, in mourning, and were drove by his own Coachman.
5. His Majesty's Council in mourning Coaches, being Pall Bearers.
6. Relatives in mourning Coaches.
7. Members of the Assembly in mourning Coaches.
8. The Magistrates, Two by Two, in Coaches and Chaises.
9. All the Gentlemen of Law in the City, Two by Two, in Coaches and Chaises.

We are told that "the Extent of the Procession was more than half a Mile;" that it moved "in a very regular manner and with a slow pace" to a point near the church, where it halted and six men hoisted the coffin to their shoulders. The members of the Council left their coaches and walked beside

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the coffin, supporting the pall over it. Thus it passed into the church, where the services were conducted by the Reverend Dr. Barclay, and the burial was made in the center aisle.

Next above the De Lancey property on the east side of the road we pass a small farm belonging to Isaac de Peyster, one of another famous old New York family, and next to that the estate of "Philip Minthorne in the Bowree," as he described himself in his will, probated in 1756. This farm, earlier known as the Schout's Bowery, a part of Bowery No. 3, was under the control of Kilian van Rensselaer late in the seventeenth century, and came into the hands of Minthorne early in the eighteenth. He tried to sell it in 1746, advertising it as "a Very good small Farm or Plantation in the Bowry-Lane, a little above a Mile from the City of New York"; but it did not sell, though he advertised it again, and it or parts of it remained in the hands of his family for another century.

Next above Minthorne on that side stretches the great Stuyvesant acreage, almost surrounding Bowery Village and including a goodly portion of it. The old Governor's only surviving son, Nicholas, had inhabited the paternal mansion all his life, representing his ward as alderman in 1687 and taking a lively interest in public affairs. He was succeeded in the mansion and in the headship of the family by his son Gerardus, born in 1709, another son having been drowned at the age of twenty-two. In 1760 Gerardus was still living in the old house, while his two sons, Petrus and Nicholas William (though the latter remained a bachelor all his life) built for themselves separate residences on the ancestral acres. "Petersfield," the home of Petrus (who married Margaret Beekman) was well over toward the East River, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets; while Nicholas William's fine, hip-roofed house, known as The Bowery, was between First and Second avenues, just north of Eighth Street.

On the west side of the road, the Bayard plantation ex-

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tended up to Prince Street and, in one place, to Bleecker. Above that were smaller holdings, those of Ryckman, Herrin, Dyckman, Perrow (or Pero) and others, reaching up to Bowery Village. The Perrow farm of fifteen acres was originally a group of small Negro grants, bought up by Adrian Cornelisson van Schaick, the Bowery Village innkeeper, and eventually passing into the hands of Richard Perrow. A strip across the southern part of it, extending from the Bowery about to the line of Broadway, was sold to John Brandon, and he, in August, 1772, conveyed it to Jacob Sperry, a Swiss immigrant, who started there a nursery and a seed and botanical garden which became rather a show place for sight-seers. Sperry's rare newspaper advertisements deal mostly with garden seeds. One, in 1782, when the war had ebbed away from New York into the Southern colonies, offered to farmers and suburbanites seeds not only of "cabbage, onions, lettuce, turnips, endiff" and other garden truck familiar to us, but also some not so familiar, such as "sweet cervil, corn sallad, leeks, scurvy grass, burnet, pepper grass, etc." He also sold "Flower Plants, Green-House Plants and Bolbos Roots." In later years Sperry's place became the famous Vauxhall Gardens.

In 1767 the northern part of the Perrow property was sold to Andrew Elliot, son of a noble Scottish family, who had been appointed Collector of the Port of New York; a post which he held until he became the Royal Lieutenant Governor of the colony in 1780.

His country place, which extended westward to Minetta Brook, near Fifth Avenue, he called Minto, after the earldom hereditary in his family. He built on it an elaborate residence, a pseudo-French château of many gables and turrets and intricate passages, and all painted a brilliant yellow. It stood between Ninth and Tenth streets, fronting the Bowery Road, and when Broadway was opened in the early nineteenth century, the back porch of the house was cut off.

Immediately north of Elliot at the time of the Revolution

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was the home of Hendrik Brevoort, whose name is perpetuated by an ancient hotel on Fifth Avenue; and in the rear of the homes of Brevoort and Elliot rose the knoll known as the Zantberg or Sandy Hill, which gave the name to the crossroad (of which Astor Place is a relic) running from Bowery Village to Greenwich. The Zantberg was an outpost of the high ground around the present Union Square, known as Bowery Hill. Beyond there, along what was still called the Bowery Road, were the estates of Mr. Tiebout and Mr. Duane. But not far above Tiebout's place the road forked, the left-hand prong leading to Bloemendaal or Bloomingdale, the right to Harlem, Kingsbridge, and Boston.

CHAPTER IV

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

AS we jog along the road in the middle eighteenth century, we may suddenly be compelled to pull out into the ditch to let two or three race horses go thundering by at a wild gallop, heading towards a distant mark, around which a cluster of spectators wait, cheering and bawling exhortations. They had no circular or elliptical race courses in the colony then, and the semioccasional matches which gratified the sportsmen's love of a contest must be staged on the best piece of country road available. The Bowery, being tolerably direct in its course and, in fact, the only country road close to town, had to answer the purpose, despite its ups and downs, its mud and ruts and stones.

One might expect that neighboring property holders, and especially Governor De Lancey, would object to horses tearing at breakneck speed along the highway, to the great danger of the lives of travelers and residents. But it must be remembered that the De Lanceys were all horse fanciers themselves, and the Governor may have had a horse of his own entered in a contest now and then, though we find no record of it. If he countenanced the sport, it was not for others along the way to complain. We read in April, 1754, of "a considerable sum of money changing hands" because of a trial against time of a horse belonging to Oliver De Lancey which, starting at the city gate at Pearl and the Boston Road, was to go over the Bowery Road to Kingsbridge and back again, "being fourteen measured miles (each way) in two hours' time; which he performed with one rider in one hour and forty-six minutes." Oliver De Lancey was the Gov-

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ernor's youngest brother, and had a country seat on the North River near Greenwich.

True, one finds not more than half a dozen references to such races on the road, sometimes at intervals of several years; but there must have been others between times. The *Mercury* in March, 1762 (fancy the condition of a road innocent even of gravel in March!) announces a match race for a purse of £20 which was deposited at the De Lancey Arms Tavern, the contestants being The Albany Skimmer, Bay Robbin, Shuttle and White-Footed Raughery. "N.B." the item concludes; "they are to start at Mr. John Watts's gate and to come in at the near corner of Mr. Tiebout's gate. To start between the Hours of One and Four, and to carry Weight for Inches."

In the following year there is an advertisement of an open competition:

To be run for on Friday, 11th of November, 1763, between the hours of Three and Four of the Clock in the Bowery Lane, a well-made Saddle and Bridle and Saddle-Cloth, complete, valued at *Five Pounds, sixteen Shillings*, by any Horse, Mare or Gelding that never run for upwards of 15*l*. To run the best of three single Mile Heats, each Horse to pay One Pound entrance and to enter three Days before running at the De Lancey Arms in the Bowery. Not less than Four to start, and to come in at the side of Mr. Tiebout's Gate.

There are no reports of the results of such races in the newspapers of those days. There was much more European than American news published. The editors were more concerned with telling how "His Highness the Prince of Brunswick had been graciously pleased to present the Reverend Dr. Douglas, well known in the Literary World, with a very handsome Gold Snuff Box in Return for the Pains that Gentleman had taken to instruct His Highness in the Principles of the English Language" than with collecting local gossip for their readers.

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The *Gazette and Weekly Post-Boy* in July, 1763, announces a foot race in which the interest was much greater, if one is to judge by the size of the purse offered:

To be run for, from Greenwich Corner to Mr. John Stout's in the Bowry-Lane, on Saturday next between the Hours of 4 and 5 o'clock in the Afternoon, A Purse of FORTY POUNDS made up by several Gentlemen in this City, By the Florida Indian known by the name of SILVER HEELS, against a White Man.

Any Person famous for running, that has a Mind to try his Speed, by paying 2 Dollars Entrance at the Field on the Day of Running, may come in to try for the Purse.

N.B. The said Indian is to run in all his Warlike Accoutrements; and after the Race will be exhibited by the Indian and White Man, a famous war Dance, on the Green before Mr. Stout's Door.

The populace gratified their craving for speed also by fast sleigh-riding in winter, as Mrs. Knight observed in 1704. Such reckless driving brought its dire penalty now and then, as when, in January, 1763, "two sleighs in the Bowrye, meeting and one being in a swift motion going down a hill, the drivers unfortunately turned to the same side," and in the resulting collision, one man was killed and a horse badly injured.

It was thus that the Bowery began to be a sort of amusement center—open-air amusements, that is. Besides horse racing, there were bull- and bear-baitings (which meant that the larger animal, usually chained, was pitted against several vicious dogs), staged by various tavern-keepers as business-getters; and there were at long intervals those little one- and two-man performances, nearly always by bareback riders, which were the predecessors of the circus in this country. "Mr. Faulks, a noted Performer in Horsemanship," who had "appeared before Their Majesties and most of the Nobility in England, Ireland and Scotland," announced in December, 1771 (when it must have been rather cold for outdoor exhibitions) that he "has got a convenient place to Exhibit in,

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belonging to Mr. Joseph Bogart, near the Wind-Mill above the Slaughter-House in the Bowry." There he appeared on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, riding two horses, Roman fashion, vaulting clean over a horse, playing the French horn while riding a galloping horse and doing other miraculous feats. The tickets, to be had at Rivington's and Gaine's bookshops, were four shillings each—a rather stiff price for the entertainment, as it strikes us.

Mr. Bates, "the original Performer," "who has performed before the Emperor of Germany, Empress of Russia, King of Great Britain, the French King, the Kings of Prussia, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark and Poland and Prince of Orange, at all of which he received the greatest applause," exhibited his horsemanship near the Bull's Head in the summers of 1772 and 1773. The time of his performance, five o'clock in the afternoon, seems odd to us. His advertisement concludes, "He will take it as a particular favour if Gentlemen will not suffer any Dogs to come with them"—dogs being likely to disturb the horses.

Mr. Pool—it seemed a matter of professional etiquette to mention none but the performer's surname—exhibited on the hill near the Jews' burying ground in 1786, "where he has erected a Menage at considerable expense." In addition to his own feats, there was "a very extraordinary Horse, who, at the word of command will lay himself down and groan, apparently through extreme Sickness and Pain; after which he will rise and sit up like a Lady's Lap-Dog, then rise to his feet and make his Manners to the Ladies and Gentlemen." And finally, to show how extensive such organizations were becoming. "A Clown will entertain the Ladies and Gentlemen between the Feats."

The Bowery gets into the news columns also by other means not so inviting. For example, Stephen Porter, who was accused of piracy and murder and had been confined in jail in New York for two years, committed suicide in May, 1769, by hanging himself to the bars of his cell. The coro-

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ner's verdict was self-murder, and Porter was buried "near the Stone Fence at the upper end of the Bowery," somewhere just above Union Square, in full accordance with the old law which decreed that a suicide must be buried "in the public highway with a stake through his heart."

There are records of three or four robberies committed on the road, too. In January, 1763, between nine and ten one night, the Albany postrider was robbed of his bag in the Bowery Lane. And in November, 1774, as Captain James De Lancey, the Governor's son, was coming in from Westchester in his sulky between seven and eight in the evening, he was stopped near Mr. Tiebout's gate by a footpad who seized his horse's reins, presented a pistol and said, "Deliver what little money you have." The story goes on:

Mr. De Lancey, putting his hand into his pocket as if going to deliver his Cash, the Highway Gentleman dropped the muzzle of his pistol, which gave Mr. De Lancey the opportunity of saluting him with such a rap on his cheek with the butt-end of a loaded Whip, that nearly brought his head to the ground, and occasioned his letting go the reins. Mr. De Lancey, at the same instant perceiving that some person had made a stroke at him from behind the Sulky, who luckily missed him, gave his Horse the whip and got clear; and on parting, heard one of them call to the other, fire at him.

On the following evening Mr. Thomas Ash, coming towards town with his child in a chair, was stopped near the same spot and robbed of seven pounds in cash, his silver shoe and knee buckles, his surtout and, in fact, most of his clothing, leaving him in a most embarrassing situation. The two villains who had committed both robberies were caught by a posse of officers next day, and a purse of money was collected for the officers in appreciation of their efforts. James Rivington announced that any one who wished to subscribe to it would be furnished with pen and ink at his shop.

But one of the greatest of pre-Revolutionary events for

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the Bowery was the starting of the first stagecoach to Boston. Jonathan and Nicholas Brown advertised in the newspapers on June 24, 1772:

The Stage Coach between New-York and Boston, which for the first Time sets out this day from Mr. Fowler's Tavern (formerly kept by Mr. Stout) at Fresh Water in New-York, will continue to go the Courses between Boston and New-York, so as to be at each of those Places once a Fortnight, coming in on Saturday Evening and setting out to Return, by the way of Hartford, on Monday Morning. The Price to Passengers will be 4d New-York or 3d lawful Money per Mile, and Baggage at a reasonable Rate. Gentlemen and Ladies who choose to encourage this useful, new and expensive Undertaking, may depend upon good Usage, and that the Coach will always put up at Houses on the Road where the best Entertainment is provided.

The proprietors—they were Connecticut Yankees, by the way—promised, if further encouraged, to send the coaches once a week. It should be explained that "lawful money" meant Boston coin, because its ratio to English sterling money had been fixed by law. A New York penny was worth only three-quarters of a Boston penny.

So horses and taverns, cattle drovers and stage drivers and jockeys, acrobats and wild animal fights, the jingle of harness and the crack of whips, came more and more to animate the Bowery scene as the eighteenth century drew on towards its fourth quarter. In 1770 there was a tavern at the crossroads in the Bowery Village, and twelve more between there and the Common—most of them nearer town than the Bull's Head.

Around the Werpoes and the valley of the Fresh Water brook in particular there was a center of amusement and refreshment, and in that vicinity new streets were being laid out and property was changing hands and increasing in value. That shrewd trader, Anthony Rutgers, bought a tract south of Chatham Square, cut it into lots, published a map of it and did a good business at prices which seem remarkably

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high to us to-day. Lots on the twenty-five-feet-wide Roosevelt Street sold for £50 in 1751. In 1762 lots on James Street brought £110 and in 1764 on Oliver Street £70. That same year lots only 25 by 118 feet in size on the Boston Road (Park Row) near Roosevelt Street sold for £195, and the following year were quoted at £200. Northwest of the road, Orange (Baxter), Ryndert (Mulberry), Winne (Mott), and Cross (Park) Streets were laid out and there was some speculation in lots, but few houses were built there for years afterwards. The bend in Baxter Street, by the way (causing corresponding elbows in Mulberry and Mott), was caused by its curving around the brow of the hill above the Fresh Water Pond and brook.

Real estate along the Bowery proper was rather quiet during those years. Occasionally, the Bayards sold off a lot or two, and there were a few deals around Bowery Village. At the latter place, adjoining Greenwich Lane, an effort was made in 1772 to stimulate the sale of lots by means of a lottery scheme. The promoters promised that the Broad Way would soon be extended through to Greenwich Lane. One real estate advertisement which leaves us completely baffled is that in the *New York Journal* in 1770 which offers a forty-two years' lease of a house and six lots, the property of Henry Hill, "near the Butter Milk Hole in the Bowry-Lane." What on earth could the Butter Milk Hole have been? We have searched for light on the subject without avail.

Milestones were placed along the Bowery in 1769. This first series was measured with the second City Hall at Wall and Nassau streets as a starting point. The one-mile stone stood about one hundred feet south of the line of Canal Street, and was often mentioned in locating the Bayard windmill and the adjacent taverns. The two-mile stone was at Astor Place, close beside the Bowery Village Tavern, while the third stone was at Twenty-Seventh Street. In 1801 a second series was run along the Middle Road or

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Broadway. In 1822-23 the old stones on the Bowery were discarded, and a new scale was measured off, starting at the present City Hall. The first stone of this series was on the west side of the Bowery opposite Rivington Street, and stood until early in 1929, when it was knocked over and broken by one of those modern Juggernauts, a heavy truck, and was carted away into oblivion by the Street-Cleaning Department. The second stone still stands on the west side of Third Avenue, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets—Third Avenue having by 1822 become the main northerly outlet for Bowery traffic, and the course of the stage coaches to Boston.

A significant event was the naming of that stretch of the Boston Road from the Common to the Werpoes. In 1774 an ordinance passed by the Common Council directed that "The street beginning at the house of Andrew Hopper, nearly opposite St. Paul's Church and leading to the fresh water," be called Chatham Street, in honor of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the consistent friend of the American colonies in their long struggle with the government of George III over taxation and other oppressions. As Chatham Street it remained until 1886, when the name was unfortunately changed to Park Row. Meanwhile, the open triangle at the Werpoes Hill was called a square in the whimsical old English way, and likewise given the name of Chatham.

For ten years past the Boston Post Road had been witness to the growing spirit of liberty, and many were the black eyes and bloody noses bestowed in Bowery taverns over the burning question of England's oppression. Mild irritation at vexatious laws and practices swelled into fury with the passage of the Stamp Act in 1764. Masses of citizens gathered in vociferous meetings on the Common during the following year and worked themselves up to the pitch of stoning the English soldiers at the Fort, hanging the Governor in effigy and burning his carriage at the Bowling Green. Shortly afterwards they assembled again at the Common, armed and

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fully intending to storm the fort and seize the stamped paper. But at that moment Lieutenant-Governor Colden, who was in command, yielded and handed the stamps over to Mayor Cruger, who lodged them in the City Hall. Some of them were later publicly burned at the foot of Catherine Street.

From that time forward the Common was a busy place—what with burning the first stamped paper there, and holding indignation meetings, and a barbecue enlivened with cannon and burning tar barrels in celebration of the repeal of the Stamp Act, and flagpoles being erected by the Liberty Boys and cut down by the redcoats.

One finds it a bit difficult to conceive that despite all this irritation, popular sentiment did not until long after 1770 go so far as to consider the possibility of a separation from the mother country. Patience and reluctance to sever old ties were great on both sides, and years dragged by with no serious breach. Then came the tea tax, and in April, 1774, New York's answer to it when prominent citizens, not disguised as in Boston, but openly, ordered two vessels to return to England with their cargoes of tea. Relations were nearing the breaking point. Secret committees were at work in New York and elsewhere and communicating with each other by messenger. In May, 1774, Paul Revere, that romantic Mercury of the Revolution, rode down the Bowery Lane into New York and handed to the Committee of Fifty dispatches from Boston, asking coöperation in a boycott of all English trade until the ministry should reopen the port of Boston. The conservative merchants of New York were at first too timid to accede to the request, so the Liberty Boys on July 5, convened a huge popular meeting on the Common, where resolutions of support for their fellow-patriots in Boston were passed, and the demand made that New York carry them into effect.

Louder and more turbulent grew the storm, and more frequent the meetings in what the rebellious ones called Liberty Fields, though the soldiers sneeringly designated it in

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retort, "Gallows Green." And then, on one Sunday morning in April, 1775, just as folk were going to church, Israel Bessel, a postrider, came galloping through Harlem and down the Bowery Road, startling the loungers and travelers with his reckless speed, electrifying them with the news which he slowed up to shout at places like Bowery Village and the Bull's Head, "War! War has begun! Battle near Boston! Liberty Boys licked the redcoats!"

Thus came the ominous tidings of Lexington and Concord to put an end to the golden era. Bessel drew rein at the Liberty Pole on the Common, sounded his horn and gave his news with more detail before hurrying down to the City Hall. He bore two dispatches, one from Palmer of the Committee for Safety, telling of the first clash at Lexington, and announcing that "The bearer, Israel Bessel, is charged to alarm the Country, and all Persons are desired to furnish him with fresh horses as they may be needed. I have spoken with several who have seen the Dead and Wounded." The other letter was from Ebenezer Williams, giving later news of the fight at Concord.

A month later Captain James De Lancey, who had for seven years been a member of the State Legislature, sailed for England to urge upon the home government the New York assembly's desire that Britain, by modifying obnoxious laws and practices, use conciliation instead of force towards the colonies. His remonstrances were in vain; but De Lancey, still loyal, hearing the news of Bunker Hill and knowing that his refusal to join in the liberty movements in New York had made existence precarious for him there, sent for his family and never came back to America. In September all his horses were advertised for sale at auction at John Fowler's tavern; while the mansion on the Bowery was either left untenanted or occupied at various times by kinsmen or strangers. His uncle Oliver De Lancey raised "De Lancey's Battalion" and became a general in the British service, while his cousin James became a leader of the "Cow Boys," the

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Tory irregular troops in Westchester County which gave the Americans much trouble.

The revolutionaries promptly established their own mail lines up and down the coast, in order that they might convey important intelligence in safety and secrecy. An advertisement signed "ALBANY RIDER" in John Holt's patriotic New York *Journal or the General Advertiser* in November, 1775, says, "This is to give notice that I now ride in the service of the Constitutional Post-Office on each side of Hudson's River to Albany, leaving New-York every Thursday." He listed the places where he would stop to leave letters and newspapers, the first being at John Fowler's tavern (the Plow and Harrow) at Fresh Water, the second at Kingsbridge.

Fowler's tavern was later taken over for use as a hospital. Great was the bustle of preparation for war during that winter and the following spring. Recruits, poorly equipped and not uniformed at all, were receiving a few hasty drills on the Common and in the fields alongside the Bowery Lane; but most of their time was taken up with cutting wood, ditching, throwing up breastworks and building barracks. Jones's Hill or Mount Pitt was fortified, as was Bayard's Hill or Pleasant Mount, the last-named being the center and the strongest work of the line drawn across the island from Corlear's Hook, crossing the Bowery at Grand Street, and west of Pleasant Mount extending along the ridge past Bayard's house to some irregular works near the present corner of Broome and Greene streets, overlooking the Lispenard Meadows. It was now that Bayard's Mount received its new name in honor of the great battle near Boston. Benjamin Putnam, army surgeon, advertising for the recovery of a strayed horse, gives his address as "Camp New Bunker Hill"; while a letter written in April, 1776, says, "You remember Bayard's Mount, covered with cedars? it commanded a Prospect exceedingly extensive! The top of it is so cut away that there is room enough for a house and

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garden; a fortification is there erected, as well as around the *Hospital*:—in short, every place that can be employed in that way, is or will be, so used."

John Varick, Jr., writes to Captain Richard Varick on April 22, that "The Company of Fusileers commenced their Guard at Mr. Byard's (where Records are deposited for the Sake of Safety." Not all the Bayards were in sympathy with the rebel cause, for Stephen Allen, later Mayor of the city, tells how "one of them" he does not say which one), being on horseback, cursed a Mr. Roorbach, on foot, asking him how he dared show his rebel face on the King's highway, and struck him with a whip and tried to run him down. Some of the family served in the King's army.

Camps were established along the Bowery Road, and in August, 1776, just before the Battle of Long Island, there is a record of a tragic happening:

Wednesday evening last we had as violent a Thunder Gust as has been remembered by the oldest Man now living among us. The Lightning struck a Marquee in General M'Dougall's Camp near the Bull's Head in the Bowry, and instantly killed Captain Van Wyck and his two lieutenants, Versereau and Depyster.

A few days later the whole complexion of affairs in New York City was changed. The defeat of the raw little American army under the direct command of Sullivan, Stirling, and Putnam by an overwhelming force on the heights above Gowanus made Long Island untenable, and only Washington's clever night retreat across the East River saved his army from capture. Two weeks later, when Howe's vessels were sweeping both the east and west shores with a searching fire and Howe himself was landing with a large body of troops at Kip's bay, Putnam, with the 4,000 men garrisoning the city, marched part of his force up the island via Greenwich, the others along the Bowery until they veered to westward as they neared Murray Hill, where Howe was losing his opportunity to cut them off by stopping for two hours with his

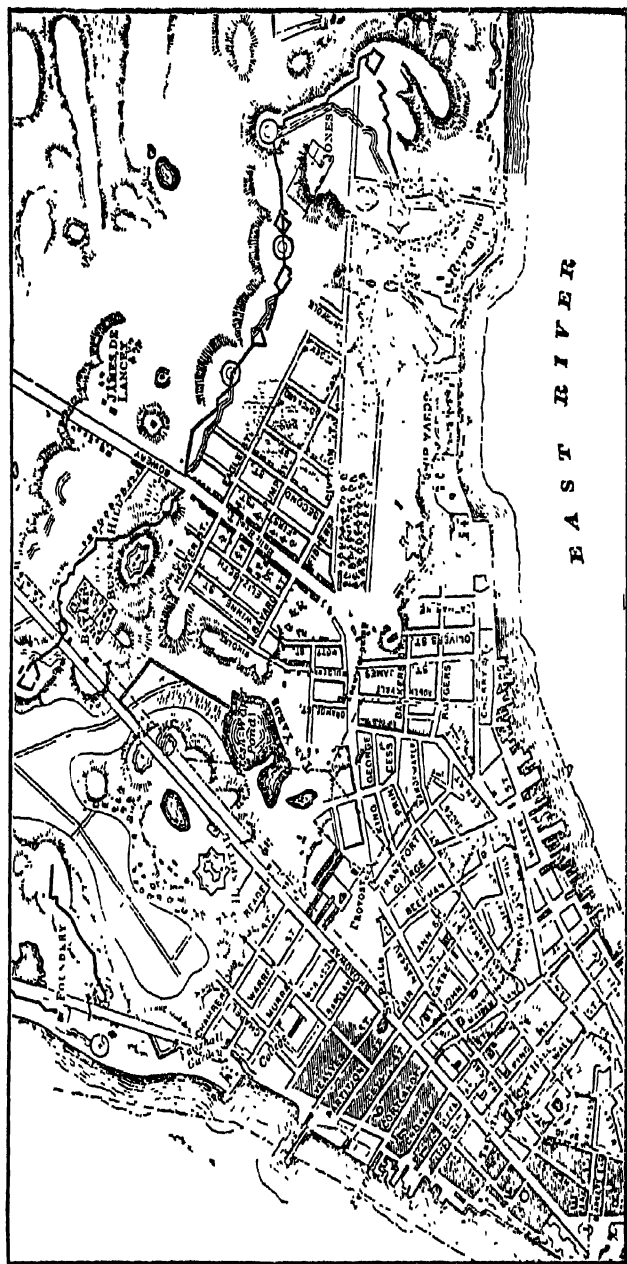
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staff to dine at the invitation of that wily rebel, Mrs. Lindley Murray.

Thenceforward New York was destined to remain in the hands of the British until the close of the war; with some of its rebellious citizens fled to more friendly regions, some imprisoned in the jail on the Common and in other prisons hastily improvised, and some staying and keeping their sentiments to themselves in the hope of saving their homes and businesses, no matter who won. The British strengthened the line of fortifications across the island, and erected new barracks along the Bowery, which road now began to appear on official maps as the King's Highway. Thenceforward for seven years it was to know the clank of arms, the tramp of marching feet, the clatter of wagon supply trains, redcoats loafing about the tavern doors and ogling the women, generals dashing by in carriages or on horseback.

One of those who sat quietly at home and let the war drag by its weary length was old Gerardus Stuyvesant, grandson of the Governor, who still inhabited the ancestral Dutch mansion in Bowery Village. There he died in 1777, at the age of sixty-eight. Sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded Lord Howe in the command at New York, took up his quarters in the old house in the summer of 1778. In October, through the carelessness of some one in the General's entourage, the building caught fire and was destroyed—a deplorable loss to posterity. What a priceless relic it would be if it were still standing to-day! Of course there were charges that it had been burned maliciously—a Hessian regiment camped near it being under suspicion—but one can conjecture no reasonable ground for such gossip. An old lady who died in 1895 said that the foundations of the house were still to be seen in her girlhood.

Clinton moved his quarters to Nicholas William Stuyvesant's Bowery House, and there he came near having an exciting adventure early in the following January. A party of American soldiers headed by a daring adventurer named



[FROM THE MAP BY JOHN HILLS]

NEW YORK IN 1782, SHOWING BRITISH FORTIFICATIONS CROSSING THE
BOWERY LANE AT GRAND STREET

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Buchanan came down the North River one evening just after dusk with muffled oars, landed above Greenwich and made their way across the island to the Bowery House, intending nothing less than to seize the General and carry him off like a trussed chicken. Their scheme worked perfectly; they surrounded the house, bound and gagged the guards without a shot. But they had neglected to inform themselves as to Sir Henry's social calendar; he was dining in the city that evening, and so was saved from the humiliation of capture.

Military reviews of the troops often took place "on the hill near the Jews' Burying-Ground," and cricket was also played there. The officers evidently found it difficult at times to make up a match, for an advertisement in the summer of 1780 announced that cricket would be played there every Monday afternoon during the summer, and "All Gentlemen who are Lovers of that noble and manly Exercise, their Company will be very acceptable." One wonders how far the cricket field was from those pits "near the Jews' Burying-Ground" where the bodies of some of the Americans who died in the jail on the Common, the Rhinelander sugar-house, and other prisons were thrown from time to time.

The skaters on the Collect Pond on holidays and winter moonlit nights were now augmented by British officers, among them the young Duke of Clarence, who was to ascend the English throne as William IV nearly fifty years later, and who, though only a youth in his latter teens during his visit here, created sad havoc among the hearts of royalist débutantes. He had not learned to skate when he arrived in New York, and was at first pushed over the ice by an attendant in a chair mounted on runners; but later he learned (after some very unprincely falls, no doubt) to navigate the tricky surface with tolerable poise.

The number of taverns along the Bowery and Chatham Street was greatly increased by the military occupation, as well as other resorts much less desirable. The officers improvised little theaters where they gave plays; they had horse

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races—a quarter-mile match between two horses from the two-mile stone southward in May, 1778, is an example; they and the rank and file promoted dogfights and cockfights, and the tavern-keepers put on bull baitings for their amusement; and thus the street received another impulse towards the rowdy Bohemia which it afterwards became.

The warriors reveled in an occasional spectacular celebration, too; as when in the fall of 1780, on the anniversary of His Majesty's coronation, the forts on Jones, Bunker, and Lispenard hills fired salutes and rockets, and the troops manned the defenses all the way from the East to the North River. "The occasion," says a Tory newspaper, "was glorious."

But it was the gesture of a waning cause. France and England made peace with each other in January, 1783, and a general cessation of hostilities in America was ordered. The Continental Army was thereupon cut to a minimum, and in all directions that spring, parties of discharged soldiers were seen making their way home on foot, to put in their crops or to look for jobs. Seeing the handwriting on the wall, Tory tavern-keepers in New York prepared to change their signs, and Rivington meditated dropping the word "Royal" from the name of his *Gazette*. Parties of royalists for whom the city had grown uncomfortable emigrated to Nova Scotia in April, and in May one reads of a called meeting of loyal citizens at the home of Michael Grass, near the Tea-Water Pump, where a number of them signed an agreement to emigrate and form a settlement on the shore of Lake Ontario in Canada. More of them went to Nova Scotia in the fall.

It was not until September that King George's government could bring itself to agree to the American terms of peace, and two months more elapsed before New York was evacuated. Great was the joy of patriotic citizens at the approach of their day of liberation. Committees were appointed and many meetings were held, some of them at the

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Bull's Head Tavern, to plan every move for the celebration of that glorious day when the redcoats shook the dust of New York from their shoes for the last time. Washington—who had remained throughout the greater part of the year with a small force at Newburgh—at the suggestion of Sir Guy Carleton, the British commander, agreed to march in and take immediate possession as the British departed, to prevent any disorder. A detachment was brought down the river to Westchester County early in the month, and when on the twenty-first the British evacuated the posts at King's Bridge and McGowan's Pass (upper end of Central Park), American troops replaced them. Paulus Hook was given up on the following day, and the twenty-fifth was fixed by Sir Guy for the evacuation of New York and the village of Brooklyn.

On the twenty-first General Washington and Governor George Clinton of New York arrived at Day's Tavern at Harlem. On Monday, the twenty-fourth, the British general sent Washington final notice that he would withdraw at noon of the following day, "at which time he presumed the American troops would be near the barrier"—i.e., the Bowery gateway in the fortifications at the line of Grand Street. That evening the American pickets were at the Dove Tavern on what New Yorkers still called the Bowery Road, though it was five miles out from the city.

The twenty-fifth dawned beautifully clear and frosty, and all New York was astir at the peep of day. Not the least excited were the Bowery Villagers, who counted on seeing the prologue of the day's drama and as much more of it as they could follow on foot. Breakfast was scarcely over when crowds began to line the highway above and below the two-mile stone. About the middle of the forenoon the advance guard of the American troops, which had left McGowan's Pass at eight o'clock, came in sight; dragoons, light infantry, and artillery following. When the vanguard was a little below the present Cooper Square, the column halted and rested on the grass until one o'clock, entertaining the villagers

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with tales of the campaigns. Meanwhile Washington and Clinton, with their staffs, had paused at Beekman's country place near Fiftieth Street, where they were regaled with punch made with lemons grown in the Beekman greenhouses.

At one o'clock the British commander at the barrier formally delivered the line of fortifications over to General Knox, and the redcoated soldiers retired down the Bowery (never again to be the King's Highway) with the Continentals so close behind that the British rearguard officers complained that the Yankees were treading on their heels. After them rode General Washington and Governor Clinton with their staffs, and the most of Bowery Village, certainly all the youthful part of it, running alongside or trailing behind.

A striking contrast the two military forces presented as they marched down the Bowery and Chatham to Queen Street, turning into that thoroughfare and following it to Wall Street; the British spick and span in uniform and equipment, the Americans—despite their best efforts to brush up for the occasion—worn, soiled, and stained, some with patched trousers and broken shoes, with many sorts of hats and weapons, not a few of which were village made.

Washington and Clinton stopped at the Bull's Head, dismounted and had a glass of ale while waiting for the coming of the committee which was to give them formal escort into the city. Meanwhile the American troops had proceeded to the lower city, where the British were embarking as philosophically as they could amidst a tempest of jeers, tongue-lashing, and even some mud and decayed fruit.

At Cape's Tavern the British colors were lowered and the American raised, and General Knox then formally invited the citizens' committee of escort to return with him to the Bull's Head to meet the Commander and the Governor. This committee, embracing practically every citizen of any consequence who could muster a good horse and sit on it, wore each a "Union cockade of black and white ribband" on his left breast and a sprig of laurel in his hat. As they rode back

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to the tavern, they passed a large body of citizens on foot, drawn up in a hollow square near the Tea-Water Pump; most of these, too, wearing the cockade and the laurel.

The committee assured Washington that the city looked to his coming "with unusual transports of great joy." Amid the cheers of the crowds lining the streets, the notabilities, escorted by three or four of the committee leaders, now moved slowly towards the city. Back of Washington and Clinton and their staffs came the Lieutenant-Governor, then other army officers and members of the Council, four abreast, and finally citizens on horseback and on foot, eight abreast. And thus did peace come to the city which had for seven years been in the hands of the enemy.

Three days later the Bowery rushed to its doors again as a galloping horse swept by—the first postrider that had come from Boston in seven years. The rider who started with the bag from Boston had hoped to carry the letters all the way through to New York. But riding at top speed, sparing neither man nor horse, he was exhausted when he reached Stamford, and a fresh rider and horse must carry on from there. Down the Bowery and Chatham Street he dashed, turning into Queen Street (and by the way, we must change that name now; no more kings and queens for us! Henceforth it shall be a part of Pearl Street) and so made his way to the provisional post office just established on William Street, with William Bedlow, son-in-law of Henry Rutgers, as postmaster.

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CHAPTER V

THE COMING OF THE SLUMS

RAPID were the changes which wiped out the vestiges of war and of the old régime. Stockades were broken up for firewood, the earthworks along Grand Street were replaced by market gardens. During 1784 advertisements were seen, offering for sale the barrack buildings erected for the British soldiers along the Bowery, notably a series of them near the Tea-Water Pump.

Next we hear of the seizure and sale of many Tory properties, including, most pathetically of all, the great De Lancey estates. The Revolution broke up and swept away a fine old social system, and with it went the De Lanceys, only one branch remaining in this country. Most of the members of this sterling family went to England, to fight her battles or to serve in high office, and you may see some of their tombs in Beverley Minster to-day. Oliver (youngest brother of the famous Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor) became a general in the British service, and for that his mansion near Bloomingdale was burned by vindictive "Liberty Boys" in 1777. Oliver died in 1785, and his nephew James, the last of the family who had occupied the Bowery mansion, died in 1800. Sir William De Lancey, one of the next generation, was slain while he sat on his horse talking to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo.

James De Lancey and others were attainted in the Congressional Act of 1779 and their estates confiscated "because they voted in the General Assembly against taking any notice of or approving the proceedings of the first Congress." As an astute lawyer long ago pointed out, this vote was given in February, 1775, even before the outbreak of hostilities, and

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seventeen months previous to the Declaration of Independence; or, in other words, seventeen months before the rebellious provinces claimed the power of an independent nation. The escheating of the property would therefore appear to have been technically illegal.

George Stanton, agent for James De Lancey, was doing what he could during the war to save the property for his employer or to make it yield some revenue. Of the main body of land east of the Bowery, several parcels had been leased to one person and another, while on the west side a small tract, mostly in the present Chinatown district, he tried to sell to Joshua Pell in 1781. Evert Bancker, the surveyor, records in his notes on February 20 that he had "surveyed for James De Lancey at the request of George Stanton, the lott of Land at the Old house in bowry Lane beyond Fresh Water Joining N. Bayard and the Moravian Burial Ground." On June 15 and 16, "laying out the lotts sold to Pell and who, with Mr. Bayard, is laying out a street." His sketch dated three weeks later shows that the street was to be called Pelham. But we are glad that—despite the fact that the deal collapsed—old Joshua's name was retained in its pure state, and that queer little Pell Street still remains to remind us of those transactions of long ago. The deed to Pell was never recorded, and the trade was called off, evidently because Pell began to fear that Congress's act of attainder of two years before might some day actually come into effect, and perhaps render his deed from De Lancey invalid.

On the main tract, east of the Bowery, streets and lots had been staked out by Captain De Lancey long before the Revolution, with a "Great Square" in the center which was later abandoned. The street plan, however, remains otherwise practically the same to the present time. An east-and-west avenue running through the Great Square was given the vainglorious title of Grand Street—a name which the thoroughfare has never been able to live up to. The next street north, at first named Bullock, was later rechristened in

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honor of Lieutenant-Governor Broome; next came streets honoring De Lancey, Rivington (the publisher whose shop was sacked and whose type was carried away by Connecticut Liberty Boys in 1775), and Stanton, the De Lancey agent. James and Oliver Streets also commemorate the De Lanceys. How these Tory names ever managed to endure through the intense nationalism of the time is a mystery—which deepens when we find the editor of a great New York newspaper as late as 1880 complaining of them and wondering why these disgraced streets were not rechristened with good patriotic cognomens.

The streets immediately east of the Bowery and parallel with it were originally numbered, First, Second, Third, etc. But after the War of 1812, several of them were given the names of heroes of that struggle. The first, Chrystie, honored Lieutenant-colonel John Chrystie, who was killed on the Niagara frontier; the next, Forsyth, for Lieutenant Forsyth, killed in Canada; Eldridge Street for Lieutenant Eldridge, killed and scalped in Canada; Allen Street for Lieutenant William H. Allen, wounded in the action between the *Argus* and the *Pelican*. Ludlow Street commemorates Lieutenant Ludlow, to whom Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* cried, "Don't give up the ship!" and who was himself slain later in the same battle. Farther over towards the East River, Pike Street reminds us of General Pike, who was killed in the attack on York, Canada, and Willett Street of General Marinus Willett, Revolutionary War veteran and Mayor, who lived to a green old age near its course, dying in 1830.

To southward the Rutgers farm was likewise theoretically cut up into streets and lots. The neighborhood of Chatham Square had become too busy a place for the family, and, Colonel Henry Rutgers, grandson of Harmanus the second, now lived in a handsome mansion fronting the East River between the present Jefferson, Clinton, Monroe, and Cherry streets. The farm had seen some stirring events during the Revolution. Patrick Hickie, who had entered into a plot

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with some Tory innkeepers to poison General Washington when he first took command at New York (a plot foiled by the daughter of Sam Fraunces, the tavern-keeper, who discovered it), was hanged on the Rutgers farm in the presence of a vast assemblage; and there are some who claim that Nathan Hale met his death there, though others will have it that he was executed on the Beekman farm, some three or four miles to northward. Colonel Alexander Stewart, alderman from the Third Ward, Member of the State Assembly, etc., just after the Revolution, also John Leveridge, another prominent citizen, both declared in their latter days that the execution took place on the Rutgers land. It is a controversy which may never be settled.

West of the Bowery, Nicholas Bayard III, great-great grandson of the first Nicholas, died in 1802, practically a bankrupt because of losses sustained during the Revolution, and his son, Stephen N. (1760-1832) was the last to reside on the old property. It was heavily mortgaged and finally passed to the largest creditor, Anthony L. Bleecker, who had long been a merchant on Pearl Street and in the early days of his prosperity, lived over his store. The farm furnished a much-needed recreation place for Mr. Bleecker's nine sons and four daughters, who must have been considerably compressed in that second-story flat. After his death, when it was proposed to cut Bleecker Street through the northern part of the property, the heirs were not enthusiastic over the idea, and one daughter specified as a compromise that the street be made only fifty instead of sixty feet wide.

But all this surveying of streets does not mean that the territory was occupied by houses. In fact, in 1789, when there was talk of using the old fort grounds near the Battery for a "palace" for the President of the United States, "A Number of Citizens," writing to the *Journal*, objected to this on the ground of its being "the most exposed, defenceless and unprotected spot in the whole city," and urged some place more retired from the harbor, such as the Rutgers or De

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Lancey farms, as being more suitable, not only for safety but because there would be room there for stables, gardens, and ornamental grounds. But this project was never realized, as it was soon decided to build a capital city on the Potomac.

At the end of the Revolution, New York's population was estimated at 23,000 to 25,000. At the first census in 1790, it was found to be 33,000, which leaped to 60,000 in 1800. A goodly percentage of the increase was by immigration, principally from Ireland. But the bulk of the settlement was still south of Chambers and Catherine streets. The new City Hall, completed shortly after the turn of the century, had a marble front and sides, but the north or rear wall was built of freestone because it was supposed that few people would ever see that side; as a writer of the day remarked, it would "be out of sight of all the world."

There were house numbers in the Bowery Lane as early as 1782, when one finds a dwelling at number 69 offered for sale. Residences, taverns, shops, and occasionally a slaughterhouse or small manufactory were sprinkled indiscriminately along the street, interspersed towards the upper end with many vacant lots. Well up on the east side, almost hidden from view by the pleached tangle of trees, wild shrubbery and weeds which had grown up about it, stood the decaying mansion of the De Lanceys. Strange how quickly a dwelling house cowers and falls into ruin like a discouraged old man when it finds itself forsaken! In a poem entitled "The Morning Walker" in the *Daily Advertiser* in 1791 its pitiable state is portrayed:

At Delancey's deserted mansion he
A moment paused to view the ruin'd dome
Whose doors are left without a lock or key,

While saucy winds and dashing rains intrude
Where once Dalinda at her toilet sat;
Deserted rooms! that now can scarcely lodge
Secure from storms the beggar and her brat.

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A short distance back of the house the Maidenhead Race Course had been set up, and racing took place there in June, July, and October. Reports of some of the races now occasionally filtered into the newspapers; and once when a favorite was beaten we hear that "Many betts were depending, and the deep speculators heavily damaged."

But there was in many quarters strong disapproval of the sport as being cruel and disorderly, and the *New York Journal or the Weekly Advertiser* made a satirical editorial announcement in 1786:

O yes! O yes!—This is to give notice to all lovers of cruelty and promoters of misery, that yesterday was begun upon the Maiden-Head race-ground, in the Bowery, which will continue for several days to come, the *high-blood sport* of HORSE-RACING. This cannot but give delight to every breast thoroughly divested of humanity—music, curses and imprecations will resound from tent to tent by both male and female, so that this pastime must be greatly approved of by such as have no reverence for the Deity, nor feeling for his creatures!

The sport did undoubtedly draw after it an undesirable train of followers; and this again contributed its bit towards the molding of the character of the Bowery. As the same editor remarked with heavy sarcasm during the following week:

In the course of the *Maidenhead races*, we learn that the votaries of *Bacchus* and of *Pasiphae*, the lustful as well as those of Pegasus were equally entertained in their turn; that poor — was run over by a black lad of 14, by which accident the gallant racer had his near fore leg maimed. . . .

The Bowery Races, presumably over the same course, were still an important sporting event as late as 1793. The race ground was also used for military drills and parades, as when Colonel Stoutenburgh's regiment of six hundred men was reviewed there in 1787, and "presented a very military and respectable appearance."

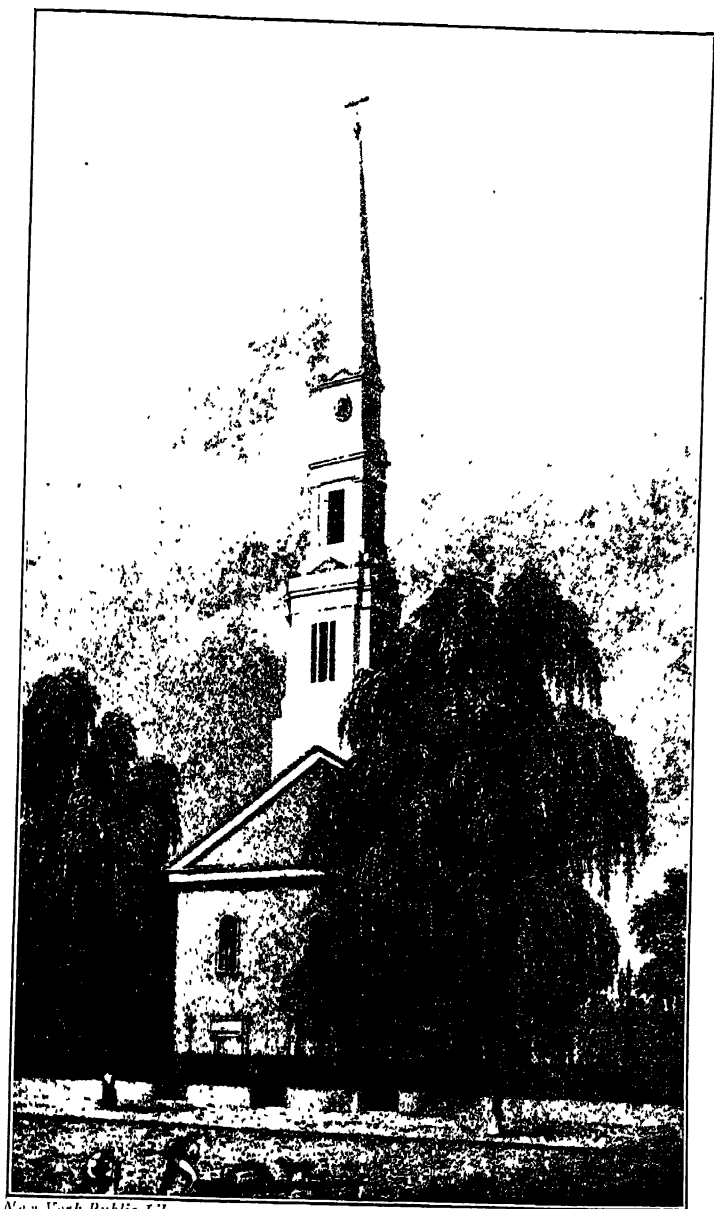
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The territory on either side of the road was sparsely settled even to the end of the century. In April, 1795, the Common Council adopted the report of a committee appointed on petition of "the black people" for a new cemetery site (their former one on the northern boundary of the Common having been swamped by the march of the city northward) selected four lots "in the Seventh Ward, near where the mansion house of James Delancey stood." This cemetery was at 195-197 Chrystie Street.

To westward of the road, people were warned as late as 1785 of robbers lurking in the Bayard woods. Bunker Hill was both a picnicking and duelling ground. One September night in 1787, about eleven o'clock, the noted Chevalier de Longchamps was slain there in an affair of honor, supposedly by "another French gentleman, late of the American army"—which was as nearly as any of the newspapers came to disclosing his identity. He sailed at once in a vessel bound for the West Indies.

The greatest celebration that Bunker Hill ever saw was that of July 23, 1788, in honor of the ratification of the Federal Constitution by the required number of states. The affair had been more than once postponed, in the hope that New York would join the chorus of acclamation of the new government; but her representatives were still fighting a bitter battle over it at Poughkeepsie, and the committee of arrangements "found it impossible any longer to oppose the patriotic ardor of their fellow citizens." So on the appointed day a great military and trades procession set out from the Common and marched down Broadway to Great Dock Street, thence through Hanover Square, Pearl, Chatham, Division and Arundel Streets to Bullock (Broome); thence west on that street to Bayard's Mount.

There were numerous floats picturing the industries of the city; and with them marched the carpenters, the masons, the bakers, the brewers, the butchers, the coopers, the furriers (young John Jacob Astor with them, no doubt), the tailors,



New York Public Library

ST. MARK'S CHURCH ABOUT 1800

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the tanners, the cordwainers and goodness knows what not, finally winding up in the tenth division with "Physicians, Strangers and Gentlemen." Among the rest was

Walter Gibbons, horse doctor, dressed in an elegant half shirt, with a painted horse on his breast, a balling iron in the horse's mouth and the doctor putting a ball of physic down his throat, with implements of farriery ready for use. Over the horse written, "*Federal Horse Doctor*;" at the bottom, "*Physic*." On his back a horse skeleton, the doctor examining the head; over his head, "*Federal Horse Doctor*;" at bottom, "*Dissection*."

The crowd swarmed over Bunker Hill, where long and magniloquent speeches were made, while in Bayard's orchard the butchers roasted a thousand-pound ox whole, and there was a glorious banquet. The tables radiated in wheel-spoke fashion from a central pavilion which was crowned with a figure of Fame with her trumpet, proclaiming a new era. If we can believe a newspaper account, "A glad solemnity" (whatever that is) "enlivened every countenance."

"A new invented threshing machine (which will thresh and clean 72 bushels of grain in a day)" was conducted in the procession of that day by Baron Pöllnitz, German gentleman farmer, who was then the owner and tenant of Lieutenant-Governor Andrew Elliot's former home on the Bowery, confiscated because of Elliot's Tory principles. Pöllnitz, by the way, sold the property in 1790 to Robert Richard Randall, who christened it Sandy Hill Farm. Randall, a bachelor, pondering what to do with the property at his death, was advised by Alexander Hamilton to make it the endowment of a home for old and disabled seamen. And thus was founded the Sailors' Snug Harbor, to-day the world's wealthiest charity. The original farm remains intact, stretching from the Bowery to Fifth Avenue, covered with business and residential properties, some owned by the Harbor itself, but mostly built by others on long-term leases, whose rentals keep the old mariners living like fighting cocks at their com-

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fortable home on Staten Island. On that old Perrow-Randall farm now stand the great Wanamaker stores, a portion of Grace Church yard, the Hotel Brevoort, the Café Lafayette, all the aristocratic old residences on Washington Square North east of Fifth Avenue, and several huge business and apartment buildings, not to speak of hundreds of smaller ones.

Bunker Hill was the scene of many and varied other activities. In 1795 a large body of veterans of the Revolution marched to it and there hanged John Jay in effigy because of his treaty just negotiated with Great Britain, settling boundary and maritime disputes; their view being that he should have demanded everything and conceded nothing. And if Johnny Bull didn't like it, why, by gum, we licked him once and we can do it again!

There were bull-baitings on the hill, too, mostly staged by one Winship, a prominent butcher, who erected an arena which, it is claimed, would seat 2,000 persons; and once in a while a bear was tormented to make a plebeian holiday. The *Gazette* says of one in 1797: that "A *bear-beating* on Bunker Hill terminated most unfavorably to the sporters; for the bear got loose and *hugged* most *fraternally* some of the spectators."

In 1802 it was proposed by the *Daily Advertiser* and suggested in the Common Council as well, that Bunker Hill be made the site of an astronomical observatory and signal station, whence signals in case of fire or hostile invasion might be sent. The sides could be terraced and leased for shops or places of refreshment. The views both from and of it would be wonderful:

The imagination can scarcely conceive the brilliant effect of an universal illumination of such an edifice with transparent paintings and variegated lights, the refulgence of which could be distinguished from every quarter.

But this scintillating idea was not carried out.

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There was another interesting celebration which began to be seen on the Bowery a few years after the Revolution—the day of the evacuation of the city by the British, November 25. On the twelfth anniversary in 1795 the Tammany Society or Columbian Order had a celebration—one of its earliest appearances as a body—and the militia companies staged a sort of pageant of the historic happening. They “assembled at their respective parades, from whence—*personating the retreating British*—they moved in a dog trot, retreat beating, in apparent dismay, intersecting each other in *regular confusion*”—rather a slander on the redcoats, who had really marched out in orderly fashion; but we must have our little bit of cock-crowing over them. For decades afterwards this celebration was kept up.

When Congress met in New York in 1790 most of the members took up their abode in boarding houses and private dwellings, some of them as far out as the Bowery. At the home of the Reverend Mr. Kunze, a scholarly Dutch divine, at 24 Chatham Row, the Speaker, F. A. Muhlenberg, also Representative Peter Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania were quartered. President Washington was also on the East Side, making his home at No. 1 Cherry Street—it would now be right under the Brooklyn Bridge—and his cream-colored, gilt-trimmed carriage with its green Venetian blinds and allegorical panels representing the seasons, was frequently seen bowling up the Bowery on the “Fourteen Miles ‘Round,” a favorite drive which took one up the Boston Road to McGowan’s Pass (108th Street), thence across to Bloomingdale and down the west side of the island to the city again.

But there were some strange neighborings in those days. During the 1790’s Ireland was in a state of peculiar bitterness towards England, and immigration to the new land of liberty increased by leaps and bounds. How some of the poverty-stricken horde ever raised the money for their passage, small though the charges were, is inconceivable. But

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they sold their last pig or whatever they had to sell, sometimes they were aided by parish authorities who wanted to get rid of them; and they came, sleeping in the hold or on deck of the combined cargo-and-passenger sailing vessels of the time, often working their way.

Reaching New York, they found work and money not so easy to lay hands on as they had expected; and desperate for shelter, they gravitated into slums where a room might be had for a few cents a week. Such rookeries were now growing like ugly excrescences upon the outskirts of the city; the worst of them naturally in the low, marshy grounds where no one else would live—around Collect Pond, down the course of its outletting brook to the East River, and in the swampy territory to left and right of the brook's estuary.

In 1796 a writer in the *New York Gazette*, describing the yellow fever epidemic of the year before, called attention to the menace of pestilence caused by slums, whose like for noisomeness we do not know to-day. He said that Roosevelt Street from Chatham to Cherry was a foul, muddy alley not over twenty-five feet wide, and beyond Cherry about forty feet. The houses were frame, low and half buried by erosion from the hills around; heavy rains filled many cellars and cellar kitchens with water, sometimes even inundating the first floors. Banker (now Madison) Street, Batavia Lane, and most of Rutgers Street were low, unpaved, and mucky. Many lots and back yards were covered almost continuously with pools of green, slimy, stinking water. In most of these houses east and north of Peck Slip were recent immigrants from Europe, in crowded houses, unventilated rooms, hot garrets, or damp cellars. Many had no furniture whatsoever, but lay on the floor, on a bed of shavings covered with a quilt or blanket, if they had one. James, Oliver, and Catherine streets also had stretches of low ground, where water came into cellars and kitchens. (And, by the way, young Martin Van Buren, when he first came to town as an eighteen-year-old law student in 1801, lived in a room on

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Catherine Street.) Thus began the degradation of the East Side—for among people so poor a certain amount of degradation is inevitable.

The majority of the immigrants in this district were Irish. There were not a few Germans coming over, too, but in most cases they were not quite so poverty-stricken as the Irish, and were able to locate on slightly higher and better ground. But the majority of the poor folk of both nationalities who poured into New York during those post-Revolutionary years located in what is now the lower East Side; others joined them during the decades that followed; and thus the Bowery, the East Side's Broadway, became, for nearly a century thereafter, an increasingly Irish-German thoroughfare.

When it is remembered that at the very time the above description was written, President Washington's home at No. 1 Cherry Street was within a good stone's throw of the Roosevelt and Batavia streets so appallingly pictured, with the others only slightly farther away, when we find that other well-to-do and prominent persons lived just around the corner from this ugliness, we begin to realize how different those days were from these, when a single undesirable family or building or industry may cause an exodus of the fastidious from the vicinity and ruin the whole neighborhood for blocks around.

These slum dwellers, like all poor folk, had swarms of children, and the thought of their growing up without education was appalling to the citizenry. Free schools were then unknown, neither city nor state making any appropriation for education; and as the public mind was not yet prepared for such paternalism on the part of government, a number of moneyed men in 1805 organized the Free School Society with De Witt Clinton as President, subscribing funds liberally to carry on its work. The first school was located on Bancker (Madison) Street, and is claimed by some to have been the first free school in New York City or

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State, though its precedence is disputed by a small, privately operated school in Bowery Village, at the corner of Sixth and Hall Place, later the site of Tompkins Market and now of the Cooper Union annex.

The tenement streets had back-yard latrines—as did aristocratic dwelling places also—which were cleaned semioccasionally. But as for the garbage and trash of the slums—though God knows the poor folks didn't have much to discard—it was thrown into the street. Households in better circumstances sent such stuff to the river in buckets on the heads of their servants, or gave it to a Negro who came with a cart to collect it for a few cents a week. During the yellow fever epidemics—which came to be of almost annual occurrence during the latter years of the century, as that dread disease crept up from the West Indies again and again to plague the city—a bellman went through the streets each day to notify people to collect their refuse for a cart which was to follow. But sometimes the cart didn't come, and often the poorer people were indifferent as to sanitation, and continued to throw their offal into the street, where the numerous pigs and goats disposed of as much of it as they could.

During the epidemic of 1798 a Warren Street carpenter was busy day and night making cheap coffins of plain pine boards. He would send his two boys out, one pulling, the other pushing a light hand wagon, on which three or four of the coffins were carried, to sell them on the streets. Stopping at the street corners, the boys would cry, "Coffins! Coffins of all sizes!" The price was only four dollars apiece, but even at that price some poor people could not afford them and were buried at public expense. It was during the epidemics of 1797-98-99 and 1801-2-3 that the present Washington Square attained a pitiful eminence as a potter's field. There hundreds of poor bodies from the East Side slums who had in life come so hopefully from across the sea or from the farms and mill towns of New Jersey and New

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England to the young metropolis, were hastily stowed away in unmarked graves.

It was a curious fact that localities no farther out of town than Greenwich and Bowery villages seemed to enjoy immunity from the plague. The latter was the favorite resort around the turn of the century. But in the great pestilence of 1822, Greenwich was the refuge for most of the city, and thereby experienced a wave of prosperity amounting to a "boom."

The diary of Elizabeth de Hart Bleecker (Mrs. Alexander L. McDonald), daughter of the Anthony Lispenard Bleecker already mentioned, although it is in considerable part a meticulous record of daily tea-drinkings, yet gives some interesting bits of information regarding the yellow fever years. We have never heard of so much tea-drinking as went on in those times. Every afternoon brought a round of calls, and every call meant tea. A single day's record would run something like this: "Papa and Mama drank tea with Mrs. Chadeayne. Mary drank tea with Betsey Desbrosses. Peter and Elizabeth Stuyvesant, Mr. Bache and Mr. McDonald drank tea here. Anthony and Capt. Cochran drank tea at Mr. Constable's."

The fever seldom reached New York before August, and sometimes not until September or October; and as frost always checked it, the death list here was never as great as in cities farther south. On August 16, 1799, when Elizabeth was a miss of eighteen, she writes, "There is again some alarm about the Fever," and so, "Papa and Mama went to hire another house in the Bowery" (Village). Eight days later they were still at home, though "Very busy in making preparations for moving out of Town, as the alarm of Fever grows more serious. The inhabitants are flying from all quarters," some even going as far as Brunswick, Philadelphia, or Albany. The Rutgers family went to Harlem.

Monday, the twenty-sixth, "very fine Day—cool and pleasant—we moved to the Bowery." There they must have

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rented the old Bowery Village Tavern property or another one near it, for a few days later "A Coachload of Sailors and Girls drove to the door, thinking a Tavern was still kept here." Their father bought a "Coachee" for them to ride around in, and once they drove "as far as Haarlem Lane," though sometimes they went to town or to neighbors' houses in chairs. Mrs. Sperry, wife of the old seedsman and horticulturist near by, gave them fine peaches and pears. Mr. McDonald, who later married the diarist, had a room at Sperry's, and must have made a nuisance of himself to everybody in the Bleecker household save Elizabeth. He and the Stuyvesants, Livingstons, Herrings, and others were in and out every day, drinking tea as if their lives depended on it, dining there or taking the young ladies to their own homes for dinner, or for walks over to the East River, where the shipyards were beginning to function.

Peter Gerard Stuyvesant, a young attorney—though after reading the diary, we wonder when he did any practicing—was a chum of one of the Bleecker boys and was on the horizon almost every day. He was a great-great-grandson of the old Governor, was now twenty-two years old and lived with his father, Petrus III (1727-1805) at Petersfield House. Later in life he was a sterling citizen; a founder of the New York Historical Society in 1804, its President from 1836 to 1840, and one of the incorporators of the Erie Railroad in 1832.

The fever refugees on Sundays would attend worship at the newly completed St. Mark's Church in the Bowery; though on some days there was no preaching there, and a brief service would be held in the schoolhouse. It was largely due to Petrus Stuyvesant III, just mentioned, that Bowery Village now had an English church. The old Dutch chapel, built over the Governor's tomb, had long been disused and had practically fallen into ruin. Seeing the need of an Episcopal church in the Out Ward, Mr. Stuyvesant, who was a member of Trinity, offered the site of the chapel and eight

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hundred pounds in money towards the building of such an edifice. He, Hugh Gaine and John Jones were appointed a committee by Trinity to find what aid could be secured. In January, 1795, the vestry took steps to raise five thousand pounds for the purpose, and late in the year the corner stone was laid. Petrus Stuyvesant, Francis Bayard Winthrop, Gilbert Colden Willett, Mangle Minthorne, Martin Hoffman, William A. Hardenbrook and George Rapelye were elected trustees. In 1799 the church was completed—that is, the main auditorium, essentially as it stands to-day; the rear wings containing offices, etc., having been added many years later. The building was so erected that Governor Stuyvesant's vault would be practically flush with the east wall; and the stone with the simple statistics as to his life, which was let into the foundation wall then, is still intact.

The first rector of the church was the Reverend John Callahan of Charleston, South Carolina; but only two months after his election he was thrown from a carriage and killed. Elizabeth (she was Mrs. McDonald by this time) with her husband and another couple walked the two miles out to the church to attend the rector's funeral service and walked back again, though Elizabeth had a "Head-Ach" in the afternoon from fatigue. Such walks were not uncommon, however. One day, "Mary, Jack and I, together with Miss Constable and Miss Jay, walked out to Mr. Stuyvesant's to tea."

Again in October, 1801, "Mr. McDonald and I went out to the Bowery to look for rooms, as the Fever begins to grow more alarming. Hired rooms next door to Papa." Her parents had moved out several days before. Soon the welcome frosts would come to check the disease, and she was usually back in town by November first or soon after, cooking "stew'd cramberries" or making "Doe Nuts."

Chatham Street, the vestibule of the Bowery, likewise suffered from the proximity of the slums on either side of it, and was itself a curious mixture of high, low, and indifferent. On the high ground near the Common, where the new City

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Hall was now under construction, the Brick Presbyterian Church rubbed elbows with Brom Martling's Tavern, whose "long room" was the headquarters of the Tammany Society from 1799 onward. Near by lived the Reverend Dr. Kunze and other prominent citizens, and interspersed with these were shops such as that of Peter and George Lorillard at No. 36 and 38, a large establishment for the time, though you might buy only a penny's worth of snuff there if you wanted no more. Down at No. 117, in the Fresh Water Brook

HENDRICK DOYER,

Geneva Distiller, from Holland,

HAS removed to Fresh water hill, corner of Chatham street and Bowery lane, where he intends to carry on the Geneva Distilling, more at large, having there a convenient place and most excellent water. He therefore flatters himself, that his geneva will be fully equal to the best imported from Holland, and offers the same for sale, on reasonable terms, by the pipe or smaller quantity
April 15 of

ADVERTISEMENT, IN 1792, OF THE
MAN FOR WHOM DOYERS STREET
WAS NAMED

valley, was Dr. Nicholas J. Quackenbos, a graduate of Columbia College and famous physician.

Up towards the top of the Werpoes hill, on the west side of Chatham Square, Hendrick Doyer, "Geneva Distiller from Holland," bought property from the De Riemers early in 1793 and announced himself as ready to make Geneva (gin) equal to the best imported from Holland. His home is said to have been an old-fashioned double house of one story, facing Chatham Square, with the distillery in the rear. Later he ran a grocery store next door to his dwelling. Alongside these buildings was opened the alley or lane which is now Doyers Street. Doyer died within a few years, and in 1806 his home was torn down.

On the east side, as far as Pearl Street, the blocks were

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covered with shops before 1800, with the merchants themselves or mechanics or clerks living upstairs, when there was a second story. The families of even the more prosperous Chatham Street merchants were never considered quite up to par socially. Halleck's poem, "Fanny," tells the story of a climber who began life as a small shopkeeper in this street and took the first step upward by joining the Tammany society:

For when on Chatham Street the good man dwelt,
No one would give a sous for his opinion.
And though his neighbors were extremely civil,
Yet on the whole they thought him—a poor devil.

At the corner of Pearl Street was a livery stable—Benjamin Powell's in 1790, later owned by James Tyler—which was for several years the headquarters of the Boston stage-coaches. Pearl was then so narrow that sidewalks were forbidden on it.

Towards the end of the Revolution David Henry Mallows, living near the Tea-Water Pump, was one of the two overseers of chimney sweeps. The first official chimney sweeper to the city was appointed in 1686 and ordered to "pass through all the streets, lanes, and passages with such noise or cry as may discover him to the inhabitants thereof." Around 1780 if you would notify Mallows or the other overseer, a sweep would be sent to attend to your chimney. According to law in those days, chimneys must be cleaned every four weeks, and there was a fine—at one time as high as five pounds—if a chimney caught fire through neglect. By 1800 the business had passed into private hands, and small Negro boys, whose size enabled them to climb through the big chimneys of those days and whose color made sootstains of slight consequence, paraded the streets, carrying blanket and scraper and crying plaintively, "Sweep-ho!"

A quaint, simple, reverent age that, when candles were the only illumination of church and theater, when footstoves

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were necessary for comfort in both places and chains were stretched across the streets at church corners to preserve the sanctity of divine service; when Mayor Varick's New Year cookies—he held the office twelve years, from 1789 to 1801—were distributed on January first to all who desired them; when the debtors' prison, the watchhouse and poorhouse still stood in City Hall Park; when the watchman's cry of "All's well!" still sounded in the small hours from the roof of the City Hall and Bridewell; when boys, greeting or speaking to their elders, took off their hats; when a young lady would record in her diary in 1799 that "Mary, Mrs. Ellison and I put on our black silk gowns in mourning for our departed Washington—the generality of Ladies wear only a Crape on their Arms."

But smudges were already marring the beauty of the Arcadian picture. Down in Virginia Thomas Jefferson was jotting down in his notebook his conviction that only as long as we were an agricultural people would we remain pure. When cities grew up among us, vice and degradation would develop with them, and public corruption would follow. And he was right. Already a foretaste of the truth was apparent in the aspect and influence of the slums of New York.

■

CHAPTER VI

THE TAVERNS OF THE BOWERY

IF Wolfert Webber really kept a pipe of rum at his home and sold an occasional glass of it, he may have been the first tavern-keeper on what was later the road to Boston. There are some who think he operated the tavern at the Werpoes, long known as the Plow and Harrow; but this remains unproven. The inn at the Bowery Village is a close competitor, and may have been the original pioneer.

Just about the first name we find on record as that of a citizen of Bowery Village is Cornelis Aertszen, who was living on Governor Stuyvesant's Bowery as early as 1665. He had come to New Amsterdam before 1641. His sons assumed the name of Van Schaick, though one of them, Arie (Adrien) Cornelison Van Schaick, was almost never known by it. Our first news of the tavern comes in 1665, when Arien Cornelison asked the burgomasters and schepens for an abatement of excise tax on the beer he bought for home use, "as he is daily asked by those passing by for a drink of beer, and he can scarcely accomodate them, as he has heretofore found by experience that if he pay the whole tapster's excise, no profit, but loss will be realized by the spilling of the beer in carting, loss of time, etc." He was permitted to lay in half a barrel of strong beer weekly.

If there was a real tavern in the Village as early as 1665, and this seems likely, it also seems doubtful that Cornelisson was the keeper of it. Stokes,¹ apparently in error, has him in 1665 running the inn later known as the Plow and Harrow on Thomas Hall's grant near the Fresh Water. In 1674 he

¹ In his *Iconography of Manhattan Island*.

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seems still to be keeping certain mild liquors at his Bowery Village home for private use. When the City Court asked him that year "for payment of some wine and beer found at his house on the first gauging," he replied "that he gave in the wine at threshing time and drank the beer himself." He was made commissary in 1674, and schepen or sheriff later in the year. He was likewise an official brander of cattle and horses.

In 1680 one finds him regularly licensed to sell wines and other liquors. His tavern was at the southwest corner of the Bowery Lane and the Zantberg Weg or Sandy Hill Road, now Astor Place. For many years afterwards it was a noted resort, a favorite goal for sleighing parties from the city, and was popularly known as "the two-mile stopping place" or "the house at the two-mile stone."

In 1690, when the Canadian French and their Indian allies ravaged the Mohawk Valley, burned Schenectady and threatened Albany and the New England settlements, acting Governor Leisler requested delegates from New England to meet those of New York in a conference for the common defense and to talk over a possible counter-invasion of Canada. Smallpox was prevalent in New York then, and the New England delegates did not like the idea of braving it. Leisler, writing from "fort william," suggested as a meeting place "within two miles of the town, a good and nett (neat) house by Capt. Arian Cornelis, where no Smallpox is"; and there what was really the first Continental Congress in our history met. Nearly a thousand soldiers were subscribed by the various colonies; and though an expedition against Canada was beaten, yet the threat of French invasion of the English colonies was definitely checked.

Lawmakers in those days devoted much thought to taverns. The price of a tankard of beer and a mutchkin of rum was specified, likewise the price of lodging in a bed with sheets or without. In old Dutch taverns like those of Bowery Vil-

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lage there was a common room with sanded floor, where guests were received, where they ate, drank, and smoked, and where the town loungers sat with them. On the wall was a rack, through the holes of which were thrust the stems of perhaps a score of clay "churchwarden" pipes, each marked with the name of the villager who owned and used it.

Mynheer's sole duty was to entertain the guests. Mevrouw was the stewardess and manager of the house. In small taverns, she or her maid lighted the guest up to his bedroom, opened the doors of the box or closet in which he slept, and after he had crept into it, she came and blew out the candle. In the morning, she came to draw aside the curtains of his window at the hour when he wished to rise, to bring hot water and to start a fire if his room was provided with a fireplace.

In 1696-97 John Clapp was keeping "the Bowery Village Tavern," which appears to have been on or near the same spot and perhaps the same one formerly run by Cornelisson; but if this be true, then the latter must have taken it back again before he died, which was around 1700; for his wife, Rebecca, operated it for several years after his death, and it was popularly known and even entered on official records as Rebecca's House. But whether Clapp was host at the old building or whether another one had a brief existence under his management, he was an original and a colorful character. He introduced the first hackney coach on the Bowery Road in 1696; and in 1697 he wrote and had printed by William Bradford the first almanac ever issued in New York. Only one copy—a damaged one—of this quaint little pamphlet is now known to be in existence, and that is in the private library of Robert Goellet.

When Clapp found time to compile his almanac was a mystery to his neighbors, for it is said that he seemed to spend most of his time on the inn stoop with pipe in mouth, staring up and down the road. In fact, he frankly adverts to his lack of employment:

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Having little else to do and I finding this whole Province beholding to a stranger for a New Almanack every Year, I did resolve to set myself upon the work and see if I could compose one—a business not very difficult to be done, and remove the Obligation they have so long had to a Stranger. I hope I have at last effected it, which, according to the Wellcome it finds and the esteem it receives in the Province, I shall take my measure, and either endeavour to do better for the future, or make this the first and last I shall ever trouble them with. And all I crave of the kind Reader is, for bear rash and hasty Censures, with which modest request I shall conclude and give you a verse into the Bargain, worth half the price of the Almanack, which darted from my wandering Muse just upon my Conclusion of this Epistle, and say:—

In this sad Age, who thus appears in Print,
If he's not ridicul'd, the D——s in't.

Of course very careful attention is paid in the book to the signs of the zodiac and weather probabilities, there being also advice as to crops and care of the health at the various seasons. There are likewise some occult items which will puzzle the simple layman of to-day. As for example:

NOTES FOR THE YEAR 1697, viz.

The Dominical Letter is	C
The Golden Number	7
The Epact is	17
The Sun's Circle is	26

Further on there is valuable information for the traveler:

The several Stages and Post-Roads from the City of New York to Boston and where Travellers may be accomodated, etc.

From New York to Boston it is accounted 274 mile. . . .

From the Post-Office in *New-York* to *Jo. Clapp's* in the Bowry is 2 mile (which generally is the bating place where Gentlemen take leave of their Friends going so long a Journey) and where a parting glass or two of generous Wine

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If well applied, makes dull horses feel

One spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

From said Clapp's to half way House, 7 mile, thence to King's Bridge 9 mile, thence to old *Shutes* at Eastchester 6 mile. Thence to *New-Rochel* Meeting house 4 mile, thence *Joseph Hortons* 4 mile, thence to Denhams at Rye 4 mile, thence to *Knaps* at *Horse-Neck* 7 mile, thence to *Dan Weedeses* at *Stanford* 7 mile, thence to *Beldens* at *Norwalk* 10 mile, etc., etc.

Next came an

ADVERTISEMENT

At the aforesaid Clapps, about two Mile without the City of New-York, at the place called the Bowry, any Gentleman travellers that are strangers to the City, may have very good Entertainment for themselves and Horses, where is also a Hackney Coach and good Saddle horses to be hired.

In the Chronological Table, under June, he says:

The 24th of this month is celebrated the Feast of St. John the Baptist, in commemoration of which (and to keep up a happy union and lasting friendship by the sweet Harmony of good Society) a Feast is held by the *Johns* of this city, at John Clapps in the Bowry, where any gentleman whose name is John may find a hearty wellcome, to join in concert with his namesakes.

In response to this invitation, it is said that such a large company came together that one would fancy the whole male population had been baptized John.

In point of time, the second tavern noticed on the Bowery Road is one which stood near the top of the Werpoes hill, or, in more modern language, in the little triangular block between the Bowery, Pell, and Doyers streets, and which was known throughout a goodly portion of its career as the Plow and Harrow. In fact, an acreage embracing the present Chinatown was frequently referred to as the Plow and Harrow tract.

The beginnings of this tavern, like those of other Bowery

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hostelries, are shrouded in the mists of prehistory. The travelers, Dankers and Sluyter, when they visited New York in 1679, called at some tavern outside of town which they did not name, but which Stokes believes was this one. "On account of its being to some extent a pleasant spot," say their notes, "it was resorted to on Sunday by all sorts of revelers and was a low pot-house." They preferred to walk in its garden while there, and later made their way back to town in the dark, "exploring a way over which we had gone only once in our life, through a salt meadow, over water on the trunk of a tree:" (probably the crossing of the Old Wreck Brook). This house, in the opinion of Stokes, is the one referred to on April 23, 1680, as "a tavern or drinking house" kept by one Arien and Rebecca, his wife, "having a situation therefor . . . upon a delightful spot at the Vers Water, a little out of town." The descriptions of travelers of those days, unfamiliar with the locality, were apt to be a bit vague; but if the tavern at the Werpoes is the one referred to here, then Arien and Rebecca Cornelisson must at one time and another have presided over two—the other being in Bowery Village, which neighborhood was Cornelisson's home throughout his life.

The first documentary evidence as to the location of the house is a manuscript map of 1735 which shows a "tavren" at this point. Who kept it then is not known, but the following advertisement twenty years later is believed to refer to it:

Left at Mr. Charles Sullivan's, Tavern-keeper at the Fresh Water, in the Out-Ward of this city, on Monday, the 18th ult., a grey horse; supposed to be stolen.

On January 3, 1765, a "very fine, dark-brown Mare" was offered for sale "at Mr. Stout's, Tavern-keeper at Fresh Water." Stout had then been host of the place for at least five years, for on October 25, 1760, one hears that in a wind-storm, "A remarkable, large Bass or Linden Tree, facing Benjamin Stout's . . . at the Entrance of the Bowry, was

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blown down." Now and then the name was changed from Plow and Harrow to the Farmers' Tavern, as indicating its class of patronage. For many years during the middle eighteenth century it was a favorite resort of farmers and cattlemen who were doing business with the stockyards at the Bull's Head, near by, and who preferred suburban air and quiet to the city dust and turmoil which they must brave if they went downtown and put up at the sign of the Dish of Fry'd Oysters, or the Dog's Head in the Porridge Pot.

Stout announced in 1770 that he had "removed from his late Place of Residence in Bowry-Lane to his House nearly opposite the late Wm. Walton, where good accomodation for Man and Horse." Probably this was when John Fowler took over the Plow and Harrow; for he was running it and calling it The Farmers' Tavern on that epochal day, July 9, 1772, when the first stagecoach between New York and Boston left the door of his house. Thereafter, prosperity blessed Fowler for a few years. He had some more good trade and publicity in September, 1775, when Captain James De Lancey's horses were sold at auction at his place; but he got into trouble during the following January, when New York was being garrisoned and fortified by the American troops. The *New York Packet* of January 25, 1776, says:

On Tuesday, ——— Fowler, who keeps the Famous Tavern in the Bowry, was apprehended and secured in the Guard-House. He is suspected of having been concerned in spiking up the Cannon at King's Bridge, having lately bought up a number of rat-tail files for one Lounsbury of Marinack, who, being sent for, confessed he employ'd Fowler to buy the Files; but as yet, nothing more is found out.

While Fowler was in durance, his house was taken over for military purposes. The Congressional Committee reported on February 26 that they had "viewed the House on Freshwater Hill, where John Fowler lately dwelt, with two barns adjoining. . . . That Dr. Treat highly ap-

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proved of said house and barns for a hospital." It was quickly put into use in that capacity, and so functioned until the British took over the city. Meanwhile, Fowler had been acquitted of the charge against him, but he never went back to the tavern, and the unjust accusation may have ruined him.

During the British occupation the house was again used as an hostelry, being kept a part of the time by one Barney and elsewhiles by our old friend, Joshua Pell. After the Revolution, Gabriel Furman took over "the noted house and stables in the Bowry-Lane, before the war kept by John Fowler, and of late by Barney and Pell." Furman hung out the sign of The Free American, and offered "Genteel Boarding and Lodging." By 1792 the house, again called the Plow and Harrow, was being run by James Myers. In the following year Hendrick Doyer, distiller, bought the property, and either demolished the inn building or remodeled it to suit his own purpose—and thus disappeared an interesting landmark. The notes of Bancker, the surveyor, made during the Revolution, show that the inn building itself was a structure of stone.

By far the most famous of Bowery taverns was the Bull's Head, which stood for at least three-quarters of a century on the west side of the road just below the present Canal Street. When it began functioning there is no means of knowing; but it was there by the middle of the eighteenth century—a rambling, low-ceiled place with—in its earlier days—an earth-floored kitchen, where stable boys would put down narrow bits of plank and dance for coppers "without touching dirt." Our first bit of documentary evidence regarding it is found in the *New York Mercury* of May 24, 1755, when George Brewerton "gives notice that he is removed to the Sign of the Bull's Head in Bowry-Lane, being the House where the late Stephen Carpenter, Deceased, formerly lived, and where good Entertainment will always be given to Man and Horse." In the following December an advertisement offered three pounds' reward for "a Knapsack containing the following articles, viz., A red Jacket trimm'd with Gold, a pair of

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Breeches with velm Button holes and gold Garters, three fine Holland Shirts marked MT, one speckled Shirt, a Pair of Shoes and a one Quire Book," all of which were "Cut and taken from a Saddle on a Horse" standing at the door of Mr. Brewerton's inn in the Out Ward.

At some time very early in the century the Bull's Head became a headquarters for cattlemen. Pens were built in connection with it, and then a community abattoir was located adjacent to it. A change of management is thus announced in 1763:

The noted Inn and Tavern In the Bowry-Lane, near the Windmill, At the Sign of the Bulls Head (where the Slaughter House is now kept) Lately Kept by Mr. Caleb Hyatt, is now occupied by Thomas Bayeaux.

Not a pleasant environment for tavern guests, you will say; especially as, to quote an early jester, a mere glance at the stockyards was enough to convince any one of the absurdity of calling them neat cattle. But, bless you, the old-timers didn't mind a little thing like that—especially farmers and stockmen who were used to associating with the animals. Why, when you stopped at a tavern even in London in those days—yes, and for a century afterwards, too—likely as not, you'd find your bedroom located right over the stables.

By 1771 Cornelius Vandenberg was in possession and offering entertainment to "all gentleman travellers," with "the best conveniences for stabling of horses and fodering of cattle" at one shilling per night. Richard Varian was that year made "Keeper of the Publick Pound, standing on a Farm of Mr. Bayard's in the Bowry Lane," which meant adjacent to the Bull's Head. Varian soon afterwards became superintendent of the slaughterhouse and likewise took over the management of the tavern, which he and his wife retained for many years.

Beginning June 1, 1773, Jacob Bates, famous bareback rider, "after a tour of Europe," performed feats of horseman-

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ship at the Bull's Head. His show place was between the windmill and the tavern. His last performance was on August 3, after which the lumber composing the "Manage" (menage) was offered for sale.

Varian left New York at the coming of the British troops in 1776 and was privateering during the greater part of the war. Just how long his wife operated it during his absence we do not know. There is a rumor that the ubiquitous Joshua Pell tried his hand as host there about 1780, and we know that Nathan Wetherell was running it in the summer of 1782. Meanwhile, it was a sort of military headquarters. Officers asked that strayed or stolen horses be returned to the Bull's Head, and recruiting was carried on there. In the New York *Mercury* of October 19, 1778, was this exhortation:

All Gentlemen Volunteers, That are able and willing to serve his Majesty, King George III. for two years, or during the Rebellion, in the Honourable Corps of Pioneers, now lying at New-York, under his Excellency, Sir William Erskine, And Commanded by Major Simon Frazer, Let them repair to the Bull's Head in the Bowry; or at the Tryon's Arms in the Broadway; or at the Queen's Head, Brooklyn Ferry; or at the Suttling House, King's Bridge.

In March of the following year, all American Tories who were willing to give service in the Loyal American Regiment were asked to report to Colonel Beverly Robinson at the Bull's Head and receive five pounds bounty for enlisting.

Joshua Pell may have been the landlord in 1780, but valid evidence is scarce. He had for some time past been leasing portions of the Delancey and Bayard lands, "for Horses and black Cattle, which he takes in by the week." His newspaper advertisement bluntly concludes, "All persons neglecting to pay their Pasturage at the Week's end, their Horses will be turned in the Street. Attendance will be given from five in the morning until Sunset." Stock were evidently

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taken at the owner's risk; for Medcef Eden, brewer, offers a reward in 1779 for the return of his horse, stolen from Pell's pasture.

Next came Wetherell's brief reign as host of the inn, and by the fall of 1783 Mrs. Varian was back again. The Committee on Arrangements for the grand Evacuation Celebration met there now and then, and resolved that the civic delegation would go out to "the Bull's Head Tavern, now kept by Mrs. Verien," to meet Governor Clinton and General Washington. It was also resolved "that Mr. James McKinney be requested to furnish the laurels and deposit them at the Bull's Head." The procession of that day has already been described.

The tavern had been standing all this time on Bayard's land. But in 1785 Bayard sold it to Heinrich Ashdor, a German immigrant and one of the quaintest characters of the old Bowery; a butcher and cattledealer who prospered, changed his name to Astor and was the first of that great family to exploit his financial genius on the shores of America. The story is that he bought the Bull's Head, together with the abattoir and stockyards and some surrounding land, from Bayard, making a small cash payment, the balance to be settled in annual installments; that after he had completed the trade, he became alarmed at his temerity and begged Colonel Bayard to rescind it, but that Bayard merely laughed at him and encouraged him.

The wisdom of the deal was soon made evident, for Astor within a few years was accounted a wealthy man. He did not operate the tavern, but devoted his time to the abattoir and stockyards. For forty years after he purchased it, the Bull's Head continued to be the headquarters for the drovers, horse dealers, and butchers of New York and vicinity. A queer old place it was, too, with its two low stories and dormers poking out from a third story attic, where less capacious sojourners might be put to sleep when the lower floors were full. On the ground floor was a spacious barroom with

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a huge fireplace and many ingle nooks and cozy corners, always thronged with rough-coated farmers, drovers, and stage-drivers, and occasionally a more pretentious country gentleman in his castor hat, cherry-derry jacket, and deerskin breeches; a waiting room for women, and, largest of all, a kitchen where favored patrons liked to toast themselves by the fire, chaffing the maids and watching the preparation of their mulled claret over the coals. A tall man must bend his head in any of these rooms to avoid the beams. In the rear was a cobbled yard, almost surrounded by stables and always abustle with 'ostlers, stableboys, stage-drivers and farmers with their rigs.

Washington Irving in early youth loved to haunt the Bull's Head, and it was while watching the stir of coming and departing travelers and coaches and listening to the tales of the road by the fireside that he felt the first impulse of that roving propensity which grew upon him as years increased.

Varian continued to be landlord of the inn and city pound-keeper for a number of years after Astor bought it. He was there in 1789 and in 1797, when it was still spoken of as one of the important taverns of the town. President John Adams visited New York in October of the latter year, coming from Massachusetts, and for several days a troop of grenadiers and a company of infantry awaited his arrival at the Bull's Head. As his traveling carriage at length approached, they wheeled and maneuvered grandly, finally swinging into line as his escort into the city. A dinner was spread for him at the City Hotel, with Mayor Varick in the chair. Mr. Adams had written in his diary after a previous visit that he had not seen one gentleman in New York—but New York hadn't yet heard of that.

Politics seethed at the old inn, too, as is proven by the numerous rallies there, and by a political satire in a newspaper of 1792, a fictitious letter, supposedly written by a near-by farmer to a friend upstate, describing a meeting there.

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Good liquor and politics are always to be had at the Bull's Head. The house was all in a bustle when I came in; the unconstitutional committee were gathering to fight the battle of the Lord against gog and magog. Little Michael paraded the stools and seated the company as they arrived; the can went merrily round . . .

By the turn of the century the old tavern was growing a bit passé and run down, but it was still the center of the cattle trade, and the stockmen loved it. In 1805 Isaac Trowbridge & Son were operating it. Many political meetings were held in Bowery taverns that year. One reads of the General Committee of the Republicans (Democrats) assembling at the Bull's Head and nominating Caleb Pell for alderman; of the Seventh Ward citizens meeting at Dan Tier's tavern, thanking Mangle Minthorne for his services as Alderman and nominating Jacob Mott for the coming term; while the Eighth Ward Republicans met at Brown's and nominated Gilbert Coutant, prominent Bowery Village grocer, for Assistant Alderman.

By this time other enterprising innkeepers were trying to steal the good will of the old hostelry by using its name, and apparently there was no law to prevent their doing so. In 1805 the New Bull's Head first finds mention in an advertisement for a strayed horse, but its location is not given. It seems likely, however, that it was the same house mentioned six years later as the Upper Bull's Head, at 146 Bowery, next door to the corner of Broome Street, being kept by Frederick Vogel. In October, 1811, a livery stable on Elizabeth Street burned, and from it Vogel's stables caught fire and were burned also.

By 1814 the room next door, No. 148, had been taken in, putting the tavern on the corner of Broome Street. That was during the second British war. In August, 1814, when it was considered that New York was threatened by the enemy, the carpenters, shoemakers, mechanics, and other trades groups met and volunteered their services to aid in the forti-

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fyng and manning of Brooklyn Heights and other strategic points about the city. The butchers met "at (Sivall's Inn) the Upper Bull's Head, corner of Broome Street and the Bowery," and offered their aid likewise.

A famous organization of good fellows in the early nineteenth century was the Krout Club. In addition to its regular meetings, word was sent out each autumn or winter that the presiding officer, the Grand Krout, had been seen to nod, which was the signal for the grand annual feast, lasting through the greater part of a day. On the morning of the banquet, the place of meeting was indicated by a cabbage head impaled on a pole which was thrust from an upper window of the tavern. For a number of years this banquet was given at a downtown hostel, but the newspaper announcement of the "Annual Krout Feast" for Wednesday, February 5, 1823, gives the place as "The New Krout Hall, 146 Bowery," which of course was the Upper Bull's Head. Among the arrangements for the day were:

A large, full-grown Cabbage Head will be hoisted on Krout Hall at sunrise.

The Apartments will be ready to receive the Mynheers at 10 A.M.

At 1 P.M. the Ringlets will go the rounds.

At 3 his Magnificence, the Grand Krout, will take his seat between two smoked Geese, when the feast will commence.

At 4 the Grand Coronation will take place.

The Crown of Cabbage, "the workmanship of several amiable and ingenious ladies," was said to excel in magnificence that of George IV. The "ringlets" were sausages, so it would appear that the feast had actually begun long before three o'clock. The advertisement was "Published by order of the Grand Eater," and signed by "Wilhelmus Schmausser, Keeper of the Cabbage Stocks." An extract "from the 999th article of the by-Laws" followed, in which it was ruled that "if any Cabbage Head should become wilted, he shall be

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rooted out and thrown over the garden fence, never to return again."

It is an interesting fact that a tavern or hotel has functioned on that spot at 146-48 Bowery, corner of Broome Street, at least from 1805 until the present time. The name of the present structure, the greater part of which can claim a century and more of age, is the Commercial Hotel.

In 1826 another of the name, the New Bull's Head, was being kept by Thomas Swift at the corner of Fourth Street and the Bowery. Saxon merino sheep were advertised for sale there at auction, evidently the beginning of a new cattle market which developed into the Tompkins Market, a landmark there at Cooper Square for a century afterward. In the same newspaper in 1826 is an advertisement of two horses for sale at the "Center Bull's Head, in the Bowery," at which the brain begins to reel. If the name was appropriately applied with reference to location, this must have been the one at Bowery and Broome. Or was there a fourth contender for the honor?

The Trowbridges were still in control of the original hostel in 1806, for an advertisement offering a reward for the capture of a man who had hired a horse and chair from a livery stable and thoughtlessly gone away with them, said that the person described boarded at the Bull's Head, "and informed Mr. Trowbridge, (the master of said house) that he was going to Elizabethtown in New-Jersey." But in the following year John Given was the host. Mr. Lalliet, a dancing master, advertised in 1807 that "at the request of several families in the vicinity," he had taken Mr. Given's large room at the Old Bull's Head, 50 Bowery Lane, to give dancing lessons, "accomodating the Young Ladies and Gentlemen who lives in the Bowery and vicinity," and who found it inconvenient to go to dancing school in the heart of the city. Lalliet's home address was 87 Bowery.

Given continued to operate the house until the end of its existence, eighteen years later. In April, 1825, he advertised

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the Old Bull's Head as "with many new improvements and repairs, which will add much to the comfort and convenience of the Drovers and Travellers of this and adjoining states." The house had been overhauled, the yards newly paved and fenced. The stables were large and attended by careful and sober hostlers. The place was strongly recommended as a boarding house, for the proprietor "intends furnishing the table with every luxury the market affords."

But the old house was destined to pass out of existence shortly thereafter, for Astor sold the building and ground for \$105,000 to a company organized to erect a theater on the site. The property then embraced sixteen lots, each twenty-five by one hundred feet, eight abutting on the Bowery and eight on Elizabeth Street. The tavern was torn down in 1825 and the new playhouse erected; and thus began the long and checkered career of the Bowery Theater. Given moved a few doors southward and set up his stagehouse and tavern at the corner of Bayard Street, where he lost all he had two years later when the theater burned. Pierson's Tavern, just above the theater, Benjamin Scribner's Shakespeare Tavern and two porter houses were also destroyed in that disastrous fire.

Meanwhile, the horse and cattle market was moved farther uptown, concentrating on Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, just off of Third Avenue. There a new Bull's Head Tavern was started, of which Daniel Drew, later a great Wall Street operator, was for some time landlord. Even at the present day, New York's horse market is there on Twenty-fourth Street, and you may find there the Bull's Head Stables, the Bull's Head Harness Company and so on, though the proprietors have only the faintest possible notion whence the name was derived.

One of the earlier taverns mentioned on the Bowery was the De Lancey Arms, a popular sporting center of the eighteenth century. Races for which the stakes were held there have already been mentioned. On April 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1735,

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a shooting contest was held there. The fee was five shillings per shot, and the contestant making the best hit at one hundred yards would receive as a prize "a Lot of Land thirty-seven feet, six inches in breadth" on Sackett (Cherry) Street, which was so truly rural that the street was entirely imaginary. George Barr was landlord of the tavern when a "bull-beating" was staged there in 1763.

Target shooting was a popular diversion for the better part of two centuries. Benjamin Waldron, whose house in Bowery Village bore the "Sign of the Noah's Ark," advertised in September, 1811, that he had erected "a large Target in a field adjoining his garden, situated in Stuyvesant-street, near the two-mile stone, Bowery. Any number of gentlemen, civil or military, may have the use of the Field or Target, gratis; likewise, he can furnish them with Liquors."

Thomas McMullin announced on July 1, 1780, that he had opened "a large and convenient House close to the Fresh Water Pump for a Tavern, distinguished by a sign representing his present Majesty, King George the Third;" a sign which he probably changed rather hastily in the fall of 1783. Wines, London porter, and other liquors were served, "and he being so very contiguous to the cool spring as to have his water the moment when wanted, he flatters himself that his mixed liquors will give entire satisfaction. . . . N.B. A Good Billiard Table in a large, airy Room."

A few months later the hustling McMullin announced a "Bull Bate":

The Subscriber having procured a stout BULL, proposes bateing him to-morrow at four o'clock in the afternoon at his house, the sign of the present Majesty, near the Fresh Water Pump. The Bull is active and very vicious, therefore hopes the Spectators will have satisfactory diversion.

THOS. M'MULLAN

The spelling of the proprietor's name was varied according to the caprice of the compositor.

Daniel Tier's Tavern (the newspapers sometimes called

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him Tierce) was a noted place around the end of the century. A hunting party in the woods and fields near by in 1794 ended there in a quarrel between Alexander Buchanan and George Andress, in the course of which Buchanan struck Andress under the ear with his fist and the latter fell dead with a broken neck. "Too frequently," pondered an editor, "the effects of intoxication end in irreparable losses."

Tier's place a few years later was a prominent political headquarters, as already indicated herein. Caucuses, which were invariably described, in newspapers of their own affiliation, as "a large and respectable gathering of" Republicans or Whigs, as the case might be, were held there. In December, 1803, the Presbyterian Church in Rutgers Street was appointed as the Seventh Ward polling place for the election of charter officers; but Colonel Rutgers refused to let "his church" be used for political purposes, so the election was ordered to be held at the inn of Daniel Tier, which was on the east side of the Bowery just above Pump (Canal) Street.

There were other Bowery taverns of which one catches mere glimpses. One "known by the Name of the Sign of Thomas Kouli Khan," is advertised to be let in 1765 by Peter van Zandt. The manuscript diary of Jabez Fitch mentions on December 18, 1776, "Ye Sign of Ye King of Prussia, up Bowry-Lane." At Raper's Tavern the Society of Butchers met in 1801. On February 21, 1746, the State Assembly was requested to meet the City Council "at Hallet's House in the Bowry-Lane" (a tavern) for a conference on the subject of the impending act for emitting bills of credit—an invitation which the Assembly haughtily declined to accept. In April, 1781, there is an advertisement, "To be seen, a large Sea-Dog, at Jacob Jarolomus's Tavern at the Tea-Water Pump, at One Shilling a piece each Person." In 1786 "that commodious, well built House known as the DOG AND DUCK TAVERN, in the Bowery Lane at the two-milestone," was advertised for lease. It had eight "elegant bedrooms,



"Valentine's Manual"

THE OLD GOTHAM COTTAGE



"Valentine's Manual"

CHATHAM SQUARE IN 1812

THE TAVERNS OF THE BOWERY

with a good, large garden and a good bed of asparagus, the best on this island."

In the early nineteenth century there were still "inns" and "taverns" on the Bowery, though the French word "hotel" had appeared downtown, and was destined soon to supplant those old English names for a place of entertainment. The Black Horse Inn, opened by Samuel Oakley at 52-54 Bowery in 1802, was there at least until 1811. In April, 1802, a bull-baiting was advertised to take place "at the Minor Theatre, opposite Van Ranse's Tavern, Bowery-Lane." The theatre was probably a mere temporary inclosure. In April, 1801, an advertisement was thus addressed:

To all True Lovers of Sport. You are hereby respectfully invited to attend at the New Circus in the Bowery, opposite Mr. Spicer's Inn, where will be exhibited, a Urus and Bull beat, with dogs of the first blood, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next, precisely at 4 o'clock P.M. on each day. The Urus and Bull will be fought alternately with the same dogs, not only to gratify the spectators but to convince the public that the Urus, though far inferior to the Bull in size and diminutive in appearance, is greatly superior in strength, activity, mettle and management.

In the years shortly after 1800 the Duck and Frying Pan Tavern was at 287-291 Bowery. At No. 131, between Broome and Grand, was the Pig and Whistle, and on the west side between Grand and Hester was the Crown and Thistle Coffee House. Up at Broadway and Bowery (Union Square) was Ellis's Porter House, better known as the Buck's Horns and later kept by Collins Shepherd, who had moved it up to Fourth Avenue above 29th Street by 1842. When at Broadway and Bowery it offered various sorts of entertainment; it had a ninepin alley, stables, fruit trees, etc., but we hear nothing of beds. A similarly puzzling advertisement is that of Cheesman Clarke, "formerly of the Beef

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Steak House, No. 70 William St.," who took over the Farmers' Inn, at 30 Bowery in 1825, and announced

Beef Steaks, Mutton Chops, Veal Cutlets, Broiled Chicken, &c., served up in Clarke's usual style . . . Horses, Gigs and Carriages for hire. Commodious range of stables and lock-up coach houses. Horses taken at livery at moderate terms.

It will be noticed that he says nothing about beds for human beings, and one wonders whether such were included in his scheme of entertainment.

Another famous home of good cheer whose title was something of a misnomer was the old Gotham Cottage at 298 Bowery, known throughout the greater part of its career as the Gotham Inn. Said to have been built as a residence in the latter eighteenth century by one Notworthy, it became an ale house shortly after 1800, and so continued until its demolition in 1878. In the 1820's it was kept by John Rikeman, a descendant of early settlers on the land. If it had ever offered lodging at all, it certainly could not have housed many guests; but through all its latter days it was known baldly as a saloon. In the early years of baseball, before the Civil War, it was the headquarters of one of the first baseball clubs in America, the Gothams. The single ball with which a game was played was then the victor's only trophy and reward; and in a glass case behind the bar were many such prizes proudly displayed by the Gothams. Tweed was a frequent visitor to the place in his early aldermanic days, and a big gilded "6" which stood behind the bar was supposed to have been taken from his old pet fire engine. A pair of pistols hanging on the wall claimed to be the identical ones used in the duel between Hamilton and Burr. The house stood a little retired from the street, and was almost hidden from view by the buildings which closed in around it before its demolition.

Taverns and barrooms were headquarters for all sorts of activities. In 1797, for example,

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ÆNEAS MACKAY Proposes to revive the Art of Self Defence with broad sword and swords whose blades are calculated to cut; seeing many young Military gentlemen, cavalry and infantry, wear such weapons, it will, besides the benefit of so scientific and beautiful an exercise, be of general utility and satisfaction.

Mr. Mackay therefore planned to open a fencing school, and for the present, young gentlemen might inquire at the barroom of John Fink's porter house, Bowery Lane.

In 1786 some one declared that there were 800 taverns in the city and suburbs—doubtless an exaggeration—and it was proposed to abolish them, but no step was taken in that direction. Evidently, by that time the word tavern was coming to mean in the public mind a groggery rather than a house where travelers might rest their weary bones overnight. The drinking place unconnected with any hotel accommodations was becoming so common a feature of the landscape by the early nineteenth century that a name for it was necessary and it began to be called a porterhouse. In some of these places food now began to be served also—the beginnings of the restaurant—and one wonders whether we do not find here the real truth as to the origin of the "porterhouse" steak.

In 1826 it was stated that there were "about 600 taverns in New York City, but heaven knows how many groceries" (which always sold liquor then) "and tippling shops." The word saloon did not appear until about the middle of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER VII

THE FRESH WATER POND AND THE TEA-WATER PUMP

JUST when the famous Tea-Water Pump was erected over the spring near Fresh Water Brook (Park Row, between Baxter and Mulberry) we do not know; but it was there as early as 1763, when Nicholas Parsall, "blacksmith at the Tea-Water Pump," advertised a cart which had been found between New York and Blackwell's Island. For many years thereafter the pump was the single source of good, tasty drinking water in New York, just as the spring had been before it. The flow never failed, even in the driest seasons. Negroes "toted" many a bucket and tub full of the water long distances to their own or their masters' houses. Serving maids and less prosperous matrons lingered many a pleasant moment beside the pump for a bit of gossip when they had filled their pails. The Tea Water Garden, later the Chatham Garden, depended upon the pump for existence.

Gradually a considerable business grew up in the water. At first, barrels and casks were set on pushcarts, on sledges and wagons, and filled with it. Early in the nineteenth century large wooden tanks, similar to modern street-sprinkling wagons, with "Tea Water" painted on the sides and ends, delivered the commodity through one-inch faucets. One finds frequent mention in the city directories of those days of an occupation strange to us: "Harris, James, teawaterman." A few of these, even before 1800, were employed in sprinkling the dusty streets. The lessee of the pump in 1796 advertised to sell the water, famous not only for drinking and tea making, but equally good for washing and bathing, to tank

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wagon peddlers at fourpence the hogshead. The peddlers retailed the water to customers for a "penny bill" per gallon.

In 1798 it was said that

The average quantity drawn daily from this remarkable well, about 20 feet deep and 4 feet in diameter, is 110 hogsheads of 130 gallons each. In some hot summer days, 216 hogsheads [28,080 gallons] have been drawn from it, and what is very singular, there are never more nor less than three feet of water in the well.

A building had been erected for the office of the lessee, and so great was the industry that complaints were made that



THE TEA-WATER PUMP

the clutter of carts waiting for water obstructed Chatham Street, and the crowd of cartmen on the sidewalk and the mess they made were very annoying. As a partial remedy, the spout of the pump was raised about two feet and extended so as to discharge the water at the outer edge of the walk, while pedestrians passed under it.

So prosperous an industry could not go unchallenged by competition. In 1787 Frederick Gantz advertised that he

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had "erected a NEW TEA-WATER pump in Magazine Street, near the Fresh Water Pond, and is delivering water." He had consulted several eminent physicians regarding his product, and they with one voice opined that "no better Water can be had on the Island. It is also very useful for washing, being quite equal to rain water." An advertisement of a house on Reade Street mentions the proximity of this pump as one of the special advantages of the property.

This pump was doubtless supplied by seepage from the same remarkable springs which created the Fresh Water Pond. The original spring and pump on Chatham Street probably had a similar source; at least, citizens began to think so, and to complain, as the pond and its outletting brook became uglier and more befouled by manufacturing and dumping, that the tea-water was growing worse, too. Henry Brooks, tanner, with his "Factory near the Cholic," was only one of several; and the discharge of tanneries is anything but improving to water.

Even as early as 1785, one signing himself "Citizen" wrote to a newspaper, declaring that

The common pump Water, used only to scrub houses with, is now preferred to our Tea Water. The reason is very obvious—let any one view the Pond which is the spring and source of the Pump, and you will find it to be a very sink and common sewer. It's like a fair every day, with whites and blacks washing their cloths and blankets and things too nauseous to mention. All their sudds and filth are emptied into this Pond, besides dead dogs, cats, &c., thrown in daily, and no doubt many buckets from that quarter of town.

But seemingly he was a bit captious, for people went on using the water for many years thereafter. But in September, 1798, a much more vigorous protest was made in a letter to the *Daily Advertiser*:

The New Yorkers, like the rich man told of in the Parable, they have no *clean, cool Water* to slack their thirst when the

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flames of the plague are devouring their vitals. Yet they pretend their city water is very pure and *nice*. It is no such thing. The Collect, behind the Tea-Water Pump, is a shocking hole, where all impure things center together and engender the most unwholesome productions; and from this pond, foul with excrement, frog-spawn and reptiles, that delicate pump is supplied. The Water has grown worse manifestly within a few years. It is time to look out some other supply. . . . Some affect to say the water is very *cool* and *refreshing*. Everybody knows the contrary of this. Who does not know from experience, the Water gets warm in a few hours, and sometimes almost before it is drawn from the carter's hogshead? Can you bear to drink it on Sundays in the summer time? It is so bad before Monday morning as to be very sickly and nauseating. . . .

Begin therefore in time to provide against the awful and solemn accidents arising from a carelessness on this subject. Already it has been whispered—the New Yorkers are like the *Dog in the Manger*, they will not provide aqueducts themselves, nor let anybody else do it. . . . With all their nobleness of character, they can reconcile themselves to drink the *nasty wash and slops* carted about from the Collect. The Collect! of what? of all the leakings, scrapings, scourings, p—s—gs, & —gs for a great distance around. Take the matter into consideration and resolve, to leave no stone unturned, to have this grand object of watering carried through.— *Work, every Mother's Son, until the noble job is done.— For plague will make a yearly slaughter, until you furnish better water.*

Christopher Colles, as early as 1774, had proposed a plan for a reservoir near the New Gaol, and to lay therefrom “good pitch pine pipes, well hooped with Iron, to distribute fresh Water throughout the City.” The Revolution put a stop to all planning, but it was renewed again afterward. Aaron Burr organized the Manhattan Company, theoretically as a water supply corporation, but slipped a joker into the charter so that it might do banking, which was his chief object.

The Company dug a well not far from Broadway, north

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of Spring Street, whose only use was to serve as the temporary hiding place for the body of beautiful Gulielma Snow in one of New York's most famous murder mysteries. Another well in Reade Street evidently tapped the vast subterranean supply of the Collect, and for many years the Company supplied water therefrom, at times as high as 690,000 gallons per day, which was delivered through bored log pipes.

The Collect, though its purity might be gravely questioned, was yet the scene of many notable and happy occurrences. In the summer of 1796, before a crowd which covered the hillsides around the Pond, John Fitch exhibited there a vessel operated by steam and what is said to have been the first one ever moved by a primitive screw propeller. The vessel was a ship's yawl, eighteen feet long and 6 feet beam, with square stern and round bow and a twelve-gallon iron kettle serving as a boiler. John Stevens, an early railroad builder and founder of Stevens Institute, Nicholas Roosevelt and Chancellor Livingston were among the distinguished persons who looked on in amazement as the little craft circled the pond several times at a speed estimated at six miles an hour. But poor Fitch lacked the means or the knack of promoting his invention to the point of practicality and profit, and Robert Fulton, a shrewder man, stole his glory eleven years later. His boat was left on the Collect shore, where poor people of the neighborhood broke it up and used it for fuel.

The skating which entertained the Duke of Clarence was a cause of anguish to some, as we gather from an indignant open letter published in the *Weekly Museum* in 1792:

To the Worthy and Respectable MAGISTRATES of the City of New-York.

GENTLEMEN:—

As your conduct hath hitherto proved you the guardians of the Peace in this City, and as you have acted with energy in the

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suppressing of vice and immorality, I flatter myself I shall not be esteemed officious in pointing out a scene of *iniquity and disorder* never before tolerated amongst us.

Returning last Sunday from Divine worship, contiguous to the Fresh Water Pond (commonly called the Collock), I saw at a moderate calculation, near two hundred Negroes, Boys and *Gentlemen* (I mean those who have the appearance of Gentlemen) skeiting. I was struck with amazement at the scene, and drew the conclusion that certainly this must be unknown to our Magistrates.— But ignorance of this flagrant violation could not have been the case, for I am informed, two or three of them live within pistol shot of the place.

The consequences arising from the violation of the Sabbath-Day to the community at large, and the fatal effects that result to youth from unrestraint in this particular, are too obvious to need any comment.

After some more moralizing, he concludes with the inevitable gloomy reflection of middle age, "*I remember the time when such things were not,*" and subscribes himself, "A FRIEND TO ORDER."

What to do with the pond was a problem, for by 1800 it was becoming a mere cesspool. Dreadful marine monsters had been seen in it, presumably by citizens going home late at night from the Bull's Head; though there was an authoritative report that one of them had drawn a Hessian soldier down to his death during the Revolution. But notwithstanding its impurity, ice was still being cut and sold from it as late as 1806, when Joseph Corre, a dealer advertising his own pure ice—though whence it came he doesn't say—denounced the Collect ice as impure—and no wonder!

As early as 1766 one M. Mangin had proposed making the pond a basin or inner harbor connected by canals with both rivers. In 1789 it was proposed that it be made the center of a park, but this was scoffed at because it was so far out of town. A wonderful amelioration it would have been to the crowded East Side had this idea been carried out.

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Possibly nothing so hideous as the Five Points, which grew like a festering sore around the southern end of the pond's site, would have existed in the city.

Instead of making a park, it now began to be urged that the pond be filled; and the work was begun in 1805. Bunker Hill furnished a goodly portion of the earth and stone which went into it, and in a few years the famous knoll was no more. On the southeasterly slope of the hill was the Bayard family's burial vault. When the hill was condemned to destruction, the bodies of the Bayards were removed from it, and a "hermit" took up his abode in it and lived there for several months, a mystery and a bugaboo to the younger generation—until at last he was found dead one day in his grim lodging.

The ridge leading to the Bayard house was also leveled, and for a few years the tottering old mansion stood, a doleful sight, on a sort of butte or crag, with the ground all around it cut away. Then it, too, fell before the wreckers.

But the mere filling of the pond could not obliterate the springs which fed it. A street at first called Collect or Ryn-
ders, later Centre Street, was laid out across the site of the pond, and Watson, the annalist, said of it in 1832, "This street is the thoroughfare of so much water as to make it necessary to incline it to the middle as a deep gutter-way." There were planks laid across the stream at intervals for pedestrians.

Watson said that "the original Collect main spring still exists on Leonard Street, having a house now over it, lettered 'supply engine.'" This was one of the Manhattan Company's pumps. The city rapidly outgrew the company's facilities for supplying water, and the directors had no desire to enlarge the service, their banking business being their paramount interest. Many citizens drank from the public wells, of which there came to be some dozen at the street corners, to say nothing of backyard wells and cisterns.

The firemen of the early nineteenth century drew their

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water from big cisterns located under the streets in various quarters of town. The fire companies in the vicinity were expected to keep the cistern filled if there was not sufficient drainage from neighboring buildings. But New York had so many disastrous fires that there was need for a better water supply, and in 1830-31 a well was dug near Jefferson Market and a steam pump sent water thence to a reservoir on Bowery Hill; an octagonal brick tower tank 62 feet high and holding 233,000 gallons on the east side of the Bowery at Thirteenth Street. Thirty fire hydrants were installed, adding much to the efficiency of the hand engines.

In 1830 tea-water brought from wells and ponds in Bowery Village was still being peddled through many streets by the Knapp Brothers at two cents the pail. The old Tea-Water Pump had long since been condemned, removed, and the spring covered over; and to-day the shopkeepers on that block do not know that it ever existed. Watson found the pump itself in a room back of a liquor store at 126 Chatham Street in 1832, and even then the proprietor of the place did not know the history of it.

The Manhattan Company, which once had supplied 2,500 families, slowly lost patrons to its competitor, the city. In 1875 only four families were still using its water, and they were regarded as something of a nuisance. By 1885 the last customer had quitted them. But for fifteen years longer the stone reservoir was maintained on Chambers Street, to hold the now enormously wealthy banking company's charter. A certain quantity of water was pumped every day, theoretically to supply whosoever might desire it—and permitted to flow into the sewer. "Once a year the directors made a solemn pilgrimage to the water works, tapped the tank with their canes, peered around and went back to the bank." At last, by act of the Legislature, the charter was amended so that the pretense of water service could be abandoned.

The settlement of poor people, which had grown up around the tanneries and other plants in the southern part of the

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Fresh Water ravine, crept out over the rough, marshy, filled terrain which replaced the pond, and the whole rapidly became a more and more abominable slum. The poorest of the immigrants settled there because rents for the miserable holes called living quarters were cheaper than almost anywhere else; and mixed with them were Negroes, poverty-stricken whites and every ignorant and criminal element known to sociology. Even before 1825 the Five Points, formed by the intersection of Mulberry, Cross (Park Street), Anthony (Worth), Orange (Baxter), and Little Water Street (which has vanished entirely) was becoming notorious as a center of poverty and disorder.

The crazy buildings which composed that slum put little strain upon the unstable soil under them; but the heavier structures of to-day furnish a major problem to engineers, for the original springs of the Fresh Water Pond are still there, though functioning more feebly than of old. In the civic center which New York is now creating on the site of the vanished Five Points, piles, cribs, and every device known to the ingenuity of modern builders must be utilized to support the great city, county, and state buildings which are rising there. Certain portions of the old pond site are still permeated with water. The subway station at Canal and Lafayette streets is so surrounded with it that it is said if its heavy concrete wall were suddenly pierced, water would spurt across the station as from a fountain.

CHAPTER VIII

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE—AMERICA'S FAVORITE ROMANCE AND MYSTERY

COMPARATIVELY few people to-day—though possibly there are more of them than you'd think!—have ever heard of the book which was once America's best seller, the most popular romance that this continent had ever known, and which held that proud eminence for generations. If you chance upon a copy of the story, *Charlotte Temple*—and you may find old editions still in some of the larger public libraries—you may wonder after reading the simple tale of less than two hundred pages what could have given it such a hold upon the popular fancy. The public taste was much less sophisticated then than now.

Much evidence is offered to show that the story of Charlotte is founded on fact; that there was really a girl, now buried in Trinity Churchyard, whose sad history is related with considerable fidelity in the novel, and that her name was but little changed, having been Charlotte Stanley in the original. Mrs. Rowson herself declared that the story in the main followed reality pretty closely. And though there is dispute as to the location of the two houses in New York where the most poignant passages of the story took place, yet the disputants, with one minor exception, conceded that they were either on the Bowery or in close proximity to it.

Mrs. Susannah Rowson, the writer of this famous romance, was born Susannah Haswell in Portsmouth, England, in 1761, and scribbled verses and sketches from very early youth. In 1785 she married William Rowson, hardware merchant and trumpeter in the Royal Guards, and in 1790 her

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novel, which was destined to bring tears to the eyes of a whole continent, first appeared in London under the brief title of *Charlotte; a Tale of Truth*. It had only a mild success there, despite the fact that in it the authoress veiled but thinly a real scandal in high life, and exposed not only a noble family but a prominent engineer officer of the King's army to obloquy.

In brief, the story tells of how Charlotte Temple, pupil of a young ladies' seminary in England, only child of a loving father and mother, was persuaded by one Montraville, a dashing naval officer, to flee with him to America on a promise of marriage as soon as they reached these shores. His efforts to woo her were aided by his chum, Belcour, and by an unscrupulous teacher in the school, one Madame La Rue, who eloped with Belcour at the same time. Belcour made promises to La Rue which he had no intention of keeping, and her eyes being opened to this while on shipboard, she set her cap for Colonel Crayton, a widower who was crossing with them, and won a proposal from him. On reaching New York, Colonel Crayton was greeted by his daughter, a Mrs. Beauchamp, and told her of his impending wedding to the charming Frenchwoman.

Montraville likewise—though we are assured that he was not really a bad man; just impetuous!—had no intention of marrying a dowerless girl. He placed Charlotte "in a small house a few miles from New York; he gave her one female attendant and supplied her with what money she wanted." Here he visited her whenever his duties would permit. Sometimes they enjoyed a walk by moonlight, sometimes "she would sit by him in a little arbor at the bottom of the garden" and play on the harp and sing to him. But meanwhile Montraville had met down in the city a Miss Julia Franklin, a highly eligible young lady of wealth, beauty, and fashion, and as he found her just the sort of person whom sagacity would counsel one to marry, he laid siege to her and won her hand.

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His hours with the lovely Julia left him less and less time for visits to Charlotte and she, sternly cautioned not to leave the place, pined from loneliness. Now it so happened that the Mrs. Beauchamp already mentioned "loved not the hurry and bustle of a city, and had prevailed on her husband to take a house a few miles from New York. Chance led her into the same neighborhood with Charlotte. Their houses stood within a short space of each other and their gardens joined."

There Mrs. Beauchamp on more than one occasion heard Charlotte singing sad melodies to her harp. She had learned the girl's story, and one day she decided to go and call on their neighbor, even though that neighbor was an erring woman. It could not be possible that so charming, so modest-appearing a girl was wholly lost to virtue, and perhaps an appeal to her better nature might result in restoring her to her family. As a genial excuse for her visit, she took with her some fine cucumbers from her own garden. Charlotte, delighted at finding a new friend, soon became confidential and told her whole story; and in the end, Mrs. Beauchamp persuaded her to write to her parents and beg their forgiveness.

Now Montraville, despite his preparation to marry Miss Franklin, still felt remorse at forsaking Charlotte. The false friend, Belcour, however, assured him that she was not worth his pity; she was false, and had even made advances to him. Montraville could not believe it; but when he called on Charlotte next day, Belcour was there before him and contrived to let Montraville find him in a compromising position with the girl. At that, the former lover denounced her and strode away.

Of course the wily Belcour wanted Charlotte for himself; but at Montraville's denunciation she fell ill for a time and became so wan and ghastly looking that he no longer desired her. Montraville married Julia and gave Belcour a purse of money sufficient to pay Charlotte's expenses for a consider-

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able period, desiring him to convey it to the girl. But the villain appropriated it to his own use and went near the forlorn one no more, but left her to her fate.

Her state was now indeed pitiable. She no longer heard from Montraville and did not know that he had married another. She was soon to become a mother. The farmer who owned the house where she lived demanded his money and hinted at eviction. Charlotte was at her wits' end. Mr. Beauchamp had gone out of town on business and his wife with him. In her extremity, the girl resolved to appeal to the former governess, La Rue, now Mrs. Crayton. She went to Colonel Crayton's house in town, but her old teacher pretended that she had never seen nor heard of her before, and ordered her servants to put Charlotte out of the house. They did so; but one of them, John, filled with pity for her sad condition, had her carried to his own home and called a surgeon. Within a few hours her child was born—but the mother's life was doomed.

Mr. Temple, the father, arrived from England about this time, and with some difficulty traced his daughter to her humble lodging. There he found the girl semi-delirious in a poorly furnished hovel, with John's slatternly wife dividing her attention between the patient and her own numerous children. The distracted parent arrived only in time to hold his daughter in his arms as she passed away.

Montraville, just returned from Europe, wandered uneasily on the following day out toward the bower where Charlotte had formerly lodged. Coming back, as he passed at the outskirts of the town "several little huts, the residences of poor women who supported themselves by washing the clothes of the officers and soldiers," he heard a church bell toll and saw a funeral procession leaving one of the huts. He followed idly in its wake, and presently asked a passer-by whose it was. On hearing the truth, his old love and remorse welled up like a storm within his soul; he rushed wildly after the *cortège*, even to the graveside and cried out:

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"Hold—hold! One moment! Close not the grave of the injured Charlotte Temple till I have taken vengeance on her murderer."

The father who stood by the grave demanded the name of the one who so cruelly broke in upon the sanctity of a funeral service and a father's sorrow, and Montraville revealed himself. Falling upon his knees, he drew his sword and proffered it to Temple, saying, "Here is my bosom! I bare it to receive the stroke I merit. Strike—strike now and save me from the misery of reflection."

Temple refused to take vengeance into his own hands; and after an outburst of grief for his lost love, Montraville rushed to Belcour's lodging and slew that evil genius in combat. He then fell into a fever himself; and after his recovery, was for the rest of his life afflicted with frequent fits of melancholy, and often went to visit Charlotte's grave.

Reverend Elias Nason, Mrs. Rowson's biographer, and others say that the authoress's own cousin, Colonel John Montresor, sat for the portrait of Montraville; and how he must have loved his kinswoman for thus exposing his frailty! Montresor is still known to historians as the author of a map of New York City, published in 1775. After the British occupation of New York, he bought an island in the East River (now known as Randall's Island) and lived there until his house burned in 1777.

The original of the heroine is said to have been a young lady of great personal beauty, Charlotte Stanley, daughter of a clergyman who was a younger son of the Earl of Derby. She was lured from her home in a quiet English village by this handsome army officer in 1774 and brought to New York, where he abandoned her. Montresor was already married ten years before that time, but Mrs. Rowson made him a bachelor and inserted the complication of Julia Franklin for romantic purposes. It is asserted that the original name plate over Charlotte Stanley's grave in Trinity Churchyard gave her age at death as nineteen.

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Shortly after the publication of the book, William Rowson's hardware business crashed on the reefs of bankruptcy, and he turned for a livelihood to the stage, whither he was accompanied not only by his wife but by his sister. Mrs. Rowson's first appearance as an actress was in Edinburgh in 1792. In the following year she and her husband came to America, and were for a long time favorite players at the New Theatre, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, later appearing for some time in New York. While here it is said she visited the grave of Charlotte and the house where the heart-broken girl died.

The first American edition of her novel, dated 1794, bears on its title page the simple summary, "*Charlotte; A Tale of Truth*. By Mrs. Rowson, of the New Theatre, Philadelphia." The book quickly became popular in this country. Publishers in New York and Boston issued new editions of it, and within a few years 25,000 copies had been sold—an enormous number for those days. Mrs. Rowson derived no profit from all this. She had followed the custom prevalent then of selling the manuscript outright to her publisher and letting him take the chance of success or failure. He in turn had no emolument from the American sales, for there was then no copyright agreement between the two countries, and all the American editions were in effect piratical.

The increasing popularity of the novel gave the writer some excellent publicity as an actress, notwithstanding which, her most ambitious literary undertaking, *Trials of the Human Heart*, which appeared in four volumes in 1795 and for which Mrs. Martha Washington was a subscriber, had only moderate success. She left the stage in 1796, making her last appearance in Boston, and spent the remainder of her life in the vicinity of that city. She wrote in all twenty-four books and plays, but none of them attained any success comparable to that of *Charlotte Temple*.

After her death her last novel, a sequel to *Charlotte Temple*, was published. In some editions it is called *Lucy Tem-*

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ple in some *Charlotte's Daughter; or, The Three Orphans*. It purports to be in some degree the story of the life of the baby girl who was born to Charlotte. The traditions regarding this daughter Lucy are carefully preserved by descendants of the Haswell family, among whom is Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, author of *My New York*. It is said that although her godfather, Lieutenant-Colonel Blakeney of the Royal Dragoons, left Lucy his entire fortune of £20,000 and thus made her a very desirable match, she never married. She came to America in 1800 for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument over her mother's grave, which up to that time had been marked only by an inferior stone. The new monument was of the style common to the period—a large flat stone resting above the ground on four newels, and let into it a silver-bronze plate with the single sentence, "Inscribed to the Memory of Charlotte Stanley, aged 19," while above this were the arms of the Stanleys. The rumor persists that Lucy had the remains of her mother exhumed and taken back to England, but the grave has never been opened to prove or disprove this.

Some modern skeptics have even doubted that this grave ever contained the body of the original heroine of the story. Unfortunately, the great fire which swept New York in 1776 destroyed the church and with it all the mortality records. But the Rowsons and Haswells have never doubted; Nason, the biographer, was firm in his belief as were several chroniclers of the nineteenth century, some of whose personal memories went back almost to Charlotte's day. In good sooth, there is no evidence against it.

One thing which has aroused skepticism is the fact that the stone which now lies flush with the sod in the churchyard bears merely the name, "Charlotte Temple." Why the fictitious name instead of the real one, Charlotte Stanley? This is explained in the following manner.

Old Trinity was again razed in 1839 and the present structure built in leisurely fashion between 1841 and 1846. Some-

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where about that time—possibly during the wrecking or rebuilding—the newels under Charlotte's gravestone became broken and the stone lay flat on the ground; and at some likewise unnamed date the metal tablet was stolen from the stone. Bacon in his *Legendary History of New York* gives a detailed account of this theft. For some time during the rebuilding of the church a small hoisting engine stood almost over the grave. The attention of William H. Crommelin, the construction superintendent, was called to the disappearance of the tablet, and before withdrawing his force from the job, he had the stone sunk in the ground and the words "Charlotte Temple" cut into it, just as they appear to-day. At the request of the New York Historical Society thirty years later, Mr. Crommelin attested this in a letter which is preserved in the Society's archives. It is said that he knew the dead girl only as Charlotte Temple, heroine of the popular romance, and had never heard that her real name was Stanley. The fictitious name therefore appears to have been placed on the stone only by inadvertence.

Now, where was the small house in the country where Charlotte was placed by Montraville? The favorite location for it is in the modern Chinatown, on a spot which would now be embraced in the roughly triangular block bounded by Chatham Square, Doyers and Pell streets, though the two latter were not then in existence. Proponents of this theory triumphantly point to the fact that the Bernard Ratzer map of 1757 shows two closely adjacent buildings at that point, which they conjecture to be the homes of Charlotte and Mrs. Beauchamp. But one difficulty with this theory is that the buildings as represented on the map are somewhat too large to be the small country cottages described in the story; and, furthermore, it seems most probable to us that the buildings indicated are the Plow and Harrow Tavern—which stood on that spot for the better part of a century, and certainly was there in 1767—and its outbuildings. We do not mean to



Prints from New York Public Library

MRS. ROWSON COLONEL MONTRESOR
THE GRAVE OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE IN TRINITY
CHURCHYARD, AS IT APPEARED ABOUT 1880

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deny, however, that the buildings were in that vicinity. They might have been erected after 1767, or they might have escaped the observation of Ratzer.

Henry B. Dawson, upholding the theory mentioned, wrote in 1861 that "a portion of the small, two-story frame building" which was Charlotte's home, "removed to the corner of Pell Street, still remains, being occupied as a drinking shop under the sign of The Old Tree House."

Now, the Old Tree House is something more tangible. It stood on the northwest corner of Pell and the Bowery until the end of the nineteenth century, being occupied in its latter years by the saloon of Barney Flynn. In a room on its upper story, Frank S. Chanfrau, the Bowery's favorite actor, was born in 1824. But was it Charlotte's home? Other chroniclers dissent violently. Watson, the annalist, in 1846 asserted that the building at 24 Bowery, "a low wooden house" half a block north of the Old Tree House, was the veritable home of Charlotte. He quoted as his authority Dr. John W. Francis, author of *Old New York*, who was then fifty-seven years old, having been born in 1789.

Twenty years previously, a building next door to the one mentioned enjoyed some transitory fame as the alleged scene of Charlotte's death. The *New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette* of October 7, 1826, had this item:

Mr. Tryon, No. 22 Bowery, has recently discovered that he occupies the very house in which Charlotte Temple died. The story had circulated pretty freely uptown and daily brings swarms of customers to his shop, to examine the venerable edifice and to purchase lottery tickets!

Other theorists, notably "Felix Oldboy" (Dr. John Flavel Mines), a pleasing latter nineteenth century writer on Manhattan lore, declare that Charlotte's country retreat was in Bowery Village—a stone house on Art (Stuyvesant or Eighth) Street, east of Bowery Lane. Dr. Mines adds that she "ended her life" in Pell Street, in one of two frame

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houses, painted yellow and still standing when he wrote in 1893—doubtless the Old Tree House.

Yet another legend names as Charlotte's home the Gotham Cottage or Gotham Tavern, a former eighteenth century dwelling house at 298 Bowery, between Bleecker and Houston, which was a drinking place during its latter decades, and was demolished in 1878.

As to the hovel where she died, another school of thought places that on Chatham Street near the Common. Either this or Pell Street might be accepted as filling the writer's stipulation that one passed it "in entering the town."

But wherever the actual theater of the story might be, its hold upon the popular taste was undisputed. For more than a century and a quarter it continued to issue from the press. In its earlier years editions were printed not only in all the larger cities, but in places like Ithaca, Concord, New Hampshire, Windsor and Brattleboro, Vermont, Brookfield, Massachusetts, Alexandria (Virginia?) and Catskill, New York. Not even *Evelina* or *Children of the Abbey* had such a vogue, and for several years none of Scott's novels, though highly popular here, had such a following. Not until *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared did an American work challenge it for first place as the country's best seller. Duyckinck, writing in 1855, said that the story was "still a popular classic at the cheap bookstalls and with traveling chapmen." Fifty years later reprints were still being offered in department stores and little hole-in-the-wall and sidewalk bookstalls. In 1905 it attained the honor of a special illustrated edition, with biography, copious notes and bibliography by Francis W. Halsey. Mr. Halsey listed one hundred and four editions of the book which he had discovered.

Fifty years and more ago the majority of visitors to New York included a visit to the grave of Charlotte Temple as among the essentials of their stay. An old citizen who signed himself "H. S. B." wrote a letter to the New York *Evening Post*, published September 12, 1903, which he prefaced by

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saying that he was seventy years old, born in the shadow of Trinity, had the Battery for a playground, and "have been on this spot almost continuously since my birth." For forty-seven years his law office had overlooked the churchyard.

When I was a boy [he continues] the story of Charlotte Temple was familiar to the household of every New Yorker. The first tears I ever saw in the eyes of a grown person were shed for her. In that churchyard are graves of heroes, philosophers and martyrs, whose names are familiar to the youngest scholar, and whose memory is dear to the wisest and best. Their graves, tho marked by imposing monuments, win but a glance of curiosity, while the turf over Charlotte Temple is kept fresh by falling tears.

Halsey said in 1905 that pilgrimages were still being made to the stone. Flowers were often mysteriously placed upon it; the sextons and officials of the church said they did not know when nor by whom. If you stroll along the Broadway side of the churchyard to-day and look over the fence, you may happen to see a sheaf of flowers lying in the rectangular, inch-deep depression at the head of the stone from which the metal plate is said to have been wrenched. Water collects in that depression from the rains or is poured in by the sextons; the birds come down to drink it, and it keeps the flowers fresh a little longer. We asked the verger whence the flowers come nowadays.

"Oh, whenever we have some discarded from the altar, our men put them on that grave," he replied; adding with a smile, "People seem to expect it."

"Do people still come and ask for Charlotte Temple's grave?"

"Yes, frequently," he replied. "Mostly older persons, of course, Only nowadays," with another smile, "they get mixed on the name once in a while and ask for Flora Temple." Flora Temple, you may recall, was a famous race horse of seven decades ago.

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As for the book, it was still being reprinted in Philadelphia in recent years. But we searched the shops of New York for a newly printed copy, and found that most clerks had never heard of it. In a big shop on Park Row, whose specialty is paper-covered reprints—joke books, song books, and old favorites like *East Lynne* and *Lady Audley's Secret*—we thought we would surely find it.

"We haven't any copies of that *Charlotte Temple* left, have we?" asked our clerk of an older man.

"No," said the other, shaking his head with a touch of regret. "Been out of stock for some time. No demand for it any more. I don't even know whether it's being printed now."

So it appears that at last poor Charlotte is being forgotten.

CHAPTER IX

THE BUTCHERS OF THE BOWERY

I know no place where food of every kind is cheaper and more abundant; meat, pork, ham, mutton, butter, cheese, flour, fish and oysters all combine to render living wholesome and reasonable; thus everybody lives in comfort, every one is nurtured on excellent food, the poorest laborer not excepted. I could name you 24 kinds of shell fish and 57 of fish proper.

THE visitor to New York in 1772 who wrote the above laudatory paragraph must have been an ichthyologist of no little repute; for it would puzzle a New Yorker of to-day to name so many kinds of fish, even if he took the world for his field.

But food was plentiful and cheap in those palmy days before the Revolution; beef by the quarter, threepence the pound, and in small cuts fourpence; fowls around ninepence apiece; oysters a shilling a hundred in the shell and carelessly counted, usually just estimated as so many to the shovelful; fine sea bass twopence a pound, and often twenty wild pigeons for a shilling.

Meat was the principal part of the ancestral diet, and the butchers were therefore among the busiest and most important merchants of a municipality. The butchers of New York bulk large in the early history of the city. In the more youthful years of New Amsterdam and New York, the killing and cutting up of meat was apt to be done on a butcher's own premises; but this inevitably came to be a nuisance in the growing city, and early in the eighteenth century the headquarters of the cattle and butchering trades were established outside of town, around the Bull's Head Tavern.

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Here was another factor which had much to do with determining the character of the Bowery. At the Bull's Head the cattle from Westchester, from Long Island, and New Jersey were collected in the yards alongside the tavern, awaiting their fate in the abattoir, which was in the rear, near the present Bayard Street, between Elizabeth and Mulberry. An advertisement of 1766 offers three new houses for rent in Mulberry Street, "near the slaughter house," as if that were a recommendation, though in reality it was being used merely as a landmark.

An ordinance of the Common Council of July 24, 1766, prohibited any butcher or other person from slaughtering "any neat cattle within the City, but at the publick Slaughter House erected on the Ground of Nicholas Bayard, under the Penalty of ten Shillings for each Offense." Private property holders in the Out Ward were, however, permitted to kill animals on their own ground for their own use only. The keeper of the slaughter house was by this act entitled to demand from any butcher "for each neat Cattle kill'd, slaughtered and dressed," the sum of one shilling; or the tongue of the animal from any one not a butcher.

After the Revolution the Bowery butchers are found petitioning the Council for permission to do their killing on their own premises. This was not granted to individuals, but as years went by, other abattoirs came into operation on both sides of the Bowery, most of them on Chrystie Street.

The Fly Market, at the foot of Maiden Lane, east of Pearl Street, was the great meat and fish dispensary of the city in the eighteenth century, though another, the Oswego Market, was established at Broadway and Maiden Lane before 1800.

One of the famous butchers of the old Fly Market was John Pessenger, who occupied Stall No. 1, and whose home was at the corner of the Bowery and Fisher (Bayard) Street. He married a young widow with an only daughter, Dorothy. An ardent patriot, Pessenger became one of the

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Liberty Boys before the Revolution, and when the Continental troops were assembled, he was asked to supply a considerable portion of those at New York with provisions. Having cordial relations with the farmers and graziers of Westchester and Long Island, he was enabled to furnish large quantities of good meat to the army and attracted the attention of Washington, who found him a trustworthy and valuable man. When the American army retreated from the city to Harlem Heights, Pessenger went with them as a sort of commissary agent, procuring, killing, and dressing cattle daily. On the morning of the battle at Harlem he was at his work when General Washington ordered him and his men to discontinue it and care for the wounded. To Pessenger's special care he committed his friend Major Leitch, who was severely wounded. The worthy butcher nursed the injured man carefully for two weeks, Washington calling to see him almost daily, but Leitch finally passed away.

Pessenger continued with the army to White Plains and beyond, and his acquaintance with the country was invaluable to the commissary department. Lord Howe, in command of the British at New York, sent one Manold, a tailor, Pessenger's brother-in-law, to the latter, offering him a five hundred guinea bonus and a good salary to handle the meat supply for the British army, but Pessenger rejected the proffer in ribald and scathing words.

For seven years he was an exile; but at the approach of peace he returned to his home on the Bowery and his stall in the Fly Market. But the joyous homecoming was quickly saddened by the death of his wife and the confiscation of his home. The small tract of land with the old farmhouse on it he had bought shortly before the war from Captain De Lancey. But he had scarcely gotten back to it when he learned that the De Lancey land had been declared forfeited to the commonwealth, and with it his own. The official record of his purchase had been destroyed in the great fire of 1776, but he had a "receipt" given him by De Lancey, and

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York," equal to about \$625 in real money. In 1794 we find him advertising furs, "also several lots of ground in the Bowry-Lane, above the Bull's Head."

All droves of up-country cattle came to the city via the Bowery Lane, that being the only road. Henry Astor was too clever to remain a mere butcher; and as his capital increased, he was wont to ride up the island, meet the incoming drovers, close deals with them for their entire herds and thus at times practically corner the market. Great was the rage of other butchers, who were compelled to buy from him at a profit, and more than one petition was sent to the Council against such "pernicious practice."

Astor bought the Bull's Head, with its abattoir and stockyards, from Bayard in 1785 and continued to prosper mightily, living in increasingly handsome style, for a time at No. 61 and then at 94 Bowery Lane. He did not operate the tavern, but devoted his time and attention to the abattoir and stockyards, always assisted by his handsome, frugal, and industrious wife. He repaid her for her efforts by a lifelong devotion and gratitude, by dressing her in silks and satins and gewgaws when he could afford it, and boasting to all and sundry that his Dolly was "de pink of der Powery."

There were other prominent butchers intimately connected with the Bowery—several of the Motts and Pells, and Henry Spingler, who in 1788 bought twenty-two acres of land and a house on the road above the two-mile stone from Elias Brevoort, and became prosperous. His name was commemorated after his death by the Spingler Institute, which later became a hotel, and a portion of his farm is included in the present Union Square.

The butchers of those early days knew a bit about advertising, as is proven by this reading notice in the newspapers of 1796:

Miss Newsham—having for these six months past, been the admiration of all who have beheld her, proposes on Thursday

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next, at Mr. William Post's, in Viney (Winne, or Mott) Street—directly behind the "Bull's Head" in the Bowery, to afford her admirers an opportunity of taking their last survey of her *substantial personal qualities*.

To prevent mistaken notions, the public are respectfully informed that *Miss Newsham* is an English Cow, bred by Mr. Robert Heaton at Newsham in Yorkshire (*England*) and fattened by him at Throg's neck, near Westchester. Her beef will be exhibited (*on Stall No. 41*) in the Fly Market on Saturday next, April 16th, 1796.

A few years later, when a butcher was about to kill an especially fine cow or lot of sheep, he sometimes paraded the animals through the principal streets—Broadway, Greenwich, Grand, and the Bowery—preceded by a band and followed by himself and some of his employees in a wagon with aprons and sleeves on. The procession would stop now and then in front of the homes of the butcher's best customers, to give them an opportunity to order such choice cuts of the animal as they might desire.

The butchers held together as a guild for many years and prided themselves on their patriotism and public spirit. They were an important factor in local and state politics, and their meetings were always held in a Bowery inn. Captain Stake's troop of light dragoons, a crack militia organization of the latter eighteenth century, which dispersed the mob in the Doctors' Riot of 1788 and even went to the Indian wars, was one of two or three companies composed mostly or entirely of butchers. Stake himself was of that profession.

One finds the butchers during a time of stringency in 1805 meeting at J. Raper's Tavern in the Bowery to consider plans for the relief of their impoverished fellow citizens. In 1814, when there was fear of a British invasion, they met at the Upper Bull's Head to organize for assisting, as did other tradespeople, in fortifying and manning Brooklyn Heights, McGowan's Pass, and other places about the city. And when the war was over, when on the evening of February 27, 1815,

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public buildings, hotels, stores, and residences were decorated and illuminated in rejoicing over the peace, the butchers, too, illuminated the markets and dressed their stalls in colors. Thomas Gibbons, a butcher who lived at 213 Bowery, attracted much attention by the illumination of his home and the display in front of it of "a large Transparency representing a FAT OX leading to the slaughter, with the motto, *Peace and Plenty.*"

In 1821 "a numerous and respectable meeting of butchers" at the Bull's Head passed resolutions declaring it inexpedient to support candidates for office who are influenced by party feelings only, and that "when the rights and privileges of the people are at stake, it is time to awake from political lethargy," in all of which we cannot but heartily concur. They frequently met thus, to approve of or denounce a candidate. And now and then we find in the newspapers cards of thanks from volunteer fire companies, to the butchers of a certain neighborhood for refreshments, solid and liquid, supplied during a particularly troublesome fire.

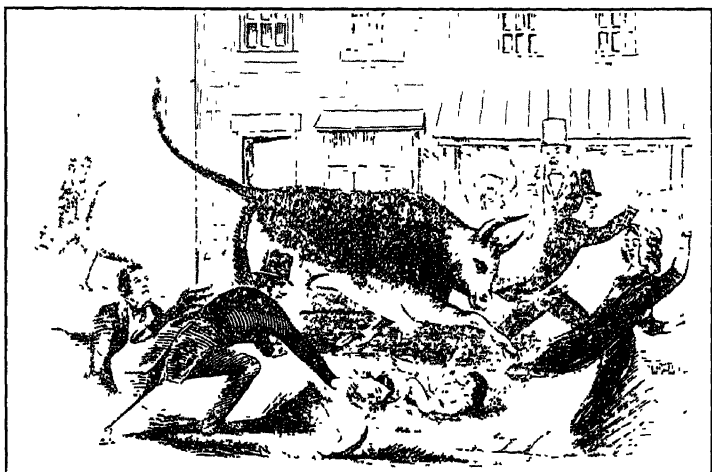
The butchers, of course, had their own particular brand of pride. About 1845 or 1850 it is said that a Yankee bark trading in the South Pacific cast anchor in the circular bay of a palm-crowned atoll, the center of an island group, and was promptly approached by the state canoe of the native king. The monarch, a huge, bearded, chocolate-colored fellow whose face beamed with good nature, clambered aboard and presented himself before the captain.

"Do you speak English?" asked the skipper, as a preliminary to conversation.

At that the great mouth spread to its widest extent as the giant roared, "I kills for Keyser!"

The captain was struck dumb with amazement for a moment. When he had at length recovered his breath, he demanded with scant respect for royalty, "What in tunket are you talkin' about?"

"I kills for Keyser!" bellowed the king once more; and



A CARTOON OF 1851, STRESSING THE DANGER OF
DRIVING CATTLE THROUGH THE STREETS TO THE
EAST SIDE SLAUGHTER HOUSES



Harper's Weekly, New York Public Library

SATURDAY NIGHT ON THE BOWERY

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then again. The skipper could make nothing of it, but a sailor who hailed from New York furnished the explanation. Keyser was a famous Bowery butcher whose employees were proud of their service with him; and it was subsequently learned that one of his men had been shanghaied, had later been cast away on this coral island and had taught the king his pet boast, the only English the monarch ever learned.

The actual killing of cattle was kept off the Bowery itself, but the industry was concentrated mostly in the two or three streets immediately adjoining it on either side. After 1800 slaughter-houses multiplied rapidly on Chrystie and Elizabeth Streets, and there were not a few on Forsyth. In a fire in the abattoir district on Forsyth Street in 1835, sixty-three sheep, a dozen cows and a horse were burned to death. The physical condition of some of these places would have been appalling to a modern sanitarian. Interspersed with the abattoirs were establishments for the reduction of lard, tallow, and soap fats and the making of candles. The result was that cattle were always being herded across or along the Bowery, and many turbulent and disastrous incidents resulted therefrom. In 1844 an old man was badly gored by a frightened steer in Hester Street near the Bowery. That same year another animal being driven along Canal Street ran amok and dashed down Broadway, breaking windows and knocking down porches and sidewalk stands. A boy was trampled under foot, a woman seriously gored and another tossed and her thigh broken before the beast was finally captured. In 1851 an elderly woman was killed near the Bowery.

One of the strangest occurrences was that one in 1846 when a drove of cattle was passing up the Bowery and a bull terrier which was chained on top of a bus leaped to the ground, breaking the light chain in its fall, dashed into the herd and seized a young bull by the nose. The latter, maddened by pain and fright, bolted up the street, bellowing, with head and tail in air and the dog still clinging and most of the time swinging clear of the ground. Now and then the steer

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would try to rid itself of the dreadful incubus by dashing it on the pavement or against trees or posts—but the dog never lost its hold. At Vauxhall Gardens some men stopped the runaway, and when they tried to loosen the dog's grip, found to their amazement that it was dead from the terrible pounding it had received. It had been reared and trained for fighting by one Kelly, a Sixth Ward sport, who, it is said, had refused an offer of two hundred dollars for it—a true champion of the Five Points.

By 1860 the abattoirs were being forced farther uptown and to the shores of the East and Hudson rivers, and a little later the driving of cattle through the streets was forbidden.

The butchers appeared as a body in all the great parades of the period, and these were many; but the most grandiloquent function which they ever staged on their own account was the ball and supper on January 17, 1839, with which they dedicated Center Market, just completed almost on the site of old Bunker Hill, at Centre, Grand, and Mulberry streets—remarkable proof of the rapid march of the city northward. The Mayor, Aldermen, and other distinguished guests were present at this affair, and according to the *Evening Star*

All the ceremonies of reception, ladies' saloons, gentlemen's retiring rooms, etc., etc., were arranged with as much taste and fashion as they could have been at Almack's. . . . Not having time to introduce the coal-gas, the saloon was lit with *spirit-gas*, which burned but dimly, owing to the heat of the rooms.

The dancing to a splendid band, which played all the fashionable airs and waltzes, was kept up with great spirit; the ladies, who were numerous and splendidly dressed, entered fully into the spirit of the scene; but the supper or banqueting rooms, created surprise and admiration. . . . When a thousand persons were seated at the tables, with all the brilliancy of dress and joyous hilarity, the *coup d'œil* was really beautiful. . . .

There were very many handsome ladies present, and the greatest order and decorum were observed. They are a class of rich, substantial citizens, and all have received good educations, with the usual accomplishments. . . .

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The spirit-gas made the ballroom very hot, and the frames of the windows being so swollen that they could not be opened, the glass was knocked out by the president's orders. At midnight, while there were many persons dancing, it was discovered that the floor was settling. The committee of arrangements did not alarm any one, but went down into the market-room and braced the sinking floor with some timbers, and they managed to get through with the evening's festivities without alarm or accident.

The butcher was a good trencherman, a lusty chap whose favorite sport was a bull- or bear-baiting, who gloried in his stamina and often in his fighting qualities; and his sons strove to be worthy of him. It used to be told of John Perrin, Jr., a worthy butcher of a century ago, that when he was only ten years old he could dress a lamb neatly in his father's abattoir near the Bull's Head, place the carcass in a barrow and wheel it the mile or more to the Fly Market. At the other extreme of the list was Jacob Tier (kinsman of Dan Tier, the innkeeper) who at the age of seventy-five, fought half a dozen soldiers who were bullying a poor old wood-sawyer on the Bowery, until a sleigh load of his fellow butchers drove up and not only rescued him but put the soldiers on the casualty list. The "butcher Boys" who drove delivery carts or helped in abattoir and shop were among the earliest of Bowery gangsters. "I'm a butcher boy," one of these braves of 1830 is made to say. "If you don't believe it, smell of me boots. I keeps down on Chrystie Street. There you'll find me, dirty and tough; tougher than a b'iled owl, b'jes'!"

Bill Harrington, Centre Market butcher, politician, Bowery Boy, petty chieftain and semiprofessional pugilist, was a typical slaughterhouse hero. Without any training he fought and signally defeated an English boxer at Philadelphia, while the Bowery and the butchers' guild waited, breathless, to hear of the result. When news of the victory arrived, the American flag was hoisted on all the markets and slaughterhouses, and there was great rejoicing.

CHAPTER X

THE PASSING OF BOWERY VILLAGE

ON the corner of Major Walter Rutherford's residence at Broadway and Vesey Street about 1805 was nailed a signboard with its northern end whittled to a sort of pointing finger, and the legend upon it was, "Road to Albany." Across the street, on old Andrew Hopper's house at the corner of Ann Street, where Barnum's Museum later stood, was another sign which read, "Road to Boston." And for many years after Broadway was opened through to northward, the greater part of the traffic persisted in turning to the right at those signs and pursuing its way over Chatham Street and the Bowery.

"The Broadway and Bowery Road," wrote John Lambert "are the two finest avenues in the city, and nearly of the same width as Oxford Street in London." He erred slightly in his comparison, for the Bowery above Hester Street was 130 feet in width, which was far more than Broadway could claim at any point throughout its length. But other travelers voiced similar opinions. Some, comparing the two, found the broad Bowery, with its rows of Lombardy poplars and its colorful traffic, the handsomer street. It was gayer, perhaps a little more rowdy at times, but its business houses were on the whole just as respectable as Broadway's, and until the middle of the nineteenth century, its claim to be the main north-and-south artery of the city was not seriously disputed. A "Strangers' Guide" of 1825 called Chatham Street "an elegant street in which a great deal of retail business is transacted," and said that taken in conjunction with

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the Bowery, the two formed "one of the most spacious streets in the city."

In 1800 the Bowery presented those same kaleidoscopic contrasts which characterized it for a century afterwards. Prominent citizens lived on it almost cheek-by-jowl with courtesans, groggeries and manufacturing plants. The brothel had been left on the street by the British military occupation, and was not entirely eliminated for many decades afterward. Scandals like that of November, 1797, when Elizabeth Falkenhan, aged twenty-four and of shady reputation, and Ferdinand Loewenstein, aged forty, were found dead by murder and suicide in Miss Falkenhan's house in Bowery Lane, were only semi-occasional, however, and were liable to happen to almost any street in town, so we must not regard such a circumstance with too great opprobrium.

The taint of the cattle and butchering trades and of the slums in the immediate vicinity of the Bowery nevertheless had a tendency to lower the tone of the street somewhat. But in the early years of the nineteenth century it still held its head high and boasted its wealthy and aristocratic residents. It was a little commonwealth in itself, even having its newspaper, the *Bowery Republican*, which began its career in September, 1804, with offices "next door to Mr. Browne's porter house in Bowery Lane" and at 3 Burling Slip. The *Republican* started as a daily, then receded to a biweekly, and, after a brief existence, yielded up the ghost.

But the boisterous spirit which distinguished the Bowery of later days showed its face at times even then, as is proven by an indignant letter which appeared in the newspapers in June, 1807:

Citizens, attend!—A most daring outrage was last evening (Sunday) committed in the Bowery, which imperiously calls for punishment. A little before sunset, when the streets were crowded with pedestrians, enjoying the serenity of the evening, three lawless wretches performed a race on horse-back, beginning at the two-mile stone and ending at the Watch-house. It

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does not appear that any lives were lost, though hundreds were in the most imminent danger. . . .

The advertiser was determined to see that the racers were punished, and asked witnesses to leave information at certain newspaper offices.

As the offenders in question made a short halt before the tavern adjacent to the Watch-house, it is presumed that they must have been known by some of the people at those places. It is not known whether they were ostlers or of that class which stile themselves young *gentlemen*.

Another citizen wrote that the thing had occurred not once but many times, and usually on Sunday; and that the offenders were frequently the sons of wealthy and respectable parents.

The watch-house or police station for the district, it should be explained, was then located on the east side of Chatham Square, at the corner of Catherine Street, where it had been built in 1796. In the center of the Square was a little grass-plot surrounded by a paling fence, which was sometimes called Rutgers Park. A few years later this fence was removed and farmers parked their loads of hay in the Square while waiting for a sale. It was an appropriate place, for there was a horse market on the east side of the Square, where sales of all sorts of draught, driving, and saddle animals, as well as vehicles, were held every Saturday at noon. In 1811, by order of the Council, this market was removed to the ground between Elm, Centre, and Anthony streets.

The policemen of the day—leatherheads, they were ironically called, as much in allusion to their mental equipment as to the caps which they wore—were already beginning to find the East Side something of a handful. The Five Points, for example, was so dangerous a region that they left it largely to its own devices. As early as 1806 there were conflicts ominous of the long and bitter warfare carried on for

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generations thereafter between Protestant and Catholic, between Native American and "Foreigner." On Christmas Eve of that year a mob which the *American Citizen* calls "the Association of Hide-Binders" (highbinders?) went to the Roman Catholic Church on Chatham Street and created a disturbance. They were denizens of the immediate vicinity, for when on the following evening the Irish Catholic Five-Pointers who lived in Augustus Street (City Hall Place) heard that the Hide-Binders were coming to demolish their houses, they sallied forth with clubs and bricks, and a pretty little riot ensued. The watchmen who interfered were powerless, and one of them was killed.

There were trees about Chatham Square then and intermittently along the Bowery, especially its upper portion, which was bordered with stately rows of Lombardy poplars. The citizens farther down the street desired to beautify the thoroughfare, and the law of several years before against tree-planting was now nullified by a new ordinance which granted to any street not less than forty feet wide the right to plant trees under Council supervision. But tree-planting received a serious setback that summer when caterpillars appeared on the Bowery poplars and it was rumored that they were deadly poisonous.

The first report was that a lady's arm, after being touched by a worm which fell from a tree, swelled and gave her great pain. Next the horrified populace heard that a cat, merely smelling at one of the worms, fell over in a swoon. From this the transition was easy to the belief that touch of the insects brought death. The excitement was tremendous; it spread even to Philadelphia and other places where the caterpillars appeared that year. Reams of letters pro and con were written to the newspapers. Fortunately, many people maintained their balance and ridiculed the superstition. One writer quoted a typical rumor repeated to him by an old lady that not only had hundreds of mice, cats, and dogs been stung to death by the worms, but even three men on Long Island

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and several children. The writer described a street scene—a group gathered fearfully around one of the worms on the ground, where a sweep was torturing it with a stick. As he crushed it, a green ooze exuded therefrom, whereupon

An old man with a sharp weasel phiz and a pair of moon spectacles just tottering on the tip of his nose (who was stooping down to survey the ingenious cruelty of the sweep) began to exclaim with upraised eyes and hands, Oh! the poisonous toad!—Oh! the malignant beast!

The writer goes on to picture a scene in the Council chamber which we do not know whether to accept as founded on fact or not. The aldermen, he said, were seated around their table, each with a pewter plate, on which were one or two of the worms, and a skewer with which he poked at the specimens. When one alderman inadvertently smeared his finger with the green "blood" he fell back in his seat with ashen face, crying "I'm a dead man!" His brows were bathed with turtle soup, said the satirist, he drank about half a gallon of the broth, and recovered. Numerous experimenters scratched the skin of dogs, cats, and guinea pigs and "inoculated" them with the juice of the worms, also forcing the poor beasts to swallow specimens; and in nearly all cases solemnly reported that no harm resulted. Nevertheless, several alarmed citizens on the Bowery cut down the poplars in front of their property. It was rumored that the city intended felling them all, but the scare blew over and this was not done; and trees graced the upper reaches of the street for forty years and more thereafter.

The lower Bowery had some thriving business houses early in the century. George Schmelzel opened the street's first dry goods store there shortly after the Revolution and dispensed all the fabrics of the day—lastings, satinets and florintines; shalloons, moreens and sagathies; fustians, jeans, nankeens, velverets and corduroys; gauzes and tiffanies; book, jaconet, striped and tambord muslins; Persians and



BARDS OF THE BOWERY

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER



The Players

BUSINESS MEN OF THE BOWERY

P. T. BARNUM

PETER COOPER

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sarsnets; Russia sheeting and oznabricks; black Barcelona, lawn and silk handkerchiefs; modes by the ell and square. Z. Thayer & Co. at 1 Bowery, were selling calfskin shoes a few years later at from \$2.50 to \$4.50. And there were several bookstores, too, if you please, where you might find the latest novel of Disraeli or Dickens or Ainsworth as soon as it came out, and the very newest copy of *Godey's Lady's Book*. These stores ran circulating libraries, just as their successors do now. Incidentally, there were three businesses started there where the Bowery leaves Chatham Square at that period—Cowperthwait's furniture store (founded 1807), Olliffe's pharmacy (about 1814), and Benedict's jewelry store (1818)—all of which are there yet.

Cheaper transportation had come. Two lines of stages were running from the Bull's Head and thereabouts to Harlem and Manhattanville in 1805 at a quarter fare. In previous years you had to engage an entire vehicle, if you had none of your own, for such trips, and fares were high. In 1794 to go by carriage from the city up the Bowery Road and across to Bellevue (a public resort on the East River, about where a different Bellevue is now) would cost you sixteen shillings or about four dollars. To Yorkville (90th Street and above) and back the fare was one pound four shillings; to Harlem, considered an all-day journey, one pound twelve shillings. By 1825 the rate had been much reduced, and one person might travel a mile for twenty-five cents, or any distance exceeding a mile but within the Lamp and Watch Districts for fifty cents. One or more passengers might now go around the Sandy Hill tour, returning via Broadway, for one dollar; or returning via Greenwich for two dollars.

In amongst the business houses and taverns of the lower Bowery were still a few residences. William Peterson, for example, sachem of the Otter or New Hampshire Tribe of the Tammany Society, one of the surviving veterans of the Revolution and foreman of a volunteer fire company, lived

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at No. 7. When he died there in May, 1811, of exhaustion from his labors in the great Chatham Street fire, in which fifty-three houses were destroyed, there was an imposing funeral procession, perhaps the biggest that the Bowery had seen since De Lancey's. The Tammany and Mechanic societies were out in full regalia, likewise several fire companies, the Veteran Corps and a detachment of artillery. Peterson's widow and aunt died in the same house a week later and were buried on the same day. His engine company, No. 15, was rechristened Peterson in his honor.

The upper Bowery in those days still resembled a country road—unpaved and sandy above Spring Street and studded with comfortable residences usually embowered in trees and shrubbery, and with high front stoops, on which the family sat, enjoying the cool of the evening, while the children trundled hoops or played marbles on the gravel walks. Blackberries and wild roses grew along the course of Bleecker Street. A length of hawthorn hedge, where the Stuyvesant property touched the Bowery, had grown into a row of trees. There were no houses along Grand Street east of the Bowery then—just pasture lands, with cattle grazing among the scrub, and some old Dutch farmhouses dotted about on the hills.

But the city was coming. A street system, such as it was, had been established as far up as North Street, the dividing line between the De Lancey and Stuyvesant properties at the East River (a street whose name enthusiastic New York Democrats changed in 1830 to Houston in honor of Sam Houston, though the old General would turn over in his grave if he could hear the New Yorker of to-day pronouncing it Howston). On April 3, 1807, the further laying out of the city on a rectangular system above North Street was ordered.

Broadway, which intersected the Bowery at Union Square, had been opened through Robert Randall's land in 1801. It was intended to run it straight northward, meeting the Bow-

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ery Road near the present corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street; but when the surveyors reached Hendrik Brevoort's property, just below Randall, they struck a reef. The street would have cut directly through sturdy old Hendrik's house, and the story is that he stood guard with a blunderbuss and drove the surveyors off repeatedly until they agreed to spare his dwelling. To this determination is attributed the westward bend in Broadway just below Grace Church and the fact that Eleventh Street was never opened through from Broadway to the Bowery.

The first Brevoort to reach America came from Holland in 1642. The dwelling which Hendrik fought so hard to save was an odd-looking structure of Dutch brick with a wooden porch, fronting eastward, Mr. Brevoort's address being 492 Bowery. He had a fancy for keeping wild birds and animals at his place, and the curious often drove out from New York to see them. Once he had two deer, at another time a bear chained in his watermelon patch. For a time he even sold tropical birds. He died at his home in August, 1841, at the age of ninety-four. His son Henry, Jr., was one of the dearest friends of Washington Irving.

Petrus Stuyvesant III had already laid out the ancestral property and Bowery Village in a street system which squared with the points of the compass, many of the streets being named for members of his family. But the new city plan obliterated all this, and a section of little diagonal Stuyvesant Street is all that remains of the old system. Petrus died in 1805, but his widow (she had been Margaret Beekman) continued to live at Petersfield for years thereafter. Among the young people whom she had around her were her nephew, Egerton Winthrop and his college friends, Joseph Rodman Drake, the young medico and Drake's inseparable chum, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was now keeping books for Jacob Barker on South Street, but hoping for better things. The two young poets spent many pleasant afternoons and evenings at the Stuyvesant mansion, with its lawns sloping to the East

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River, and often fished at Burnt Mill Point, near the present Tenth Street.

Once when they entered her parlor, Mrs. Stuyvesant exclaimed, "My heart is broken!" "Who is the base deceiver?" asked Halleck. "Ah, it isn't that," she returned, "but the authorities are about to open a street through my garden." That street was First Avenue. But there was balm for the loss of old landmarks, for the estate sold a tract, mostly salt marsh, lying east of the village and north of Houston Street to a company of speculators in 1828 for \$100,000.

When the visitors sat in St. Mark's Church on a Sunday, they had around them Hoffmans, Winthrops, Rapelyes, Harisons, Minthornes, General Horatio Gates, the victor of Saratoga (who lived at his country estate, Rosehill, up the Bowery above Union Square), young Daniel D. Tompkins, the future Governor, John Slidell (father of the man of the Trent affair in the Civil War), and Nicholas Fish, who had married one of Petrus III's daughters and was living in a house surrounded by pretty gardens at 21 Stuyvesant Street. There Lafayette, on his last visit to America, dined and spent the evening of September 10, 1824.

In those early days St. Mark's had plain glass in the windows and was lighted by candles; its walls were of a lemon color, its ceilings and pews white. But thirty years later it had taken on a gayety which seems like a presage of its recent *bizarrerie*. Philip Hone writes in his diary on May 15, 1837:

Catherine and I went yesterday afternoon to St. Mark's Church and heard a sermon from their new pastor, Mr. Anthon. The church has been lately fitted up at a great expense. Such a jumble of imitation marble of all the colours of the Rainbow, plaister curtains and scarlet cornices was never presented to offend the eye of taste or to destroy the sanctity of God's holy temple. The famous Cathedral of Basle in Switzerland offended me in the same way. The bad taste displayed there in the fresco paintings, which seemed to me a sort of desecration of the holy

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spot which contains the ashes of the pious Erasmus, is nothing to this mausoleum of the Stuyvesants; the ornaments are adapted to a suburban Circus, but even then I should doubt if the Horses would not be frightened at such a display of glaring Colours. The interior of the church looks like a huge painter's Pallet; my reverend friend in his black Gown, looked in his pulpit, like a Crow perched in the midst of a bed of Tulips, and his eloquent words of "truth and soberness" were mocked by the frippery of the place in which they were uttered. *Mais ce n'est pas mon affaire.*

When Second Avenue and the cross streets were opened, they cut through St. Mark's Cemetery and sheared off the portion where lay some of the old Stuyvesant slaves. Petrus III had specified in the deed of gift of the land that they and their descendants must be permitted burial there "without any mortuaries, burial or other ecclesiastical duties whatsoever." So there lay Old Jonno, Mammy Isabel, Daddy Dick, Mammy Dinah, Mammy Sarah, Bosney John and many others whose work-worn hands had toiled to make life easy for master and mistress.

The portion of the cemetery containing the bodies of these slaves and some unimportant persons gradually became smaller and smaller as the city grew, and finally the last fragment of it vanished less than twenty years ago. Only the triangle immediately surrounding the church, bounded by Stuyvesant, Second Avenue, and Eleventh Street, remains; but therein are vaults marked with the names of many famous old New York families—Winthrop, Wotherspoon, Anthon, Pinckney, Minthorne, Van Beuren, Gebhard, Goelet, Schermerhorn, Iselin, Vandenheuvel, Fish, Livingston, Lorillard, Ingersoll, Tompkins, and others. There is buried Matilda Hoffman, the youthful sweetheart of Washington Irving, for whose sake he remained a bachelor all his life. There A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, was buried and therefrom his body was stolen in 1878 and held for ransom.

In 1807 it was reported that St. Mark's communicants

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were from 60 to 70 in number during the winter, and 120 to 200 in summer; which proves that the village was still a summer resort for city folk. It was still a refuge during yellow fever epidemics, too. On the east side of the Bowery Road, near Tenth Street, the Manhattan Company erected about 1807 a small building to be used as a branch, to accommodate their customers "in case sickness should cause the inhabitants to quit the lower wards of the city." Wooden buildings were even erected by the city along the road above Union Square to take care of some of the poorer refugees during the distemper of 1804-5. Bellevue was likewise acquired by the city and now began to be used as a hospital at such times. During the fever of 1822 the police headquarters moved no farther north than Grand and Mulberry; but a grocer established a branch "on Bowery Hill" (lower end of Union Square) and a dry goods store moved "to the point of the Bowery and Third Avenue."

It was rather a pity that Bowery Village could not have been preserved for a while in its original form. It had a character of its own and all the organisms of an independent community. There was a village square with a town pump, and down at Sixth Street and the Bowery, which was the market place, there was another pump. There at Cooper Square was a tavern or oyster house where the postrider left all the mail for the village. It was kept in an open box, and any loungeur who entered might (and usually did) thumb over the letters and speculate as to their contents.

Almost on the site of the little triangular Cooper Park was a wagon scale, where all Westchester brought its hay to be weighed. Sometimes there might be twenty or thirty loads awaiting their turn there. Gilbert Coutant was weighmaster for many years. This being just outside the city limits, farmers could sell their products here without paying any market tax. So on Saturday evenings many wagons laden with vegetables, fruits and fowls would take their stand between Sixth and Seventh streets, and not only villagers but

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people from the city would come out to buy. Shortly after 1800 some of the neighbors decided that the wooden-handled pump at Sixth Street was ramshackle and antiquated, and after long and bitter discussion a new one with an iron handle was provided. One man was so vexed by the innovation that he forbade his family's getting water at the pump, and they had to go several blocks to the other well in the square.¹

The village even had its windmill—standing at about Tenth Street and Third Avenue, and about 1810 employed by Dr. Sandford of Greenwich, Connecticut, in grinding Peruvian bark for the manufacture of quinine. It might be mentioned that there was another windmill on Rivington Street east of the Bowery which burned in 1826.

It has been said that there was never a church on the Bowery. It is true that there has never been a church edifice abutting directly on the street. The so-called Bowery Presbyterian Church, built in 1822, was in reality on Elizabeth Street. But there have been two or three instances which slightly mitigate the charge that the Bowery has never had religion. In March, 1833, Octavius Winslow, a Baptist licentiate, began preaching in Military Hall, on the Bowery opposite Spring Street, and soon after, a church of twenty members was organized there. After a year's occupancy of the hall, the congregation moved to Broadway. Thirty-five persons organized the Fourth Free Presbyterian Church in 1834 in a hall at Bowery and Hester Street. A few months later they moved to Military Hall, and a little later bought and remodeled an old brewery on Catherine Street for their meetinghouse.

In the latter eighteenth century Henry Coutant, a Huguenot descendant, moved with his wife and sons from New Rochelle to Bowery Village, and opened a grocery store opposite the site of Cooper Institute. The family all lived near by. Mrs. John Coutant, wife of one of the sons, was con-

¹ A. A. Rikeman, *The Evolution of Stuyvesant Village*.

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verted to Methodism, as were three of her neighbors. They organized a class, meeting in an upper room of Mrs. Coutant's home, and as years went by, other Coutants and neighbors joined them. The class, now too large for the little upper room, met for several years in the carefully sanded parlor of Gilbert Coutant's cottage between Seventh and Eighth. Then it became too large even for that, and was moved into the "Academy" or "Two-Mile-Stone Schoolhouse," a small, two-story structure with a belfry which had just been erected on the imaginary Nicholas William Street, near the present Eighth Street. It was there on one occasion that a blasphemer who had gone to the church with a fixed purpose to disturb the meeting became the involuntary hero of a curious episode. Thus quoth an old history of the church:

Rev. Dr. Phebus was preaching from the text, "Praise ye the Lord," and himself became so overpowered with the divine presence, that he fell back in the pulpit as one dead, and simultaneously, many of the congregation were similarly affected; but the most conspicuous of them was the wicked scoffer who had come there bent on mischief. With a most unearthly cry for "mercy" he fell smitten to the floor, and continuing in an insensible state for some hours, he was at length borne in the arms of four strong men . . . to his home in the city where—when his wife, who was waiting, as she was accustomed to, to receive him from his midnight carousals, saw him thus borne to his home, gave one wild shriek and then fell insensible on the dead body of her husband. . . .

The man did not recover all night; but

As daylight dawned in the morning, while they were singing some hymn of praise, the new man opened his eyes on a new world, and employed his new tongue in shouting aloud the praises of God.

In 1818 the old John Street Church was torn down and its timbers reërected on Seventh Street as the Bowery Vil-

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lage Methodist Church. This soon served its turn, and a new edifice was built for the congregation on the south side of Seventh Street in 1836; but when the foreign tide of the East Side finally engulfed Bowery Village, the Methodists departed, and for years past the diagonal Greek cross has surmounted the cupola of the old church, and none save a Slavic tongue has been heard within its walls.

For several years the superintendent of this church's Sunday school was a tall, brown-eyed, auburn-haired young man named Peter Cooper—who, after trying his hand at selling machinery and cabinet-making—and doing pretty well at both—had bought a small grocery business in 1816 just above the intersection of the Bowery and the newly surveyed Third Avenue. His purchase included a twenty-years' lease of six lots and two houses on the ground where the Bible House now stands. He lived in one of the cottages, and a jolly, smoothly running household it must have been, what with devices such as the one he invented to rock the baby's cradle, keep off the flies and play a music-box for the infant's entertainment. Of the two babies cradled there, the son, Edward, was later Mayor of New York, and the daughter became the wife of another Mayor, Abram S. Hewitt.

Mr. Cooper sold the grocery business at the end of three years, having in the meantime taken over a glue factory farther uptown. He built four more dwellings on the vacant lots, but in 1820 moved his own house bodily up to Fourth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. He had bought the land in the fork of Third Avenue and the Bowery, however, and never relinquished it; and to-day Cooper Institute stands there, a monument to his love for his fellow men.

For several winters the teacher in the "Academy" was young Mr. Badeau, son of Dr. N. W. Badeau, the druggist, whose store was some time at 260 Bowery and again at Seventh and Bowery. Upstairs over the latter place was born his grandson, Adam, later General Badeau of Grant's

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staff, author and diplomat, best known for his biography of General Grant.

It was doubtless due to its fatherhood by Peter Gerardus Stuyvesant that the New York Historical Society throughout the nineteenth century had its home in Bowery Village, at the corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street. The village enjoyed at times other distinctions not quite so enviable; as when in 1824 John Johnson was hung "in the old Stuyvesant fields," just north of the hamlet, for the murder of a man who had stopped overnight with him. For some reason the execution was made a spectacular holiday. The condemned man, dressed in black-trimmed white garb and seated on his coffin, was borne in a wagon from the Bridewell, back of the City Hall, uptown, followed by an admiring crowd, to an open space at about Second Avenue and Thirteenth Street, where he met his doom on the gallows in the presence of an assemblage estimated by a goggle-eyed reporter at 50,000 persons.

CHAPTER XI

THE RISE OF THE GANGS

IN 1815-20, though the survey under the new city plan had already proceeded for miles up the island beyond Union Square, portions of the upper Bowery below that point were still bucolic. St. Patrick's Cathedral at Mulberry, Mott, and Prince streets, completed in 1815, was considered to be located absurdly far out of town, though the tide of settlement was already beginning to flow around it. But as late as 1824 a house "on Bowery Hill, opposite the junction of Broadway and the Bowery," was advertised as a country home. And in 1828 the condition in which Broadway had been left after its opening just below Union Square brought forth the following satirical squib in the newspapers:

To the Hon. the Corporation of the city of New York—The Frogs would respectfully beg leave to present their sincere thanks to the Hon. the Corporation for the very extensive and commodious pools which they have created for their use in the vicinity of Bowery Hill; and inform them and the citizens generally that nightly concerts take place, at which several thousands of the "profession" are engaged.

Another jeering letter described "Lake Pedro at Bowery Hill" as having been created by the Hon. Corporation for the convenience of the frogs, turtles, etc., and asked for "sealed proposals for the monopoly of this fishery at the forks of the roads."

Among the citizens of the Bowery in those early decades of the century was young Dr. Joseph Rodman Drake, just graduated from medical college, who, all in the year 1816,

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wrote his greatest poem, *The Culprit Fay*, married the daughter of Henry Eckford, a well-to-do shipbuilder (his chum, Fitz Halleck, acting as best man) and opened a pharmacy at 121 Bowery, just above Hester. There in his little office just back of the shop, Halleck and other friends frequently sat with him, smoking, discussing literature, and reading their poems to each other. There that series of satirical poems, *The Croakers*, was planned and partly written by the two friends.

In 1819 Drake moved his business down to 34 Park Row (as the lower end of Chatham Street was now beginning to be called), where he was in partnership with a man named Langstaff. But his brilliant young life was already drawing to a close. Tuberculosis laid hold of him a few months later and he quickly withered away. On September 21, 1820, Halleck sat weeping by his bedside as he passed into the land of shadows. "There will be less sunshine for me, now that Joe is gone," said he. And when his friend was laid in that tiny cemetery which is still strangely spared up among the apartment houses of the Bronx, Halleck wrote for his gravestone that beautiful lament which is so often quoted:

Green grow the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days.
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Around Drake's pharmacy on the Bowery and for several decades thereafter were the homes of many excellent citizens. Mr. Englehardt, a prominent Revolutionary veteran, lived between Hester and Pump (Canal) streets. Cisco, a grocer and Democratic chieftain, had his home and business at the corner of Pump Street, and Henry Harbeck, importer, lived on the corner of Hester. Near by were the homes of Mr. Pell, a wealthy retired butcher, also one of the remaining De Lanceys. At 71 Bowery Stephen Allen, a sailmaker and Mayor of the city, 1821-24, lived until after 1830. Opposite

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Bond Street was the handsome residence of Andrew Morris.

In 1802, when John Munro, a merchant, died, friends were invited to attend his burial "at the Bowery Common." This was just above Houston Street, where there were several denominational burying grounds—those of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Dutch Reformed, and Friends. The dead were removed from the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Dutch grounds in the 1840's. The Baptist and Quaker cemeteries survived until very recent years.

These burying grounds were partly on the former Minthorne estate. Philip Minthorne's farm of about 110 acres was roughly in the form of a truncated wedge, with the small end resting on the east side of the Bowery. By his will it was cut into nine strips (resembling the sticks of a lady's fan) for his four sons and five daughters, so that each might have a small frontage on the Bowery and each might have a nearly equal share of good land and the marsh land which lay around the present Tompkins Square. The beribboned tract was known as "The Nine Partners," and evidences of it may be seen yet. If you will explore that odd little *cul-de-sac* called Extra Place which for no particular reason turns off First Street just east of the Bowery, you will find it cut off at the end by a diagonal line which continues for some distance through the block. This is one of the boundary lines in the old fan-shaped plat of the Minthorne land.

Of all the heirs of Philip, the best known and most prosperous was Mangle Minthorne, who lived at 327 Bowery (almost on the site of the present Dry Dock Savings Bank building) and had a shop in Batteau (Dey) Street. He was a captain in the Second New York patriotic militia at the beginning of the Revolution; but his command was taken from him about the first of June, 1776, when he was denounced for violating the Congressional resolution against the sale of tea and was declared "an enemy to the American cause and ought to be forbid all trade and intercourse."

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Congress, after an investigation, however, decided that he had acted "through ignorance and inattention," and voted that he be restored to his militia command and to the favor and protection of his fellow citizens.

Minthorne did not choose to pursue his military career further, but remained in New York during the British occupation, keeping his shop and occasionally advertising "Garden Pease in any quantity, at his Farm near the Two-Mile Stone," or some other product. When he died in 1824, the feeling against him of half a century ago was so completely forgotten that he was spoken of as one of the few surviving patriots of the Revolution. One of his daughters married Daniel D. Tompkins, who was Governor of New York from 1807 to 1817, and Vice President under Monroe from 1817 to 1825, and who lived in a fine, three-story brick mansion with marble mantels and much handsome woodwork at 349 Bowery, nearly opposite Great Jones Street. The Governor's son, a roistering blade whose name, Mangle Minthorne Tompkins, one would expect to be a serious political detriment to him, was nevertheless an idol of the Bowery Locofoco Democrats, and was elected to the State Senate in 1839 over the scholarly Philip Hone.

Mingled with these residences along the Bowery were businesses of many sorts, as one discovers from the newspaper reports of fires in the district. One conflagration in 1817 between Prince and Spring Street, which burned through from the Bowery to Elizabeth Street, consumed Mounsey's brewery, Dixon's distillery, Shonnard's chocolate factory and Morris's house for melting or trying tallow.

There were boarding houses on the Bowery, too. A writer in the *Mirror* in 1829 says:

An indefinite number of years ago I boarded in the Bowery. The accommodations were in those days looked upon as something superior to the common; it being an established rule of the house for not more than six gentlemen to sleep in one room, which to me, a stranger to the customs of New York, appeared

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in hot summer nights, to be a sufficiency. The boarders were principally young men, mostly clerks in dry goods stores.

Stephen Allen says in his memoirs that in 1816-17 through political mismanagement, the Bowery, "one of the most public avenues in the city, was in a wretched state, more than two-thirds of it unpaved, and that part which had been paved so worn as to make traveling over it dangerous." By "paving" he means gravel or macadam, for no real paving was done on the street until several years later. In the muddy stretches hogs were joyously rooting, winnowing the garbage which was still thrown about, despite the ordinance against it, or dozing blissfully in the soupy gutters. Now and then, when they started a "wallow" in front of a residence, servants sallied forth and threw hot water on them to drive them away. An anonymous satire of that year was founded upon an actual occurrence:

In a City far famed
Which must not be named,
A City most wise & most fine,
There is to be seen
A sight the most clean,
The streets all alive with the swine. . . .

They tell a sad story
Most dolefully gory
About a poor Lady in town,
Who was modestly walking,
Not gazing or talking,
When a monstrous great Pig threw her down.

It was frequently urged that the hogs be banished, but there were many who argued that in a city which was not kept clean by its human inhabitants, the hogs were invaluable as scavengers; and the suggestion of eliminating them inevitably brought a cry of oppression of the poor from the tenement districts. The Irish were particularly outraged at

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the threat to the traditional family pig upon which they had always depended for their winter's meat. A half-hearted attempt was made in 1830 to clear the streets of swine, and after warning the owners, carts were sent around to pick them up and impound them. In Houston Street just east of the Bowery a crowd which rapidly swelled to several hundreds, seized and upset one of the carts, released the hogs, and beat the drivers severely. Politicians then succeeded in squelching the matter for another thirty years or more.

Now and then on the graveled part of the street you might see between 1810 and 1820 one of the first velocipedes—merely two wheels near the size of those of the bicycle of to-day, with a connecting bar on which the rider sat and propelled himself by pushing with his feet against the ground. Chatham Street was a favorite course for velocipedes, because the hills descending into the Fresh Water valley enabled one to lift one's feet from the ground and coast exhilaratingly.

City omnibuses were now dashing to and fro, going to Harlem, Manhattanville, and other outlying villages, and daily Colonel Reeside's crack Boston Mail coach would come tooling in or start out on its long two or three days' journey to the New England metropolis. On pleasant afternoons, folk with time on their hands liked to walk up to the hay scales at Sixth Street to see the Boston Mail make its final spectacular dash down Third Avenue into the Bowery, with the guard winding his horn, whip cracking like pistol shot, horses at the gallop, harness jingling and wheels clattering gloriously. The last milestone at Rivington Street called for another merry flourish of the horn, and passengers brightened at the thought of the comforts of home or the City Hotel so close at hand.

Parades—and there were many—never failed to include the Bowery in their itinerary. There was the reception to Lafayette in 1824, the grand procession in celebration of the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825—the biggest thing of the kind that New York had ever seen—and many others.

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And there were advertising stunts, too—as when a butcher paraded a fine cow, or when “Mockasin” Jackson, hair mattress maker in the early twenties, sent an exhibit of mattresses through the streets in eight carts preceded by a band.

Peddlers and itinerant workmen thronged the streets. A man with horse and cart and tinkling bell (such as “Potpie” Palmer, a Negro, in the Bowery district) came around to collect your garbage—and expected a tip. He usually kept hogs to whom he fed everything that was edible among the refuse; the rest he dumped into the river. The little Negroes with broom and scraper still walked the streets, plaintively crying, “Sweep-ho!” “Pots and pans! Mend your pots and pans!” bawled a tinker, with kit of tools on shoulder, charcoal furnace and tin pan in one hand, beating upon the latter as he trudged along. Wild pigeons were peddled from wagons at a few cents per dozen. The blast of a tin horn was followed by “Fresh sha-a-d! Fresh sha-a-d!” or by “Clams! My clams I want to sell to-day; the best of clams from Rockaway.” That famous beach was supposed to furnish the choicest of the sand which was still used underfoot in restaurants and barrooms, and was regarded by some housewives as indispensable for kitchen floors. “Here’s white sand!” announced the peddler. “Choice sand! Here’s your lily-white sand! Here’s your Rockaway Beach sa-a-nd!”

“Here’s milk, ho!” is the call of the milkman, either peddling or delivering at the doors of his regular customers. He may come only from the outskirts of the city, or from Harlem or Long Island; and his milk is in big metal cans of twelve gallons or more capacity, somewhat like those of to-day. A black man pushing a little cart cries, “Buttermilk!” and sells it at from three to ten cents the quart, according to the times. Cooper, in *Satanstoe*, tells of how the Negro buttermilk vendor in New York before the Revolution cried his drink facetiously as “White wine.”

“Here’s cat-tails! Cat-tails to make beds!” shouted one

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who sold the silken fluff of cat-tails from the Jersey marshes for stuffing pillows and mattresses. In springtime Negroes also came around with bundles of straw for mattress filling. "Here's your beauties of onions! Here's your nice, large onions, right from Wethersfield!" called another who might sell them to you as low as fifty for a nickel. "Tea rusk! Tea rusk!" brought housewives to their doors about 3 or 4 P.M. to buy these tasty accompaniments to afternoon tea; and "Hot muffins!" a little later on, were purchased for supper.

It was at night, when candles and whale-oil lamps made what the street then considered a brilliant illumination, that the lower Bowery, about 1825-30, began to give promise of what it was to be in future years; the sidewalks thronged with pleasure-seekers, among them sailors with rolling gait, lusty, sleek-haired young butchers, mechanics, flashy girls, and bully boys from the Five Points; the clink of glasses in the taverns and porter houses punctuating arguments over "free trade," "seamen's rights" (with many a curse for England), "foreigners" and "native Americans" (with now and then a fight); the scrape of fiddles in the dance halls off Chatham Square and around the Five Points leading thick-shod, thudding feet through the simple mazes of old square dances—Money Musk, Hob or Nob, Favorite or Fancy, Irish Washerwoman, Maid of the Mill, Priest of the Parish, Ricket's Hornpipe, Country Frolic, Battle of Culloden, Apollo Turned Shepherd, Croppies Lie Down, and Mrs. Charter's Reel. Here at one street corner is a "panclean band" (predecessor of the little German band), hopefully performing, willing to accept even pennies as their honoraria; one or two French horns, a bass drum, and for a leading instrument a set of Paris reeds or Pan's pipes, seven or eight in number, in a row, so that the player must jerk head and instrument grotesquely this way and that as he tootles, and simplicity of composition is essential—no eighth notes permissible, and even quarters are a menace. One of these bands played,



"Harper's Weekly," New York Public Library

ICE CREAM AND APPLE VENDORS IN THE BOWERY

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however, at the laying of the cornerstone of Tammany Hall in 1810.

At another corner, clad in black velvet coat and small-clothes, standing in a green wagon with pictures of scale-beams painted on its sides and back, the flickering light of a pine torch emphasizing the deep lines in his owlish, big-spectacled countenance, Johnny Edwards, scale-maker and fanatic, is preaching an evangelical sermon to the mob or perhaps a political harangue—for he has opinions on every subject and vends them either from the cart tail or through the newspapers.

At night the street cries are all of tasty edibles—fresh strawberries, “Oysters! Here’s your brave, good oysters!” steaming hot yams served by Negro mammies from charcoal fires, baked pears which you picked up by the stem from a pan or crock of thick syrup and ate standing; and finally and most popular of all, hot corn on the cob. For at least a hundred years hot corn was a favorite street lunch, and towards the close of the nineteenth century was especially characteristic of the Bowery. It was carried about, usually in cedar pails full of hot water, either by Negro or white women or girls. One Negro woman who sold in the evening at the corner of Hester Street and the Bowery had a chant:

Hot corn! Hot corn!
Some for a penny and some for two cents.
Corn cost money and fire expense;
Here’s your lily-white hot corn!

Among the most pathetic figures of the ante-bellum period were the white girls who vended hot corn. Married or single, they were always poor, dwellers in the slums. They appeared on the Bowery and other busy streets at dusk, garbed in calico dress and plaid shawl and—save in the worst of winter—barefoot; and until the small hours of the morning they threaded the street crowds, even entered the bars and dance

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halls with their plaintive cry or sometimes a song, a specimen of which ran something like this :

Hot corn! Hot corn!
Here's your lily-white corn.
All you that's got money
Poor me that's got none—
Buy my lily-white corn
And let me go home.

The earnings of the prettier girls were considerable, and naturally, they had difficulty in preserving their virtue—if they had any to start with. Many a loafer in the slums lived on the hot corn earnings of his wife, mistress, or daughter. Some of the more jealous of the husbands or lovers sent their women out to sell corn and followed close behind them with clubs and brickbats to use on the bloods who dared to flirt with them. The first hanging in the Tombs was done to avenge the murder of a hot corn girl known to the Bowery and Five Points for her beauty. Edward Coleman, a Five Points rowdy, won her love after many fights with rivals, and married her. But a year or two later, in a drunken fury, he murdered her, and paid the penalty in the Tombs in January, 1839, soon after its completion.

There were many influences, industrial and sociological, products of the vicinity of the Bowery rather than of the street itself, which tended to drag it down. Its atmosphere in those days had a flavor, not only of cattle and meat and tallow, but of tar and cordage and salt water. For more than a century its grogshops and dance halls were a favorite playground for sailors—and Jack has never been over-particular as to his playmates—which caused its frame to be carried to the uttermost corners of the earth. Cordage, sails, and nautical supplies were made and ships were built in its vicinity. There was a ropewalk (cordage factory) on the line of Division Street adjoining the Bowery as early as 1763. An-

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other, Ives's, was "at the left-hand turn above the Tea-Water Pump (i.e., along Mulberry, just off Chatham Street) in 1789, when it advertised "cables and cordage of all sorts, made of the best Petersburg hemp." A little later, another cordage plant and some tar factories were located around Bunker Hill; and about 1815 there was a ropewalk at Stanton and Arundel streets, and from five to seven more on the Stuyvesant land just above North (Houston) Street, some of them well over towards East River, where a considerable shipbuilding industry was now springing up. There was a pretty little strand there called Dandy Beach, which had been a popular bathing resort and baptizing place; but the shipbuilding industry now overwhelmed it, and that came to be known as the Dry Dock neighborhood, a name which clings to it yet.

In 1824 the first ship railway, by which vessels might be hauled bodily out of the water, was built there. Among the yards in that vicinity were those of Adam and Noah Brown, who built several vessels for the War of 1812, including the sloop-of-war *Peacock*, "the largest vessel of her denomination on the ocean," which they constructed from the keel up and launched in ninety days. Bergh & Eckford—the latter Drake's father-in-law—built several of Commodore Perry's vessels. James R. and George Steers were the builders of the yacht *America*, winner in 1851 of that cup which Sir Thomas Lipton so covets to-day.

A number of these famous shipbuilders lived on the lower East Side—Henry Bergh on Scammel Street, John Dimon at Columbia and Rivington, William H. Webb—to whom John Mackay, the silver king, was apprenticed in his youth—on Henry Street, Stephen Smith and Jacob Westervelt on East Broadway. In that district, also, beside Colonel Rutgers and Colonel Marinus Willett, were Judge Ogilvie, the last New York slaveholder, whose mansion and big surrounding yard occupied the block between Sheriff, Delancey, Columbia, and Rivington streets, also De Witt Clinton, John Leveridge,

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General Robert Bogardus and others. "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt, the rising steamboat magnate, and his family lived in the district in the thirties, too; first at 134 Madison Street and then at 173 East Broadway; but they were not yet regarded as desirable social acquisitions. If you will stroll through those streets, you may still find a few ancient, dormer-windowed dwelling houses which date back to that age. Three fine old stone churches along Henry Street are souvenirs of those palmy days of the lower East Side—the Rutgers Presbyterian (now Catholic), Colonel Rutgers' Dutch Reformed (built in 1819 and now a mission), and All Saints' Episcopal Church, dedicated in 1828 and to-day left desolate, an empty shell in a sea of Jewry and foreign tongues. Only a handful of the faithful, about half white and half black, assemble at the Sunday services in the quaint old fane of All Saints', and the Congregation Homler Zecoinin or any one of twenty others like it along Henry Street is far more prosperous.

Yes, the Tenth Ward, which began at the Bowery and extended to the East River, was a desirable residence district then, and had the reputation of being populated by a set of sturdy citizens who did their own thinking. Drake and Halleck in *The Croakers*, about 1818, thus apostrophized Captain Seaman Weeks, chairman of the Tenth Ward Independent Electors:

Captain Weeks, your right hand—though I never have seen it,
I shake it on paper full ten times a day.

I love your tenth ward, and I wish I lived in it.

Do you know any house there to let against May?

I don't mind what the rent is, so long as I get off

From these party-mad beings, these tongues without heads.
I'm ashamed to be seen, sir, among such a set of Clintonians,
Tammanies, Coodies and Feds!

But that pleasant and genteel neighborhood even then was not far removed from degradation. Hear what the *Commer-*

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cial Advertiser says of Bancker (Madison) Street in 1820, and remember that it was only two blocks from Cherry Street, where John Leveridge, General Bogardus, and other excellent citizens lived:

One block of this street (from Catherine to Market Street) transcends any other spot of equal dimensions in the United States in the deplorable character of seven-tenths of its inhabitants; a motley mixture of whites, yellows and blacks from all ends of the earth; filthy vagrants, thieves, common prostitutes and robbers. Of fifty houses fronting on this block, thirty-five are grog shops, the proprietors of which are, with few exceptions, purchasers of stolen goods.

Harman Street, named for old Harmanus Rutgers, became so notorious about this time that the Rutgerses' friends and neighbors succeeded in having its name changed to East Broadway. And remember that to every one of these thoroughfares as well as to the Five Points, the Bowery was Main Street.

In 1823 the Five Points was still called by some writers "The Collect." It was already notorious for "riots, dram drinking," prostitution, and filth, and was being called New York's Alsatia because it was the lair of so many thieves. A woodcut of 1827 shows it in a typical state of turmoil. There was grim significance in the building of the Tombs in the thirties only a few steps away on Center Street, over the very spot where once the pure waters of the pond danced and glinted in the sunlight, for the Five Points furnished a goodly share of the tenants of the prison and of the ghastly fruit which dangled from its gallows-bough.

A fetid court or alleyway of the Five Points was called Cow Bay, because it lay approximately where there was once a little inlet of the pond by that name, with sweet-breathed cattle grazing placidly in the meadow on its shore. But the Cow Bay of after years was a *cul-de-sac* perhaps thirty feet wide at the mouth and a hundred feet deep, shut in by crazy

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wooden tenements from one to five stories tall. Solon Robinson, in his book, *Hot Corn*, published in 1854, says :

If you would see Cow Bay, saturate your handkerchief with camphor, so that you can endure the horrid stench, and enter. Grope your way through the long, narrow passage—turn to the right up the dark and dangerous stairs; be careful where you place your foot around the lower step, or in the corners of the broad stairs, for it is more than shoe-mouth deep in steaming filth. Be careful, too, or you may meet someone, perhaps a man, perhaps a woman, who in their drunken frenzy may thrust you, for very hatred of your better clothes, or the fear that you have come to rescue them from their crazy loved dens of death, down, headlong down those filthy stairs. . . .

One of these Cow Bay tenements, whose upper stories were reached only by a steep, rickety outside flight of stairs, was known as Jacob's Ladder. Another, in general allusion to the favorite missile of the district, was Brickbat Mansion. The nickname of a third, the Gates of Hell, was a taste of the slum's bitter satire upon itself.

The streets, as well as the buildings, had cant names. Anthony Street, from Collect to the Five Points, was Cat Hollow. Little Water Street, being the filthiest and most vicious in the district, was often called Dandy Lane. A large room in the Old Brewery building was known as the Den of the Forty Thieves, which became a misnomer when it finally accommodated seventy-five persons of all ages and both sexes, with no furniture nor sanitary conveniences. Prostitution, incest, and promiscuity were carried on in that room, as in most other places in the neighborhood. The narrow passage, in some places only three feet wide, which encircled the Old Brewery and led to this room, was appropriately called Murderers' Alley.

The brewery building, erected by one Coulter in 1792 near the shore of the Collect and later standing at the very street intersection which gave the Five Points its name, was for

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half a century undoubtedly the worst tenement in America. At any time between 1840 and 1850 it housed near a thousand persons, of whom nearly all were either Irish or Negroes. The basement rooms were occupied mostly by Negroes, some of whom had white wives. It is asserted that children born in these rooms sometimes passed months and years without tasting the outer air, for it was as dangerous for a tenant of the Old Bowery to leave his room as it was for an outsider to venture into it. Investigators in the early fifties found in one cellar room about fifteen feet square, twenty-six persons living in indescribable squalor; and at the time of the survey, not one of them had been outside the room for a week. Once when a little girl was stabbed to death in that room, the body lay for five days before it was finally buried by the mother in a shallow grave which she had dug in the floor. It was estimated that for almost fifteen years the Old Brewery averaged a murder a night, and Cow Bay almost as many. Few of the slayers were ever apprehended, for the police, either singly or in squad, dared not enter either of those places.

Not all of the Five Points was as bad as these two plague spots, but most of it was little better. Persons familiar with both New York and London were of opinion that the district was a more hideous slum than either Whitechapel or Seven Dials. Said Dickens in 1842:

Such lives as are led here, bear the same fruit here as elsewhere. The coarse and bloated faces at the doors have counterparts at home and all the world over. Debauchery has made the very houses prematurely old. See how the rotten beams are tumbling down, and how the patched and broken windows seem to scowl dimly, like eyes that have been hurt in drunken frays. Many of these pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright, instead of going on all-fours, and why they talk instead of grunting? . . .

Open the door of one of these cramped hutches full of sleeping Negroes. Bah! They have a charcoal fire within, there is

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a smell of singeing clothes or flesh, so close they gather round the brazier; and vapours issue forth that blind and suffocate. From every corner, as you glance about you in these dark streets, some figure crawls half-awakened, as if the judgment hour were at hand, and every obscure grave were giving up its dead. Where dogs would howl to lie, men and women and boys slink off to sleep, forcing the dislodged rats to move away in quest of better lodgings. Here, too, are lanes and alleys paved with mud knee-deep; underground chambers where they dance and game; the walls bedecked with rough designs of ships, of forts, and flags, and American Eagles out of number; ruined houses, open to the streets, whence through wide gaps in the walls other ruins loom upon the eye, as though the world of vice and misery had nothing else to show; hideous tenements which take their names from robbery and murder; all that is loathsome, drooping and decayed is here.

From such places as these went forth the most of the beggars, thieves, chimney sweeps, the peddlers of hot corn, baked pears and hot yams, the flower girls who became harlots sometimes at the age of eleven or twelve, the children, often little girls of eight or nine, who hurried before you with brooms at a street crossing, sweeping aside the mud and offal and hoping for a penny as their reward.

This touch of description of a district which did not include the Bowery, but was almost within a stone's throw of its southern end, is necessary to show why that unfortunate thoroughfare became a bit cankered with disorder and infamy. As an ulcer sends its poison into the tissues surrounding it, so did the Five Points and Bancker and Harman and other near-by rookeries impregnate the adjacent territory, and especially the Bowery, because it was their great business center.

The lower Bowery was by 1830 becoming the scene of frequent disorders at such festive times as Christmas, New Year, Fourth of July, and political campaign years. New Year's Eve was a special occasion for drunkenness and the

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stealing of signs, as in later years was Halloween. The police stations in the early days of January were always cluttered with "Boarding House," "Shoemaker," "Millinery" and other signs picked up in unwonted places and awaiting the call of their owners.

On New Year's Eve, 1829-30, a crowd gathered in the Bowery between eight and nine and made the air hideous with drums, horns, rattles, whistles, tin pans, and other noise-makers. They pelted a red-fronted grogshop with balls of lime and flour until they changed its color to white. Then their ribald fancy was attracted to a "Pennsylvania wagon" (Conestoga?) which was near at hand. They attached a rope several rods long to it and started down Hester Street, with some of the mob pulling and others riding. The watch set upon them and captured several, but the mob rallied, beat up the watchmen and rescued their comrades. They turned down to Chatham, receiving reënforcements at every block and zigzagged through Pearl, Cortlandt, and Broadway, making a great uproar and demolishing boxes and barrels as they went, reaching South Ferry, between one and two A.M. The mob was now estimated to number four thousand. They tried to break down the iron fence at the Battery, but failed, and so contented themselves with upsetting vehicles and breaking windows in the buildings overlooking the water. Then they surged up Broadway to the City Hotel, where the sounds of music and revelry halted them, and they blocked the street so that the ball guests could neither get in nor out. A party of the watch tried to arrest the leaders and disperse the crowd; but the rioters cut their long wagon rope into three-foot lengths to use as weapons, and gave the watch five minutes to depart. They departed. The mob broke a few more windows, and finally eddied slowly past City Hall Square towards the Five Points and dissolved about day-break.

Besides frolics like this, youthful vigor and ebullience tends to find its outlet in organization and competition—either

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orderly exercises of strength and skill or undisciplined gang warfare. Tests of speed, for example, had not been banished from the Bowery. Racing between rival omnibuses was declared to be a menace in the thirties, and in 1825 it was complained that even the cartmen made Chatham Street a race-course for the proving of their horses' mettle against each other. German citizens of the Bowery found their fun in bowling, in Turn Vereins, in Mannerchors and Liederkranz societies; and many of them also enlisted in the militia and target companies then being organized by dozens. The target companies had weekly or monthly outings, usually on Sunday, on Long Island or at Jones's Woods or Hoboken Heights, at which the time was divided about equally between shooting, eating, and drinking beer. Between times, they kept in practice at the shooting galleries which were becoming more and more numerous along the Bowery and a few other streets.

Young men pined for the thrills and glory of war then as now, and there were numerous military organizations around the Bowery and the East Side. Captain Stake's butcher troop of light dragoons and Colonel Stoutenburgh's regiment of the latter eighteenth century have already been mentioned. Then there were the Republican Greens, who in 1808, in a series of skillful maneuvers, both defended and captured what was left of Bunker Hill. "The superb liberty poll (sic) lately erected in the upper end of Crosby's Street," said a reporter of this occasion, "was decorated with the American flag in honor of the spirit and patriotism of the Greens." Later, the Tompkins Blues, the Tenth Ward Light Guard, the Tompkins Butcher Association Guard, the American Rifles, the Washington Greys, the United Turner Rifles and others, many of which began as mere target companies, were the nuclei of some of New York's most famous regiments in the Civil War and afterwards.

German immigrants in the early decades of the century took possession of many locations on the Bowery itself and

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the streets which crossed it, and gave the locality a German flavor which has not been entirely leached out of it yet. They were bakers, butchers, mechanics, merchants, keepers of "biergartens," or of "wein und bier halles." On the street itself they at first outnumbered the Irish, who, however, settled in great numbers in the immediate vicinity. Dr. Timothy Dwight in 1822 divided the population of New York City into the following classes, ranked according to number :

1. Immigrants from New England
2. Original inhabitants, part Dutch, part English
3. Inhabitants from other parts of the State, including many from Long Island
4. Irish immigrants
5. Immigrants from New Jersey
6. Scotch immigrants
7. German immigrants
8. English immigrants

It will be noted that the Irish outnumbered any other foreign immigrants. The vast majority of them were poor and unskilled laborers ; and those who could not find—or did not want—work on the canals and railroads being built throughout the country drifted mostly into the slums of New York—and a few other large cities. A census taken by the Five Points House of Industry shortly after 1860 fixed the number of Irish families in that district at 3,435. Next in number came the Italians, with 416 families ; then 167 families of native American stock, and 73 recently come from England. The Negroes, it will be observed, had mostly been pushed out of the quarter, though, heaven knows, by 1860 there was such an admixture of bloods that one wonders how the investigators carried out their classification.

The inborn pugnacity of the Irish, the clan spirit cherished through many centuries by the Celtic races, inevitably increased in New York the clotting of small groups of the idle, the ignorant, and the undisciplined into gangs. There had

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been gangs among the boys—as there are yet and perhaps always will be—far back into the eighteenth century. As early as 1728 the white boys were divided into the Smit's Vly gang, which harbored around the Fly Market, the Bowery Boys, and the Broadway Boys, while the Negro urchins were classified as the Fly Boys and the Long Bridge Boys; the latter named either from the Coffee House bridge at the foot of Wall Street or a similar planking over the sewer at the foot of Broad Street. There were great hills of tan-bark in the swamp district which the warriors utilized as lookouts and redoubts. Their conflicts, especially when they fought with slings and stones, sometimes became a serious menace, not only to their own persons but to those of innocent bystanders. When they clashed in Pearl Street or Maiden Lane, shopkeepers hastily put up the shutters over their windows and pedestrians fled for their lives.

Dr. W. A. Duer¹ says that in his boyhood days (before 1800) the Broadway Boys' gang was the smallest and most aristocratic; that after many battles, they and the Smit's Vly boys united "against the rising power in the North" (the Bowery Boys) "with whom they had each separately contended, the dissemination of whose principles they dreaded, and whose strength, from the rapid increase of population in that quarter, threatened to overwhelm their southerly and more civilized neighbors." The battles between the allies and the Bowery Boys were frequently fought on and around Bunker Hill, sometimes with armies of twenty to fifty on a side. The Grand Streeters and the Spring Streeters were two other youthful clans who fought many a lively skirmish in the early decades of the century.

Meanwhile, their elders in the slums were forming gangs also, small at first, but later becoming more powerful and purposeful. At the start they were mostly either petty thieves or groups of braves representing a certain neighborhood who, like the boys, fought those of other neighborhoods largely

¹ *Reminiscences of an Old Yorker.*

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for the joy of fighting; but gradually some of them came to have a more definite object, some predatory, some political—though at times it is difficult to distinguish between the two. The Forty Thieves, said to have been the first well-organized gang in New York with an acknowledged leader and a real objective, had its birth and its headquarters in Rosanna Peer's grocery store where more liquor was sold than groceries—in Center Street near Anthony (Worth). The back room where Rosanna dispensed her dreadful whisky and gin was a haunt of thieves, pickpockets, and thugs. In similar places elsewhere in the Five Points were harbored the Roach Guards, Kerryonians, Chichesters, Shirt Tails, Plug Uglies, and Dead Rabbits.

The name of the Roach Guards not only honored the booze dealer who gave them their headquarters, but like that of several other gangs, conveyed the pretense that they were a military organization. Internal dissension developed in the ranks of the Guards, and one night, when the two factions were quarreling lustily, the carcass of a rabbit was thrown from one side into the opposing crowd. The latter, instead of receiving the missile as an insult, proudly adopted it as their badge; for in the slang of the day, rabbit meant rowdy, and a dead rabbit was a very prince of rowdies.

The Roach Guards wore a blue stripe on their trousers as a badge; the Dead Rabbits now adopted a red stripe, and when going into battle, a rabbit's carcass impaled on a pole was often carried before them as a gonfalon. For thuggery and prowess in conflict they soon surpassed the parent organization. The Guards and the Rabbits at first antagonized each other fiercely, but later they frequently allied themselves—as did other Five Points gangsters—against any foreign menace such as the gangs of the Bowery or the water front.

The Shirt Tails uniformed themselves by letting their shirts hang outside their trousers. But in the hour of conflict, both they and other Five Points braves liked to lay aside both shirt and coat and fight in their undershirts—if

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any. The Plug Uglies, mostly huge Irishmen, were named from their great plug hats with crowns partly stuffed with wool and leather, which they wore, and drew down over their ears as helmets when in battle. They were so notorious for brutality that their name became a byword for any tough character. In the Five Points code brickbats, stones, clubs and every species of mayhem—biting, eye-gouging, kicking below the belt and stamping a prostrate man with heavy hob-nailed boots—were legitimate as warfare. Knives and pistols were usually carried by those who could afford them.

Over towards the East River, in the Fourth Ward, where Washington had once lived, the best citizens were pretty thoroughly driven out by 1840, and gangs such as the Buckaroos, Hookers, Daybreak Boys, Short Tails, Swamp Angels, and Patsy Conroys were battling each other and carrying on organized piracy. In the abattoir district of Chrystie and Forsyth streets the Slaughterhouse Gang pursued a career consisting largely of thievery. Later, this gang drifted to the water front.

On the Bowery and Chatham Square the principal gangs between 1830 and 1860 were the American Guards, the O'Connell Guards, the Atlantic Guards, and last and greatest of all, the Bowery Boys. The first three, if not offshoots of the Bowery Boys, were at least subordinate to the latter, and supported them in their wars with the bullies of other districts. The Bowery gangs do not seem to have been, on the whole, as vicious as those of the Five Points, having a tendency towards the political rather than the purely savage or criminal; but in a brawl they were usually able to give a good account of themselves. In fact, some of the most famous pugilists, saloon bouncers, and rough-and-tumble fighters of the period were on their rosters.

A line of differentiation must be drawn between the members of the Bowery Boy gang and the Bowery Boy as a type. The latter was usually called "Bhoy" by his more sophisticated contemporaries, under the impression that his kind were al-

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most all Irish. But this was far from being the truth, especially as one goes farther back beyond the Civil War—say, into the thirties and twenties. In those days a not inconsiderable percentage of the East Side roughs and bully boys were Anglo-Saxon. Many immigrants were coming from England then, as well as from Ireland and Germany; and a man no more than one generation removed from the immigrant often boasted of his true-born Americanism. The Bowery Boy gang was for more than a decade a “native American” faction, anti-Irish, anti-Catholic, anti-British, anti-anything that was exotic or unfamiliar.

CHAPTER XII

FIREMEN AND BOWERY BOYS

I seen her on the sidewalk
When I run with No. 9;
My eyes spontaneous sought out hern—
And hern was fixed on mine.
She waved her pocket handkerchief,
As we went rushin' by—
No boss that ever killed in York
Was happier than I.
I felt that I had done it;
And what had won her smile—
'Twas them embroidered braces,
And that 'ere immortal tile.

I sought her out at Wauxhall,
Afore that place was shet—
Oh, that happy, happy evenin',
I recollex it yet.
I gin her cords of peanuts,
And a apple and a "wet."
Oh, that happy, happy evenin',
I recollex it yet.

I took her out to Harlem—
On the road we cut a swell,
And the nag we had afore us
Went twelve mile afore he fell.
And though ven he struck the pavement,
The "Crab" began to fail,
I got another mile out
By twisting of his tail.

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I took her to the Bowery—
She sat long-side of me—
They acted out a piece they called
"The Wizard of the Sea."
And when the sea-fight was fetched on,
Eliza cried "Hay! Hay!"
And like so many minutes there
Five hours slipped away.

Before the bridle haltar
I thought to call her mine—
The day was fixed when she to me
Her hand and heart should jine.
The rum old boss, her father, swore
He'd gin her out of hand
Two hundred cash—and also treat
To number 9's men stand.

But bless me! if she didn't slip
Her halter on the day;
A peddler from Connecticut,
He carried her away.
And when the news was brought to me,
I felt almighty blue;
And though I didn't shed no tear,
Perhaps I cussed "a few."

Well, let it pass—there's other gals
As beautiful as she;
And many a butcher's lovely child
Has cast sheep's eyes at me.
I wear no crape upon my hat,
'Cause I'm a packin' sent —
I only takes a extra horn,
Observing, "LET HER WENT!"

—F. A. Durivage, "Love in the Bowery," 1846.

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A French editor who visited America in the 1840's and set down his observations as *Esquisses à la Plume*, viewed our fire-fighting system with amazement. In France at that time the firemen of a city were a salaried corps, with military discipline; in America they were ordinary citizens, who left their homes and their occupations at the sound of the tocsin and ran like a mob of schoolboys to serve the community without a cent of pay. No matter how public-spirited some of them might have been, it is doubtful if the thought of service counted for any more with them than the fun and excitement they got out of "running with No. 9;" though sometimes, it is true, the alarm came at an awkward moment. Said the French editor under the heading, "Types du Bowery—le Pompier":

Thus a young man is at the ball, in the midst of a fête resplendent with light and beautiful ladies. At the moment when he is about raising his foot with the lady of his love to mingle in the first measures of the polka, rich in prospective pressures of the hand and glances of love, behold he is arrested all of a sudden; and with neck outstretched, listening to a mysterious noise, at which he reconducts his partner to her place and hastens out of the salon—but not without throwing a piteous regret upon the pleasures of the night. This young man perhaps had a boot that pinched his corns, or perhaps he found himself taken with a sudden indisposition? No—reassure yourself. It is a fireman who has just heard, rising above the harmonious waves of sound from the orchestra, the alarm bell of the City Hall. He hurries to his domicile, if it is not too far off, dons his red flannel-shirt, his patent-leather cap; and behold him a few minutes afterwards, working at the pump or galloping in the traces, neither more nor less than an omnibus horse. The fire extinguished, he dresses himself anew, then goes to resume the thread of his night's amusement and the peroration of a love speech of which he had not time to come to the conclusion.

The writer here is describing the aristocratic fireman—though even he didn't always go home and change his clothes,

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else he would sometimes have missed the fire. The Bowery fireman didn't have to run home to don his red shirt; he wore it to the ball, his only concession to style possibly being a dickey worn over the front of it.

The French editor strove earnestly to account for some of the firemen of the Bowery—and vicinity—who seemed to him to have no other avowed profession, and he decided that they must also be called sports, perhaps earning their living by gambling. This was correct only as to a few of them, but the observer correctly surmised that many of them were interested in politics, pugilism, and other rough sports of the time, such as dog-fighting and cock-fighting:

The sporting fireman is in a certain circle a man of consideration. He plays an important part sometimes in the election, and is both throne and oracle in the public-houses. He is a species of *fier-à-bras* whose power is established by his mental and moral peculiarities on one side, and his brute force on the other. His feudal domain extends over all those who are attached directly or indirectly to "the fancy," and to the various kinds of sport.

The physique of the sporting fireman is peculiar to himself, and we find in him even a certain brutal poetry which is his seal and stamp. He is rarely handsome. . . . He has great strength and a spirit of grace in his movements. On his head (the hair of which is smoothed with soap in puffs below the ears, and in large ringlets around them, which has given birth, we presume to the word "soaplock," as solely applied to this class) he wears a hat with a straight brim and of the shape and fashion of a chimney pot. The hair, inclined over the eyes, leaves open to view the immense posterior of the occiput. Around the neck the hair is cut short, and resembles the mane of a certain animal who is scraped before being transformed to brushes, sausages and hams. . . . Add to this bizarre costume the historical and necessary complement, the tobacco quid illuminating with fancy designs the margin of his mouth, and the picture is complete.

The essayist here is really endeavoring to describe the

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ante-belum Bowery Boy. It is a difficult task for us, at a distance of seventy or eighty years, competently to analyze and picture him. He came to be not so much a member of a gang as a type. The catchy and alliterative name became



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FROM A CARTOON OF 1850

established in the public mind as applying to almost any rowdy or bully of the lower East Side, though this was inaccurate, as it included the worst of the Five Points thieves and murderers. The true Bowery Boy was not a criminal—

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at least, not commonly so—and he did not as a rule use pistol or knife in his fighting, being proud of his dependence on Nature's weapons—a pair of hamlike fists, backed by iron biceps. True, a brick was hurled or a club swung now and then, and in the war with the Dead Rabbits in 1857 firearms came into play; but that was a desperate emergency, and furthermore, by that time the Bhoys were lapsing somewhat from their earlier high standards—exchanging their old chivalry of the fist for more modern efficiency methods. All the old-timers who had personal knowledge of that period declare that the Bowery Boy's ideals and methods were far preferable to those of the stealthy, murderous gangsters of to-day; in fact, no comparison between the two can justly be drawn. To compare the Bowery Boys with the Apaches of Paris, as has often been done, is likewise unfair for the same reasons. Many of the Boys were workingmen, not a few being engaged in one way and another, in the butcher's trade. Others were mechanics, shipbuilders, carpenters, or unskilled laborers. Some, it is true, were saloon-keepers, gamblers, ward heelers, casual employees around barrooms and dives, or just plain loafers. But whether he had any other occupation or not, the Bhoys was inevitably a fireman.

The Bowery Boy was pictured by artists of those days variously as a ruffian in fustian and greasy cap, and in *Leslie's Weekly* at the time of the riots of 1857 as something of a raffish dandy, with barbered mustache and goatee, a silk tile, and a fur-trimmed coat. There is truth in both pictures, though Leslie's sketch is titivated a shade too much. Some of the Bhoys were naturally dressier than others. Practically all classes of men wore the plug or chimney-top hat in those days, though it was often a sadly antiquated and battered garment. The Bowery Boy was a dandy in his own way; he created a mode of his own and was highly contemptuous of the fashions of the Broadway swell. Any one—any man, that is—who appeared at a Bowery function

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in the evening dress of the *haut monde* was apt to be tossed blithely but positively down the stairs.

The Bowery Boy's favorite costume for street wear included the fireman's red flannel shirt, fastened well to one side with large white buttons, and usually with the number of his engine company on the bosom, either appliquéd in white cloth or embroidered by wife or sweetheart; a silk tie, preferably black but permissibly in color, carelessly knotted under a rolling collar; black broadcloth pantaloons, tight down to the knee, then gradually flaring towards the bottom, not only for beauty, but in order that they might be the more easily rolled up; tight calfskin boots with high heels; a stove-pipe hat to which the wearer liked to give a lugubrious touch by encircling it with a band of crape, in mourning for some perhaps imaginary kinsman or friend. The well-soaped or greased hair was cut short in the back and brought down in front of the ears in the famous soap lock; mustaches and goatees were popular, though Mose, the great Bowery hero, seems to have gone with shaven face, merely side whiskers mingling with the earlock. For some years it was a fad to turn the hirsute foliage black with Batcheler's Celebrated Hair Dye. Add to this such gaudy jewelry as the wearer could afford, and you have the technical details of the picture; but cold type cannot reproduce the rolling swagger of his gait on promenade, the elegance of his Sunday pose, leaning against lamp- or awning-post with one foot crossed over the other, his folded coat or overcoat over his arm and his jaw outthrust, tilting his cigar steeply upward.

It is related that Thackeray, exploring the Bowery on one of his visits to America, had the temerity to approach one of these elegant leaning figures and inquire, "Can I go to Houston Street this way?"

Slowly the great man's mind recalled itself to earth. His eyes—but not his head—turned and gazed contemplatively for a moment through the smoke at the novelist. Then he removed his cigar and spoke.

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"I guess yuh kin, sonny," he rumbled, "if yuh'll behave yerself."

Fancy a gold or pinchbeck "bosom pin" on that red shirt! Yes, and pseudo-diamond studs on the white dickey! The newspaper advertisement in 1845 of a purveyor of such gauds proves that the Bowery sport did not object to the Hibernicized word jestingly and universally applied to him.

ADAMS'S FANCY BAZAAR

198 Chatham Sq.

It is acknowledged by the B'hoys (and they know something) that the above is the best store in this city to get a gold Breast Pin, or a set of Studs, or a Finger Ring, or any article of Jewelry, or an Accordion, or Pocketknife, or any kind of nick nacks which the aforesaid B'hoys may be in want of. It is acknowledged by the Ladies (and they know more than something) that 198 Chatham Square is the store where they can with safety purchase any kind of Jewelry or fancy article without getting *shaved*. 'Tis rather a *barbarous* act for any storekeeper to shave a lady, but there are some (particularly on Chatham St.) that will shave anything except a *Hog*.

The b'hoy's female friend [says Dayton²], whether wife, sister or sweetheart, was an equally curious study: Her style of attire was a cheap but always greatly exaggerated copy of the prevailing Broadway mode; her skirt was shorter and fuller; her bodice longer and lower; her hat more flaring and more gaudily trimmed; her handkerchief more ample and more flauntingly carried; her corkscrew curls thinner, longer and stiffer, but her gait and swing were studied imitations of her lord and master.

Notwithstanding the prevailing masculinity of his interests, the female played a not inconsiderable part in the life of the Bowery hero, and he had his elegant social moments. On Sunday, with glossy locks well soaped or greased and his

² Abram C. Dayton, *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York*.

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"gal" on his arm, he "cut the tallest kind of a swell," driving up to Harlem, or excursioning to the gardens of Hoboken or Staten Island or Coney Island—for Coney was already becoming a place of resort more than eighty years ago. With his woman at his side he was more touchy than ever; the merest hint of encroachment upon his comfort or his dignity, even by word or glance, was resented, and unless an abject apology was forthcoming, it brought on a "muss."⁸

Sunday was also a good day for mass outings and target practice. There was perhaps nothing save a fire department which the Bowery lad regarded as more essential to civilization than a parade. Whether it was a political rally, a military or fireman's parade, or a lodge brother's funeral, he was always there. A mere contest between two target companies rendered a march through the streets essential; a six- or eight-piece band squawking in the van, the contestants in plug hats and the uniforms or badges of their respective companies, striding with as much dignity and grace as was compatible with skipping over ruts and leaping mudholes to save their polished boots and best breeches; and finally, a perspiring, grinning darky or two in the rear, carrying the target itself. If the street was more than commonly muddy, trousers were unhesitatingly rolled up and the boots did the best they could.

The Bowery brave was never more picturesque than when those boots were chasséing or cutting the pigeon wing at the numerous firemen's and political balls at Tammany, Germania, or Military Hall. Says Dayton:

The b'hoy danced; to dance he required space. No pent-up Utica restrained his powers, for his every movement was wide-

⁸ "Muss" was a favorite colloquialism for a row or a fight. A Chatham Street saloonkeeper, witness in a murder trial in 1851, testified that "about 1 o'clock this morning the prisoner, with two other men, came into my place and began to muss with each other by pushing each other about. I told them that I would not have any muss in my house, and requested them to go out."

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spread as the swoop of the American eagle, which, by-the-bye, was his favorite bird; the symbol of his patriotism; its effigy was the crowning glory of his darling engine. Each cotillon was opened by a bow to his partner and another to the lady on the right. This bow, composed of a twitch, a jerk and a profound salaam, was an affair so grand, so complicated, that to witness it amply repaid a somewhat dangerous visit to one of their festive gatherings.

As the ball progressed, the dancer warmed to his work, and when his coat became a burden, he laid it aside, revealing the inevitable red flannel shirt, which must have presented a rather startling effect with the abbreviated white dickey dangling down its front. But the shirt must be there, so that the wearer might be ready for the clang of the City Hall bell and the cry of "Fire! Fire! Turn out! Turn out!" which was liable to occur at any moment, and—incidentally—leave the ball well-nigh a ruin; for no man whose name was on a fire company's roster would ignore the call. It has even been told that a volunteer fireman standing before the altar to be married, dropped his loved one's hand at the climax of the ceremony and dashed from the church as the ominous tolling of the alarm bell sounded across the city.

Happy was the Bowery sport if he could muster a horse with which to whirl his sweetheart out along the road to Harlem, or to race solitaire with other fast ones on "the Avenue." Speed was essential. "It ain't a graveyard we're passin', Lize; it's milestones," says the legendary Mose to his girl as they spin up the Boston Road. The Bowery still had its racing, though now it was trotting in harness and not on the street proper, but along Third Avenue, from its junction with the Bowery northward. The Avenue was straight, nearly level for a long distance, macadamized and kept in good condition; and on fine summer afternoons, especially on Sundays, says De Voe in his *Market Book*,

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Tired, panting and foaming steeds, before all sorts of vehicles, came rushing in from Harlem or Cato's in twos, threes and fives; and I have seen more than twenty, appearing as if they were "all in a heap."

Not only Boweryites but sports and dandies from more aristocratic quarters, in dainty, spider-legged buggies and sulkies, took part in these impromptu contests. It was a dangerous place for family driving, for

There were many—especially late in the day—half-drunken, fast men and boys, in their crazy excitement to get ahead, who made no bones of driving a shaft into your horse, or their vehicles against or even over you, and curse you in the bargain for being in their way.

Just above Cooper Square people would congregate on Sunday afternoons "to see the fast ones come in." Every little while, up towards the rising ground near Twenty-eighth Street, a cloud of dust would appear and some one would cry, "Here comes some more of 'em!" Rapidly the contestants would dawn upon the vision; perhaps the two leading ones "a well-known butcher of Fulton Market," with a gallant black horse and sulky, and alongside him "a large, heavy man whom some call Larry, in a low, light, Brooklyn-built cart, before which was an excellent-stepping, short-tailed bay horse;" the two speeding along neck-and-neck, while perhaps half a dozen "also-rans" clattered along behind them, hallooing and shouting "Hi! Hi!" "Git along!" "What th'hell're you about?" "Now I got ya!" "No, you ain't!" "Git outa the way!"—not to speak of much fervent profanity; and

All commingling together as they rushed by, and which appeared as if a thunder-gust or all the furies were let loose at once. Some on a full run and pulling their horses first on one side, then on the other; others plying their whip most unmercifully on all sides; others yelling like demons, who were trailing

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behind; and these exciting scenes were repeated at intervals, until darkness closed "the trot" for the day.

The coming of cobblestone pavement and the street car in the late thirties put a doleful stop to the Avenue trotting course.

The names Mose and Lize became as well known to New Yorkers and, in fact, to most Americans of those days as personating the typical Bowery Boy and his sweetheart as are 'Arry and 'Arriet for the London cockney of to-day. The comic weekly, *Vanity Fair*, punned on them by asking "What are the ingredients of a Bowery melodrama?" "Mots and lies." Mose was taken from life. He was a great warrior of the Bowery who, after his passing, became a legendary figure and grew to the proportions of a giant. And all his mightiest deeds of derring-do were achieved in his line of duty—or so he conceived it—as a fireman.

The finest field for organization, competition, fighting, boisterous fun, and the blowing off of surplus steam by both young and middle-aged men of high and low degree was the old volunteer fire department. Rivalry between fire companies doubtless had its birth as far back as 1730 when the city first imported, as the record had it, "two Fire Indians" from Holland.

For a virile man there is an undoubted fascination in the life of a fireman; and the *esprit de corps*, the rivalry between the volunteer engine companies, leading to actual physical conflict, was just the touch needed to make the fireman's job perfectly to the taste of the typical Bowery Boy and his like. And not only to him but to men far more sophisticated. The American volunteer fire department was the most democratic organization that society has ever known; for men in all stations and occupations of life ran side by side in the traces of the machines, toiled together in the terrific job of working the pumps or risking their lives for each other on ladders and burning buildings. It is true that some companies in the

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more aristocratic districts of town were silk-stocking outfits while others in the slums were distinctly rough and uncouth; but there were not a few in which millionaire and poor man labored shoulder to shoulder.

As late as 1832 the rapid jangle of the alarm bell on the old jail back of the City Hall was supplemented—for all those within sight of the building—by a lantern held by the watchman on a pole pointing towards the fire. For most people the glow in the sky had to serve as a guide. Later a system was devised, whereby a series of strokes of the bell indicated the ward or fire district where the blaze was located.

After water works were installed, two or three good fighting men—one carrying a barrel—usually hurried directly to the fire to capture a water plug or cistern for their engine. The scout often clapped a barrel, box, or keg over the hydrant and then hid in a nearby doorway while forerunners of rival companies searched for it. But if the scout was one of those doughty fighters who had full confidence in his own prowess, he simply seated himself with folded arms on the barrel and defied his opponents. Sometimes his own comrades arrived and coupled to the plug before he could be beaten off, sometimes another company won it. Not infrequently two or three companies waged joyous battle over a hydrant while fire ravaged the building.

There were no steam fire engines until about the time of the Civil War, attempts to introduce them sooner being stubbornly resisted by the firemen. In the palmy days of the volunteer department, each engine was simply a big pump worked by twenty brawny men, ten at each of two long bars called, for some unfathomable reason, "brakes," along either side. After the first water works came, the firemen had some pressure to help them, but even then, there were only a few hydrants, and at most fires ammunition for the battle had to be pumped from one of the rivers. To do this, the water must be lifted from the river, conveyed sometimes half a mile

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or more and then hurled, if possible, at least two stories into the air. No engine was powerful enough to do this single-handed, and it was therefore frequently necessary to have a line of them, one passing the water to another. If one of these engines could not pump water out of its "box" or tank as fast as it was pumped in, the box overflowed, and the engine was "washed"—a disgrace hard to wipe out, and a triumph for the crew who did the washing. Until a new engine company was washed, it was called a maiden, and if it succeeded in avoiding that humiliation for several years, it earned the honor of being known as an old maid.

Racing to a fire was rough sport sometimes. The *Herald* described a race between Engines 6 and 14 to a fire on Second Avenue in 1845—up Centre to Centre Market, over to the Bowery, up to Houston, thence to Second Avenue, followed by an enthusiastic "gallery." Now one company would draw ahead for a few yards, then the other would "collar" it. At times, the writer tells us, "the speed approached a railroad pace." Making a fast turn into the Bowery, five men were thrown from No. 14's rope, and the veracious reporter assures us that five hundred of the pursuing crowd passed over them without killing them.

Can any one fancy the firemen of to-day singing at their work? The voice of Jim Hurley of Forest No. 3, known as "the Sweet Singer of the Dry Dock," was often heard inspiring his comrades above the roar of the flames. At a fire at Houston and the Bowery in 1861, thousands of spectators stood entranced, listening while Hurley led a hundred or more of his fellows in the plaintive old Irish ballad, "Shule Agra." A few weeks later he joined the Ellsworth Zouaves and was one of the first to fall before a southern bullet in Virginia.

At an alarm of fire in those days it was every alderman's duty to be on hand with the long staff which was his symbol of office. They were supposed to be the highest authority on the scene, and intolerable nuisances they must have made of

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themselves at times by giving orders on subjects of which they were ignorant. The Council made a mistake when they deposed Chief James Gulick after the fire of 1835. On the night of December 15-16 there had been a fire on Water Street which destroyed a dozen buildings, and another, equally severe, on both sides of Chrystie. The temperature was at zero and below, and hose frequently froze to the ground. Scarcely had the engines been returned to their houses when the great conflagration of December 16-17, the biggest fire that New York had known since 1776, broke out around Hanover Square. The tired firemen fought valiantly with water and giant powder, and with the weather as it was, they did well to quell it in seventeen hours, though by that time it had destroyed over six hundred buildings and done nearly \$20,000,000 worth of damage. And then on the eighteenth came another stubborn blaze on Division Street!

Gulick was removed, principally by Tammany votes, for alleged incompetence, and the firemen were furious. Other grievances against the Council were aired. Some firemen resigned, and when a fire broke out at Second and Houston, others, after reaching the scene, refused to work until Gulick was persuaded to come back temporarily and lead them. Some of the retired firemen even reënlisted and helped to man the ropes.

On the night of January 1 there came an alarm from the lower part of the city. Alderman Samuel Purdy, who lived on the Bowery, seized his staff and ran nimbly down the street to Pearl and Chatham, where he heard the fire was already extinguished. He turned back, and at Bowery and Pell met Niagara Engine No. 10 coming full tilt. Stepping into the street he held up his staff and cried, "Gentlemen, the fire is out!" At that, the lead man on the diagonal rope yelled, "Stand aside, damn your eyes, or we'll run you down!" Purdy skipped aside and the crew ran on a little way until they met another machine returning, and stopped. Purdy, who had followed them, now demanded of the lead



"Harper's Weekly," New York Public Library

EXPLOSION OF A FIRE ENGINE IN THE BOWERY, 1868



"Harper's Weekly," New York Public Library

A STREET AUCTION ON CHATHAM SQUARE

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man his name and his excuse for insulting an alderman.

"I won't give you my name!" retorted the man with many violent adjectives. "You've been treating us like adjectived dogs!" Spectators on the sidewalks agreed that the Alderman had "treated the firemen like damnation lately." Words piled upon words until the crew finally knocked Purdy down, beat and kicked him and broke his staff—for which the foreman and nine others were expelled and ten were suspended.

This company, No. 10, was one of the famous crews of the Bowery district, having had its headquarters up to 1813 at Chatham Square and Catherine Street; then for eighteen years it was at the Bowery and Great Jones Street, and after that at Second Avenue and Fifth Street.

Among others in the neighborhood, there was Tompkins No. 30, which housed in Chrystie Street, and had for its foreman a huge, red-headed, two fisted bruiser nicknamed Orange County, but whose real name is lost to history, while Tom Hyer, famous Bowery pugilist, saloon-keeper, and politician, was a private in its ranks.

Live Oak No. 44, also called Old Turk, which lay in Houston near Lewis Street, was composed largely of shipbuilders, master and man. It was in this company that Webb and Steers, the latter the builder of the *America*, ran at the ropes alongside the humblest of their employees. Jim Jeroloman, who was six feet, four inches tall and wore big gold earrings, was for a time the chief bully of his company, but later joined No. 40 (Lady Washington) which was organized in 1812 and long housed at 174 Mulberry, later moving to Elm Street. No. 40 boasted some of the hardest fighting men in the department, including the huge bravo, Moses Humphreys, the original Mose, prototype of all the Bowery Boys.

And finally, there was the famous No. 15, which for a long time after its organization in 1785 was known only as Old Wreath of Roses, because of the design painted on the back and sides of the engine box. In 1813, when it moved

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to Chatham Square and bought a new gooseneck engine, it was rechristened Peterson, in honor of its foreman, whose life had been a sacrifice to the great Chatham Street fire of two years before. In 1830 the company moved to 49 Chrystie Street. This was perhaps the only machine in the department which enjoyed the distinction of never having been washed, and its crew boasted that they had themselves washed more engines than any other company in New York. No. 15 thus became a veritable Queen of the Old Maids. It was so popular that there was always a long waiting list of candidates for membership; scores of partisans were always ready to help at its ropes or its brakes, and tickets to its annual balls were eagerly sought for.

While it lay in Chrystie Street No. 15 included in its ranks such renowned battlers as Country McClusky, a noted Tammany slugger, Sam Banta, Dirty-Face Jack McCleester, and the four Chanfrau brothers, Peter, Henry, Joseph, and Frank. Of these, Frank, the youngest, was noted not so much for his prowess as a fireman as for the fact that he became one of New York's and America's favorite actors, the delineator of an idealized "Mose" whose glamor endured for generations.

The four brothers were the sons of Riemond Chanfrau, said to have been an ex-officer of the French navy, who kept a Bowery liquor store. His wife was Mehitabel Trenchard, of Westchester County. The family for a time lived on the second floor of the Old Tree House at Bowery and Pell Street, reputed to have been the former home of Charlotte Temple, and there Frank was born on February 22, 1824. In the tavern licenses of 1826 Riemond Chanfrau's place of business is given as 24 Bowery, which is several doors above Pell Street; but of course he may not have lived directly over his tavern.

One of Frank's first jobs was that of errand boy at Alvord's hat store on the Bowery near his home. Later he was apprenticed to the ship-carpentering trade, and, for a short

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time in his latter teens, worked at it. But the urge towards the stage was irresistible in his bosom, and after much indulgence in private theatricals, he had a chance as a supernumerary at the Bowery Theater, and then in a speaking part. He created much amusement with his imitations of Forrest and other favorites, and when, at the age of twenty, he played Laertes at the Chatham Theater to J. W. Wallack's Hamlet, his career was assured.

It is related that once in his 'prentice days he was eating a sixpenny dish of corned beef at a little restaurant at Bowery and Grand Street when he heard a tremendous voice bellow, "Say, gimme a sixpenny plate of pork and beans; and don't stop to count dem beans—d'ye heah?" Looking up in startled amazement, the boy beheld the traditional cave man in Bowery garb—beetling brow, bulldog jaw frowed with thick reddish stubble, red shirt with collar open, battered beaver hat. It was Frank's first glimpse of the redoubtable Mose Humphreys, considered chief of all the Bowery rough-and-tumble fighting men. Oddly enough, he was by trade a printer; a compositor in the office of Beach's *Sun*—which doesn't seem logical. It is difficult to fancy those huge fingers picking tiny slivers of type out of a case and ranging them in neat rows. He should have been a blacksmith or a stevedore or a truckman. But he was what he was, the undefeated pride of No. 40, and one of the most vicious sluggers, eye-gougers, and hobnail-stampers in all New York's rowdy history. When not serving valiantly at a fire (and there were no braver men on a ladder or under a tottering wall than most of these brawlers) he was usually seeking honorable distinction against rival firemen or the gangsters of the Five Points. Rooster Kelly, of 30, claims that "I kin remember the night him and Orange County, our foreman, had it nip and tuck, and Orange County kinder got the bulge on him after a four-hours' tussle"; but no one else seems to recall this shading of the battle.

But Old Mose, like all other conquerors, finally met his

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Waterloo; met it at the hands of Henry Chanfrau in a great battle royal which was a landmark in fire department history and was talked of for sixty years thereafter. On one summer Sunday in 1838 a small fire occurred on South Street. Returning from it, the Lady Washington and Peterson companies trotted side by side up Pearl Street. All other crews were jealous of the Petersons, and there was particularly bad blood between them and No. 40. The ropes were fully manned, as always on Sundays; in fact, overmanned, for chroniclers assert that counting outside sympathizers who were pulling or pushing from behind, there were probably five hundred men in direct attendance on each machine; and in addition to this a crowd of partisans and the merely curious followed, hoping and expecting to see a fight. It had been rumored that 40 was spoiling to attack 15 and explode her boasted invincibility; and the presence at the Lady Washington ropes of several husky fighters from 30, 34, and 44 seemed to lend color to the belief that a conspiracy against 15 was on foot. Among the "ringers" were Orange County of 30 and the giant Jeroloman of 44, who now for the first time appeared in 40's ranks.

The two machines wheeled into Chatham Street, and 15 turned eastward on its regular course towards Chrystie Street. The Lady Washingtons would ordinarily have turned off at Mulberry Street, but instead, they kept alongside the others into Chatham Square, which plainly revealed their hankering for trouble. The chaffing between the rivals became more venomous at every step. Foreman Colladay of No. 15 and Assistant Foreman Carlin, who was in charge of 40, passed up and down the line, ostensibly demanding peace, but in reality egging on their cohorts. "Now, boys, no fighting!" shouted Colladay, and then in a lower tone, "But if they will have it, give it to 'em good!" "Be quiet, men!" bellowed Carlin, and then *sotto voce*, "until they begin, then lam hell out of 'em!"

At the head of No. 15's rope was Country McClusky; op-

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posite him on 40 was the formidable Jim Jeroloman. At the rear of 15's line Henry Chanfrau found himself opposite the mighty Mose Humphreys—a post calculated to pale the cheek of the hardest warrior. Henry Chanfrau was known as a sturdy fighter, but no one in the department would have believed that he could hold his own with Mose. It was his stout heart that carried him through.

Traversing Chatham Square it was evident that the conflict was imminent, and both sides began to “peel” for it, some even taking off their shirts. Jim Jeroloman removed his earrings and put them in his pocket. As they passed into the narrow bottle neck at the beginning of the Bowery, the pressure of the crowds on either side forced the two lines into collision. Instantly Jeroloman dropped his rope and swung at McClusky, and the battle was on.

Like a flash through a train of powder, the fray was joined all along the ropes, a distance of nearly a block, and near a thousand men were fighting. The din was frightful—curses, yells, the whack of huge fists against hard skulls and massive torsos, the roar of the onlooking mob, greedy for action and gore. The fighters were so crowded that a defeated brave scarcely had room to fall, and more than one man knocked cold was held upright by the jam around him. If he fell, he was in danger of being trampled to death by the boots of friend and foe.

For more than half an hour the battle raged. The Petersons fought like men inspired. At the end of thirty minutes a hitherto unknown champion named Freeland was getting the better of Orange County. And then suddenly Country McClusky bowed his head and butted Jeroloman in the stomach, doubling him up and sending him to earth like a closed jackknife—following this up, as might be expected, by jumping upon him and stamping him. It was the beginning of the end, and No. 40 began to give ground; for to the amazement of every one. Mose Humphreys had not been able to down Hen Chanfrau. While the conflict roared, Frank

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Chanfrau, then a boy of fourteen, watched it from the top of an awning post in front of Alvord's hat store, shrieking again and again in lulls of the battle, "Give it to him, Hen! Julia is looking at you!"

Julia, Henry Chanfrau's sweetheart, lived near by and was a spectator of the fray. Whether Frank's shrill cry reached Henry's ears or whether he saw Julia's pale face at the window and drew inspiration therefrom we do not know; but at last he landed a blow on the point of Mose's jaw which sent that burly champion reeling. Quickly he followed up his advantage—and then, to the horror of No. 40, the mighty Mose was down!—prone under the milling feet of the contending armies!

That was enough; the Lady Washingtons gave way, and some fled in disorder. Two of them dragged the fallen Mose to his feet and supported him away, tottering between them. And then the frenzied Petersons proceeded to wreak their vengeance on their fallen opponents' engine. It was dragged to a pump and deluged with water for hours, until its beautiful white and gold paint and its portraits of Martha Washington were almost completely washed off. Then it was taken in triumph to No. 15's engine house, and Carlin was later permitted to haul it away at the tail of a cart.

No. 40 never recovered from the disgrace of that defeat. Mose Humphreys vanished from his old haunts soon after the fight, and was next heard of as the proprietor of a pool and billiard hall in Honolulu and reputed chum of the Hawaiian king. He married a native woman and reared a family said to have numbered thirty children.

Oddly enough, the Petersons themselves finally languished (perhaps from lack of opposition) and passed out of existence eleven years later. When they disbanded in 1849, their home on Chrystie Street was taken over by the Atlantic Hose Company No. 14 (also calling themselves the Lady Suffolks, after a famous 2.25 trotter of the day), who had formerly been located in Elizabeth Street. Harry How-

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ard was then foreman of this company, but resigned in 1851 to take the job of assistant engineer. Later he became Chief and was at the head of the department for several years. He was succeeded as foreman of No. 14 by Jim Mount who, in 1852, performed what was accounted by many as the bravest deed in the volunteer department's history. A fire ravaging a store at 89 Bowery cut off the retreat of two women and two children in the third story. No available ladder was long enough to reach them; but Mount caused the longest ladder to be set *on the head of a whisky barrel*, and with that precarious footing he made three trips up and down through the flame and smoke and saved the four lives, falling insensible as he came down for the last time.

As years went by a folklore gathered about the Eocene figure of Mose. Pothouse vaporings over stale beer, yarns told in the engine houses at night between games of checkers and old sledge magnified his prowess until he became a sort of Achilles or Roland, like the Paul Bunyan of the lumber camps. He grew to be eight feet tall and crowned by a huge beaver two feet in height. His hands, actually as large as hams, hung on gorillalike arms so low that his satellite, Sykesy, boasted that he could stand erect and scratch his kneecap.

His enormous boots were soled with copper, studded with inch-long spikes. In his belt was thrust a butcher's cleaver, and in summer a keg of beer for his refreshment also swung there. When going into action he was apt to carry a wagon tongue in one hand and a flagstone in the other; or he might simply draw a lamp-post from the earth and use that as a club. Once when the Dead Rabbits caught him unawares, he uprooted an oak tree and swept them as grain before the scythe. Again, he withstood a hundred of the most fearsome sluggers of the Five Points, pulling paving blocks and flagstones from the street and hurling them into the opposing mob with frightful effect.

As a jest he sometimes lifted a street car off the track and carried it for a few blocks on one hand as a waiter carries a

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tray, with the horses dangling from one end and Mose laughing thunderously at the terror of the passengers; or he would unhook the horses and draw the car the full length of the Bowery at terrific speed. Another favorite joke was to take his post in the edge of the East River, and as fast as vessels approached, blow them back with a few puffs from his mighty lungs. He could swim the Hudson with just two powerful strokes, and go clean around Manhattan Island with six. But his favorite method of crossing one of the rivers was to jump it.

In literature and the drama, however, Mose persisted as a mortal slightly nearer the normal. In "Ned Buntline's" voluminous novel, *The Mysteries and Miseries of New York* (and its several sequels), published in 1848. Mose is represented, much idealized, as a red-headed youth, driver of a butcher cart and dauntless champion of the downtrodden and of female virtue. In the closing paragraph of each of these novels, by the way, announcement is made by name of the sequel shortly to follow, and the characters in the present work who will positively appear in the new story are listed. And the yarns aren't such bad reading, either.

Young Frank Chanfrau in his brief stage career had given several imitations of firemen in short sketches, and Ben A. Baker, prompter at the Olympic Theater, where he was playing in January, 1848, suggested that these characterizations might be worked into a one-act play or sketch. Baker himself was a member of the Petersons, and such an enthusiast that he often slept under the machine in order that he might be first on hand in case of an alarm and have the honor of carrying the signal lantern. He wrote the sketch himself, with Mose as the central figure and called it *New York in 1848*. Mitchell, the manager of the theatre, condemned it at once. "The characters are good," said he, "but what a bad piece!"

The manuscript was therefore shelved and might have passed into limbo had not the night of Baker's own benefit



FRANK S. CHANFRAU AS MOSE, THE BOWERY BOY

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come on in February. Needing a short novelty to fill the program, he brought out his skit again and urged Chanfrau, who was then playing subordinate rôles, to take the lead.

Mitchell often told in after years how he went on the stage that night just before the curtain rose, and seeing Chanfrau at the back, dressed for his part, was about to order him out, thinking that he was "one of those Center Market loafers." When the curtain rose with Chanfrau on, there was a dead silence in the house, which was unusual, for patrons of the Olympic were in the habit of welcoming stars or favorites with applause. But Chanfrau had never played the fireman there, and they did not recognize him. He stood with trousers rolled up, coat over arm, plug hat drawn well over one eye, a stump of a cigar tilted upward and jaw outthrust in the Bowery Boy's defiant, self-satisfied leer. For a moment the audience eyed him in silence; there was not a sound of welcome. Then he took the cigar from his mouth and turning to spit into the wings, he growled: "I ain't a-goin' to run wid dat machine no more!"

"Instantly," says Brown in his *History of the New York Stage*, "there arose such a yell of recognition as had never been heard in the little house before. Pit and galleries joined in the outcry. It was renewed several times, and Mose was compelled to stand, shifting his coat from one arm to the other, bowing and waiting. Every man, woman and child recognized . . . all the distinctive external characteristics of the class."

The sketch was such a hit that Baker immediately elaborated the story, adding another act and introducing Lize, the female of the species, and likewise Sykesy, Mose's traditional follower, to whom is credited the phrase, "Hold de butt," originally referring to the end of the fire hose which was coupled to an engine, but in Sykesy's case a plea for the stub of a used cigar. The beloved Mary Taylor played Lize in the revamped piece, and James Seymour was Sykesy. Under its new name, *A Glance at New York*, the play held the

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boards for seventy nights—an astonishing run in those days. Chanfrau had become a star at twenty-four, and for years afterward was the favorite actor of the Bowery and Chatham Street, not to mention a goodly portion of New York.

During the succeeding year he gave nearly all his time to a series of melodramas in which Mose was the hero, and returned to the character again and again thereafter. Mose was pictured as joining the gold rush to California, and he even went to China. But the favorite scene of action for him was New York, where he could shine as a smoke-eater and life-saver. His modest, surprised inquiry, "Ain't I doin' my dooty?" whenever complimented on a daring rescue invariably caused the walls of the theater to totter with enthusiasm. At times he rose to real eloquence. His explanation of himself to a wealthy man whose children he had saved had, despite its crudity, a touch of simple beauty:

"I should have tried to be something more if my mother had lived; but she was gone—there was no one to care for me, and I never tried to raise myself higher; though sometimes there's something here," laying his hand on his red-shirted bosom, "that tells me I might have done it if I had."

Chanfrau is so completely forgotten now that it is impossible for us to conceive the measure of his popularity then. He did not permit himself to be shunted entirely away from all other parts than Mose, but played many classic and romantic rôles; in fact, he was noted for his versatility. In 1851, for a benefit, he played both Mose and Richelieu in one evening.

Most of the volunteer firemen were intensely, not to say clamantly, patriotic. One sees several companies marching on July 4, 1824, and again in 1825, up to the Bowery Presbyterian Church, where the Declaration of Independence was read and patriotic addresses made. In later years the whole department paraded on the Fourth, and on Washington's Birthday formed the habit of depositing a wreath at the base of Washington's statue in Union Square.

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The annual ball of the department was one of the great events of the civic year. The first one took place at the Bowery Theater in 1828, and several succeeding ones were given there. Tickets to the first ball were sold at two dollars; but there was such a demand for them that the firemen took the hint, and thereafter the price was never less than five dollars. At times their speculative value rose as high as thirty dollars. There were never any free tickets issued save—regularly—to General Winfield Scott and D. T. Valentine, compiler of the famous *City Manual*, and occasionally to visiting royalty from Europe.

To the very last the firemen resisted innovations. At the time of the cholera epidemic of 1832, the department was so undermanned that for a time horses were used to pull the machines. But despite the evident fact of their greater speed, the animals were discarded as soon as the ropes could be adequately manned again. Efforts were made to introduce steam engines, the first one being given a trial in 1841; but not until 1857 did a company really adopt a steamer, this one being presented by a fire insurance company. In 1861 eleven companies had them and their number was steadily increasing. But when one of them exploded on the Bowery in 1868, killing five people and injuring about thirty, the old volunteers wagged their heads and croaked, "Aha! What did we tell you about those infernal machines?"

In 1865 the volunteer department, consisting of about four thousand men, was abolished and a salaried force substituted. In grief-stricken protest against innovation, one of the doomed companies ran its engine into the Harlem River. In 1871 New York was protected by a salaried force consisting of 599 men. The ex-volunteers organized an association and clung together like war veterans for more than half a century afterward. As late as 1920 a feeble handful of them made their annual pilgrimage to lay the wreath on Washington's statue in Union Square.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BOWERY ACQUIRES A REPUTATION

ONE of the most interesting periods of the Bowery's history was that comprised in the thirty years just preceding the Civil War. It was during those three decades between 1830 and 1860 that the street acquired a personality—and a reputation—which spread even to foreign shores. European visitors, let their rank or their intellect be as high as it would, felt that their ideas of New York would be incomplete without a glimpse of the Bowery; "the broadest and brightest street in the city," one of them called it. Paradoxically enough, it was always broader than Broadway, but though it might have been more brilliantly lighted in 1830, its greater brightness in 1850 or 1860 was measured rather in terms of vivacity than in the glitter of gaslights; for Broadway was now outstripping it in elegance, and the opening of handsome stores like Stewart's on that thoroughfare marked it as destined to be the main street of the city.

But the Bowery, with its jovial, rough-and-ready gangsters, its eccentric character types, its fun-loving Irish and singing Germans, its numerous places of entertainment, had before 1860 become the most popular street in town for an evening's lark or sight-seeing, especially if one liked fun spiced with a dash of rawness or the adventurous.

The Germans, who emigrated to this country in great numbers during those three decades, chose the Bowery district as their own. Some thousands of them settled to eastward of that street and more along its course, leaving imprints on the neighborhood which are visible to this day. On the Bowery itself there were quiet "wein und bier saloons," German

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bowling alleys, beer gardens like the Gotham, above Houston Street, and the Atlantic, just below Canal, athletic and singing societies, German bakeries, grocery stores and butcher shops, usually with the proprietor living upstairs; German cafés, where both food and drink were served, and where certain patrons sat long at table after eating, sipping wine and chuckling over the *Fliegende Blätter*. The youngers took on American ways; the *kaufmann von draussen* (grocery clerk) greased his hair, and wore loud-checked clothes at the dances at Columbian and Military halls, while the elders liked best the parties at which they wore the old costumes and sang the old songs of the Fatherland.

In 1860 the Liederkranz Society was at 136 Canal Street, the German Dispensary at 132 Canal, the German Club at 104 Fourth Avenue (the old Bowery, just above Eighth Street); the Odeon Theater and Saloon "by Gustave Lindenmueller," at 49 Bowery; the original Volks Garten at 45 Bowery, the leading Turn Verein at 27 Orchard Street, the Volks Halle or Volks Theater on Fourth Street, the Sons of Herman, a German lodge, had meeting places on Delancey, Hester, Essex, and Third Avenue, and there were Männerchors and Sängerbunds and Gesang Vereins scattered all through the district.

The Irish were stronger to westward, but in some blocks they and the Germans were pretty thoroughly mixed, and the two never seemed to clash. The Ancient Order of Hibernians' headquarters at 215 Hester, and Hibernian Hall, at 42 Prince Street, were popular gathering places for them, the latter also being the chief recruiting place and drill hall for the Sixty-ninth Regiment in 1861.

Pfingst Montag or Easter Monday was a golden day with the Turners then, and so continued for half a century. Nine o'clock in the morning would find the athletes—garbed in a distinctive costume, which always included gray trousers—marching up the Bowery behind a band or two, usually to Twenty-seventh Street, where they took the cars for Harlem

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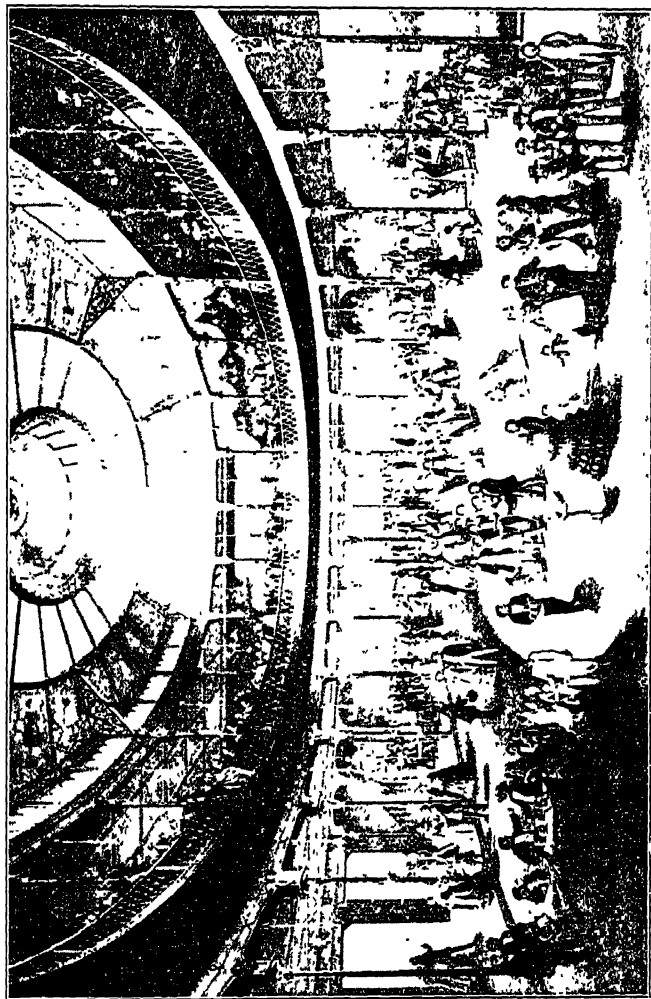
or Jones's woods (always accompanied by hundreds of other Germans) for the day's outing. Athletic sports and exhibitions were the most important part of the day's festivities.

Museums—not yet as low as a dime admission—menageries, even indoor circuses began to appear on the Bowery in those decades. At the Apollo Museum in 1845 you could see the veritable skeleton of a sea serpent, and at least two others, emulating Barnum's Museum at Broadway and Ann Street, had the club with which Captain Cook was killed in the Fiji Islands. Short-lived little theaters rose and fell. Eating and drinking places multiplied. George Foster in 1850 counted twenty-seven oyster houses and fifty-two taverns on the street. Boarding houses offered hospitality at one dollar a day, or four dollars to five dollars per week. One of the commonest signs was the red ball—a framework covered with red cloth, and an oil or gas lamp or even a candle inside—of which Dickens said in his rhythmic prose:

These signs which are so plentiful, in shape like river buoys or small balloons, hoisted by cords to poles and dangling there, announce, as you may see by looking up, "OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE." They tempt the hungry most at night, for their dull candles glimmering inside illuminate these dainty words and make the mouths of idlers water as they read and linger.

Inside, you were apt to dine in a little stall, off a red or white tablecloth, usually well stained and spotted by some dozens of previous guests. In the center of each table of an eating house must always be the revolving castor, its thin silver or nickel plating rapidly disappearing, its bottles filled with mustard, vinegar, ketchup, salt, and red and black pepper respectively.

But there were better places than these, such as some of the more important hotels and, about 1849-1850, for example, Kirk's Dining Saloon at 395 Bowery and the Island City Dining and Oyster Saloon at Bowery and Division Street, as well as others which offered good cooking and service.



Old Print from New York Historical Society

VOLKS GARTEN OR GERMAN WINTER GARDEN, 45 BOWERY

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The Bowery's diversions were not all lowbrow. There was a Pickwick Club in the forties which remained loyal to Dickens even after he had offended the remainder of Columbia with his *American Notes* and *Chuzzlewit*. Yearly the club gave a grand costume ball at the North American Hotel at the corner of the Bowery and Bayard Street, where all the characters in the book were represented. At the fourth ball in 1845, William Riley impersonated Mr. Pickwick, Mart Cregier was Sam Weller, and Elijah F. Purdy, Grand Sachem of Tammany (and a promoter of the Third Avenue line of street cars, for whose charter \$30,000 in bribes was paid the Council, Alderman Tweed receiving \$3,000) was Old Weller—to mention only three of the characters.

The North American Hotel, by the way, is worthy of notice. Its front was surmounted by a wooden statue of a ragged boy, gaudily painted and supposed to represent the proprietor, Peter B. Walker, in the early stages of his career. It was a favorite stopping place for performers from the indoor circus across the way, and they might be seen o'noon-times in flashy attire, lounging about its door. The hotel was likewise a Native American and Know-Nothing headquarters for several years.

The street was by no means given over to entertainment. Perhaps never in a mile of highway was there such a jumble and variety of businesses. Saddleries, pharmacies, stage offices, jewelers' shops, poulterers' shops, clothing, dry goods and millinery stores, livery stables, candy and peanut stands, hardware stores, pawnbrokers' shops, wall paper stores, shooting galleries, and what not jostled elbows. Foster claimed to have countered 240 distinct trades on the street in 1850. "Tailors and drapers" were frequent, as well as ready-made clothing stores, many of the latter Jewish. Hat stores were so numerous "that one would think," said an observer, "that these Boweryites were a many-headed race."

Bowery vanity had created a demand for photographs, and every third or fourth stairway, it seemed, had a sign pointing

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the way to Henderson's Daguerrean Gallery, the Sun Daguerrean Sky Light Gallery or some other whose name indicated that they could as yet produce your likeness only on metal or glass. Barber shops, too, still with sanded floors in the fifties, where a shave was sixpence and a haircut a shilling; no mirrors on the wall, but a hand mirror was handed to you after the operation, so that you might inspect the result. The sign over the door of the shop might read—as one actually did—"George Washington Jones, Physiognomic Operator and Professor of the Tonsorial Art."

Furniture stores abounded on the street—especially "cabinet furniture"—and most of them made their own wares. There were table and bedstead manufacturers in Pell and Doyers streets; chairs and other furniture were made in Broome and other cross streets. Carpet stores hung long festoons of their goods down the front of the building from upper windows, sometimes even from the roofs—Ingrain, Three-ply, stair carpets, Tapestry Brussels, once in a while even a strip of Royal Velvet or English Medallion, all swaying and billowing in the breeze—it must have made a fine effect. Not all the business of the neighborhood was done on a small scale; Hiram Anderson, at 99 Bowery, claimed in 1856 "the largest carpet establishment in the United States, having ten spacious salesrooms." And the Crystal Palace Emporium, at 252 Bowery, if we are to have faith in a view of its "shawl and mantilla rooms" in the illustrated *New York News* of 1863, was rather a stupendous affair.

The upper reach of the Bowery had several marble yards—a trade first encouraged by the several cemeteries in the neighborhood, some of which were already disappearing. How many New Yorkers have ever heard of Robinson Crusoe's Alley? It is on none of the maps, yet it exists—a narrow *cul-de-sac*, turning north from Rivington Street just east of the Bowery; barely wide enough for one truck to pass through it, and yet, buried deep in the block at its farther end, in the most unexpected and surely the most inconvenient

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location in the world, one of those old marble works still functions.

There were banks, too—the Bowery Bank, the Butchers' and Drovers' and the Bowery Savings being the three strongest; and insurance companies, such as the New York Bowery, at the corner of Grand Street, the Citizens', at 167 Bowery, and the Tradesmen's, Zebedee Ring, President, which was on Chatham Square, with a capital of \$200,000, as early as 1827.

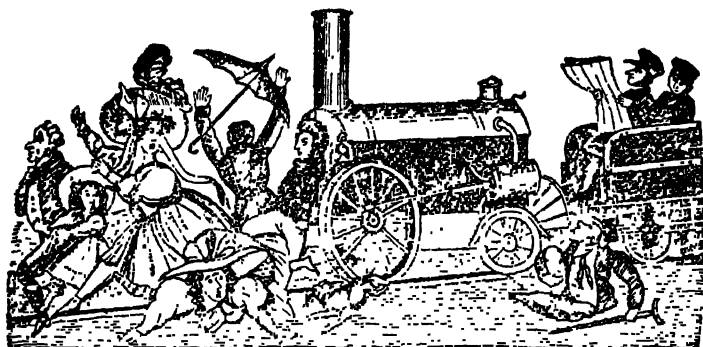
The street itself was greatly changed physically. Successive gradings had cut down the Werpoes hill, where the Bowery joins Chatham Square, by fully twelve feet. Sections of the street had been paved with cobblestones, and other portions merely graveled. In 1832 the first granite or Belgian block paving ever seen in America was laid on the Bowery between Bayard and Pump (afterwards Canal) streets; this because of the heavy traffic there. And almost simultaneously there was another distinction—that of possessing the world's first street-car line.

In 1831, after several years of discussion and preparation, the New York & Harlem Railroad was chartered, with a capital of \$350,000 and the privilege of operating its cars from the City Hall up the Bowery and Fourth Avenue to Twenty-seventh Street, and eventually to Harlem. That was an era of promotions, and the new device, the railroad, was dimly but rightly envisioned as the agency which was destined to play a giant's part in the building of the nation. Therefore, when shares of the Harlem Railroad were offered to the public, a rush almost equal to that of Law's Mississippi Bubble ensued, and the stock issue was soon tremendously oversubscribed. Venality was already becoming common in the city government, and most of the aldermen had received nice blocks of stock in exchange for their votes in favor of the charter.

In the enthusiasm over the newly invented locomotive, there was actually talk of running trains operated by steam

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all the way down to the City Hall. Many citizens and editors naturally viewed this prospect with horror. Cartoons were drawn, showing pedestrians being run down and knocked about by what the artist—who had probably never seen one—intended to be one of the primitive locomotives of the day. Even when it was decided to pull the cars with horses below Twenty-seventh Street, the clamor against the railroad persisted and grew in volume and virulence. The streets were



"THE BOWERY LOCOMOTIVE," A CARTOON OF 1830, PREDICTING THE HORRORS OF A STREET RAILWAY LINE

for the free use of the people, said objectors, and the railroad—which was usually referred to as the Monopoly—was an encroachment upon popular rights which boded ill for the future. One editor said if such a line must be built, it should be a State enterprise, and not that of any individual or corporation.

The physical danger attendant upon the operation of the road would be appalling. It would not pick up or deliver passengers at the curbstone as the buses did, and they must therefore board it or alight from it in the midst of mud and other speeding vehicles. The cars would be an obstruction to other traffic. When snow fell, the tracks must be immediately cleared, and the snow would be thrown upon the wagon courses on either side, greatly to the detriment of

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horse vehicles, which would not be permitted to drive upon the cleared car tracks.

There were excellent grounds for objection to those first tracks, as the rails were bolted to granite blocks a foot square and rose several inches above the street level, making the crossing of them by other vehicles a crashing, teeth-jolting ordeal. But despite protests the work of track-laying went on slowly throughout the year of 1832. Some editors were eulogistic when the "first two beautiful cars" were given a private test in November, and "each containing from 25 to 30 passengers, were carried off in fine style with two horses to the car, with great apparent ease." The *Commercial Advertiser* speaks for the opposition in its sneering announcement just before the public test on November 14:

There is to be a ride of thirty or forty rods on the Harlaem Rail-Road to-day, in the pleasure of which the Corporation is to participate. After the fatigues of the excursion, which, we believe, will be along the whole line that is completed, say from Spring Street in the Bowery up to the Reservoir—over which, if the horses are fleet, it will take them nearly two minutes to pass—there is to be a grand Rail-Road dinner. It is expected that the stock will rise with every fresh bumper—but will fall to-morrow. Some of the buyers may *fall* to-night.

The dinner was as inevitable as the parade in those days. When street gaslights were extended along Third Avenue all the way to Harlem, the aldermen had a self-congratulatory dinner, with many toasts.

That test could not be called a great success, inasmuch as the first street-car accident in history occurred within the first two minutes of operation. The Mayor and City Council, as well as some "strangers of distinction" drove up from the City Hall to be passengers on the first ride along with the railroad officials. The Mayor and Council were assigned to the first car, which was to be driven by one Lank O'Dell. A hack driver was to handle the team of the second car,

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which followed close behind. It may be mentioned that those first cars were fitted with wagon tongues, which later builders learned to do without.

The journey began blithely, as the *Courier and Enquirer* described it:

The horses trotted off in handsome style with great ease at about twelve miles an hour. Groups of spectators greeted the passage of the cars with shouts, and every window on the Bowery was filled.

At a prearranged signal, both cars were to stop quickly, to show how little danger there was of running over or colliding with anything else. The signal was given by the Vice President. O'Dell wound up his brake and stopped abruptly. But the second driver, momentarily flustered, merely shouted "Whoa!" and tried to rein in his horses, forgetting his brake. The horses could not stop the heavy car, and the point of the tongue crashed through the back of the car ahead. Some of the distinguished guests left the cars through the windows, and it was all very embarrassing.

Despite this *faux pas*, an enthusiastic citizen, after seeing the test, wrote to the *Gazette*, expressing the hope that cars would be placed on every street in the city, and travelers thus saved "the wear and tear and noise of jolting over rough paving stones" in omnibuses. He even waxed indignant over the use of the streets by other vehicles, such as carts and wagons, without leave or license.

The road came down the Bowery to Broome Street, turned west to Centre and ran down Centre to the depot or terminus, which was on Tryon Row, a long-since vanished little street on the site of the present great Municipal Building. Cholera and other hindrances delayed the building, and in 1834 only a short stretch of the line was ready for use. Opposition was still strong; Philip Hone was chairman of a mass meeting of protest at Tammany Hall, and in December of that year a newspaper correspondent signing himself "Junius"

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cried out from a full heart, "Through the Bowery it cannot pass!" adding darkly, "We will take all lawful means to prevent it; we may even go a little farther." But all these were wasted words. The railroad was inevitable, and opposition to it slowly melted away.

These first street cars in history had the appearance of three omnibus bodies joined together, each forming a separate compartment which seated eight or ten persons. The builders then knew no public vehicle save the stagecoach or omnibus, and transition from it had to take place by degrees. The body was swung on coach springs, and the driver sat on a high seat in front, just as he did on the mail stage. There was room for baggage and additional passengers on the roof, the latter climbing to their places by an iron ladder in the rear; but this was also an annoyance to the driver, for boys stole rides on it, and the only thing he could do was to lash at them with his long whip. After a few years the car degenerated into a mere ugly box on wheels—a curiosity to Dickens when he first saw it in 1842. "Two stout horses trot along," said he, "drawing a score or two of people and a great wooden ark with ease."

At Twenty-seventh Street the horses stopped and a little steam locomotive hooked up three or four cars and dived appallingly through Murray Hill; a marvel of engineering achievement. And that tunnel, by the way, is still in use. The railroad reached Harlem in 1838, Williamsbridge in 1842, White Plains in 1844, and Chatham Corners, its northern terminus, in 1852.

Of the five street carlines in the city in 1860, three ran through the Bowery. The two additional ones were the Third Avenue line, which ran from Park Row and Ann Street up through Chatham, the Bowery and Third Avenue to Yorkville; and the Second Avenue line, from Peck slip up Pearl, Chatham and the Bowery to Grand, thence over to Chrystie, and up Chrystie and Second Avenue to Harlem, returning part of the way by First Avenue. Charles Rector

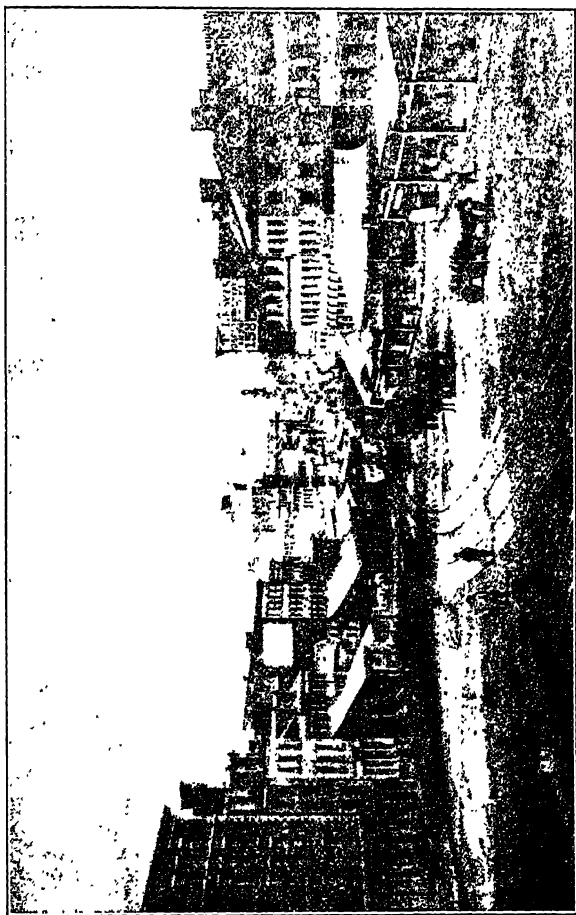
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later a famous restaurateur, was a conductor on this line for a short time just after the Civil War. Bus wars had brought down fares. Up to 1839, the fare from downtown to Yorkville was 18¾ cents; but that year a rival line cut the figures to 12½ cents for Yorkville and 18¾ cents for Harlem. The New York and Harlem Railroad again made havoc with rates, and by 1860 street car fares were five cents from the lower island to Eighty-sixth Street, and six cents beyond there.

The car lines did not seem to discourage the busses. In 1846 there were nine lines of them running through the full length of the street or a part of it. By 1860 the lines were almost innumerable. Fares for the longer distances paralleled those of the street cars; but you could ride from the north end of Avenue C through the Bowery to South Ferry for four cents, or from Forty-second and Third Avenue to Fulton Ferry for three cents. Bus fares and change were passed to and fro between driver and passenger through a little trapdoor in the roof.

There was much rivalry between bus lines, and for several years in the thirties and early forties racing was a menace to public safety. Panting teams—streaked with lather on hot summer days—galloped through the streets, now and then bowling over a pedestrian or colliding with another vehicle. Drivers haled into police court contemptuously tossed out a ten-dollar fine and went back to race again. Reckless passengers laid bets in the heat of a race, and encouraged or tipped their drivers to induce greater speed.

Despite its partial paving, the Bowery was still unkempt underfoot. The roadway and sidewalk paving were nowhere kept in good repair, and much mud was brought in from unpaved cross streets. Hogs, threatened time and again with banishment, still roamed the streets. In the fifties a huge sow ranged through the territory east of Chatham Square with a card tied to her tail, reading, "I'm Paddy Doyle's pig. Whose pig are you?"



"Valentine's Manual"

LOOKING DOWN CHATHAM STREET FROM CHATHAM SQUARE, 1858

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The Croton water supply, brought to the city in 1842, was a great boon; but the old street pumps furnished many a drink to thirsty wayfarers for decades afterwards. By 1860 even the slums were becoming habitual users of hydrant water. When a break occurred in the Croton main that year, the jam around the street wells was terrific, and in the Five Points there was some spirited fighting and hair-pulling among the women for the next chance at the pump.

The Bowery suffered no little from the cholera epidemic of 1832 and from the panic of 1837, when there were bread lines, just as there are to-day. A certain percentage of its citizens and neighbors fell victims to the Millerite delusion in 1843, sold or gave away their possessions and provided white gowns for their translation into angels. Bowery dry goods stores displayed large placards calling attention to "White Muslin for Ascension Robes." A shoe merchant invited citizens to help themselves to his stock, as he had no further use for it. The main Millerite congregation of the city met in a large upstairs hall at Chrystie and Delancey streets.

When the end of the world failed to arrive on April 23, the date first specified, the devotees did not lose their faith. Two months later their prophet, Brother Miller, who had been suffering from Job's curse, wrote to Brother Himes, a prominent New York leader, that his health was on the gain—he had now "only twenty-two biles, from the bigness of a grape to a walnut," and he had become convinced, through a more careful perusal of Scripture, of an error in his calculations, the correct date being immediately after the autumnal equinox of next year. Most of the deluded ones humbly accepted the excuse and waited; and the *Midnight Cry*, the local Millerite weekly organ, appealed to the more cautious brethren not to let those suffer who had given away their all.

The date now set was October 23, 1844, and enthusiasm rose higher than ever, even to frenzy. All over the country people were going insane, committing suicide, indulging in

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hideous orgies, sometimes murdering each other. At the beginning of October, street meetings were being held in Chatham Square, but the hooting and jostling of the unbelievers forced a discontinuance of them. Brother Stone, pastor of the church at Chrystie and Delancey, issued his farewell to New York on the sixteenth, and on the evening of the twenty-second the faithful were all there in their white nightgowns, awaiting the call, when some ribald Bowery youths ignited some shavings outside, and began setting off blue fire and Roman candles. The ensuing panic in the church, in which many of the weaker were badly trampled, is inexplicable in view of the fact that they were supposed to be serenely and momentarily expecting the dissolution of the universe. For two or three nights there was much disturbance around the church. Finally, on the thirty-first Stone called his flock together and humbly recanted, saying that he had been led astray through excitement and mesmerism. And lo and behold, Brother Himes stood up, too, rating the devotees harshly for their infatuation and telling them to go back to work.

The talk and laughter over this had scarcely died away when one day in the spring of 1846 the rolling of a drum beaten by a boy in regimentals before a door in Chatham Square announced the recruiting of men for "the little root-beer war now fomenting on the Rio Grande," as Mike Walsh, the vitriolic editor, contemptuously called it. A trim sergeant in the tall chimney-pot cap worn by soldiers then, strolled to and fro and told idlers amazing yarns of the joys of the soldier's life in the tropics. Bernie Ormsby, of 8 Doyers Street, compounder of Cleopatra's Infallible Egyptian Hair Dye, had persuaded a shifty ne'er-do-well of the neighborhood, known as Red-Headed Tom, to have one side of his head dyed black and sit in his show window, illustrating Before and After in his own person. And when even Red-Headed Tom, through political influence, got a place as first lieutenant in the army, many a Five-Pointer and Bowery

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fireman followed him into the ranks and went to Mexico to fight and "see the woild."

To stir sluggish patriotism that spring, the noble example of an old Revolutionary War veteran who daily sat begging at the corner of Chatham Square and the Bowery was often cited. He was a pitiful spectacle—an inspiration only from a nobly distinterested point of view. On a piece of brown pasteboard boxtop hung from his neck was scrawled the words, "I am a poor Blind Soldier of the Revolution." His face was grimy, his clothes tattered and dirty; his head was bald, with a fringe of long, thin white locks falling to his shoulders. As it was sixty-three years since the Revolution ended, he must be very, very old—over a hundred, a Sunday newspaper declared. Editors and passers-by alike thought it a disgrace that one who had fought under Washington for our freedom should be compelled to beg his bread in the streets.

But one day a party of roughs were skylarking on the sidewalk, and one of them, pushed by another and staggering, clutched at the old man's long white hair, when lo! it came away in his hand and with it the bald skull, revealing a thick mat of black hair underneath. While the hoodlums stood momentarily dumfounded, profanely calling upon heaven to witness their astonishment, the blind centenarian leaped to his feet, darted nimbly between them and dashed across the Square and down Oliver Street like a frightened rabbit, with a scattering of gamins running after him and yelling, "Hi! Stop that old Revolutioner! Cracky, how he kin run!" Never again was he seen on the old familiar corner.

The call of gold in 1849 sent many another East Side citizen on a pilgrimage to the setting sun and Eldorado—working his way or walking, if he could not travel in better style; and the red shirts of New York firemen and the rich brogues of the Bowery and Five Points were seen and heard along

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the Stanislaus and the Mokelumne, and in Dutch Flat and Placerville. In search of adventure and fighting as much as reward, the Bowery supplied not a few volunteers also for the ill-fated filibustering expedition of William Walker, "grey-eyed man of destiny," in Nicaragua in 1856-57.

It was D. T. Valentine's opinion, in 1857, that from the corner of the Bowery and Division Street you had one of the finest panoramic views in the city—"far up the Bowery and Division Street, through the length of Catherine Street and Chatham to beyond Pearl Street, and the mighty multitudes which are passing." He forgot to add that to southward there was now a new vista; for to weld the Bowery and Pearl Street into a direct, continuous southerly artery, the New Bowery had been cut through in 1855 from the southeast corner of Chatham Square to Pearl at the corner of Oak Street. In doing so, a section of the ancient Jewish burying ground had been sliced away, and the little *Beth Haim* which had lain hidden in the middle of a block for decades was laid open to the view of citizens who had been unaware of its existence. The new street penetrated one of the worst sections of the city, the Fourth Ward, and speedily became a slum thoroughfare where "every grocery was a liquor shop and nearly every second door a saloon, dance hall or sailors' lodging house." In an effort to combat these conditions, the famous Howard Mission was founded at 40 New Bowery in 1861.

Again quoting Foster, the Pierce Egan of this era:

There is no end to the sights to be seen in the Bowery. It is a perpetual kaleidoscope from morning till night; something rare and strange constantly starting up. It is to the study of what passes in the street that the Boweryites are mainly indebted for what they get of education. . . .

In their personal deportment the Bowery people are perfectly independent. You needn't trouble yourself to put a coat on when you go into the street if it is not agreeable; no one will cut you for that breach of etiquette. . . . They (Bowery folk) preserve

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their original traits pretty much as they came from the hand of Nature.

He adds that the "nobs" of upper Broadway and Union Square, if they were walking home and had a bundle to carry, would go around through the Bowery to avoid being seen with it by their fastidious friends. Likewise, men fallen into financial difficulties walked home by the Bowery to avoid the searching eyes on Broadway of those whose opinion they dreaded. It was now that the cheap hotels and boarding houses of the neighborhood began to be the refuge of men still more broken in fortune, men down and out, men disgraced, even wanted by the law. Scribblers, petty journalists, foreign revolutionaries, down-at-heel chaps of all sorts were lunching at cheap little doggeries; the Bowery had become a Bohemia even before the Civil War:

If bad luck in any shape is on you, you may walk the Bowery in safety; nobody will pry into your troubles, or think any the less of you for a coat out at elbows. If you are just out of prison, they'll forgive you. In a word, it's the only noble-spirited, Christian street in New York.

And so it remained for many decades thereafter. So, indeed, it is to-day.

The better to understand those years just preceding the Civil War, let us glance at a campaign biography of Mayor Fernando Wood, published when he was running for re-election in 1856. The book says that when Wood first came to the chair two years before, he found New York

A wild metropolis . . . the press was filled with complaints of official corruption, useless expenditures of public moneys, over-taxation and improper contracting. . . . Paupers in myriads were emptied from polluted ships upon our shores, to become the prey of immigrant runners or a burden upon the charities of the city.

He found the streets of the great metropolis ill-paved, broken by carts and omnibuses into ruts and perilous gullies, obstructed

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by boxes and signboards, impassable by reason of thronging vehicles and filled with filth and garbage which was left where it had been thrown, to rot and send out its pestiferous fumes, breathing fever, cholera and a host of diseases all over the city. He found hacks, carts and omnibuses choking the thoroughfares, the Jehu drivers dashing through the crowds furiously, reckless of life; women and children were knocked down, trampled on and the ruffians drove on, uncaught. Hackmen overcharged and were insolent to their passengers; baggage smashers haunted the docks, tearing one's baggage about, stealing it sometimes, and demanding from timid women and strange men unnumbered fees for doing mischief or for doing nothing at all. . . . Rowdiness seemed to rule the city; it was at the risk of your life that you walked the streets late at night; the club, the knife, the slungshot and the revolver were in constant activity; the Sunday low dramshop polluted the Sabbath air, and in the afternoon and night sent forth its crowd of wretches, infuriate with bad liquor, to howl and blaspheme, to fight or lie prone on the sidewalk or in the gutter.

Prostitution, grown bold with immunity, polluted the public highways, brazenly insolent to modesty and common decency; and idle policemen, undistinguished from other citizens,¹ lounged about, gaped, gossiped, drank and smoked, insolently useless, upon street corners and in saloons.

This indictment was for the most part true. It was not quite true of certain of the better sections of the city, but as to others, say the Fourth and Sixth Wards, it was almost an understatement. Fortunately, the Five Points had reached its nadir. It had become so bad that it was no longer endurable, and certain religious and charitable organizations had set out to reform it. A mission was established on Paradise Square in 1850; and that noisome cesspool of humanity, the Old Brewery, was bought and demolished in 1852, to be replaced by another mission. These were followed by the Five Points House of Industry in 1855; and with that, a slow,

¹ New York police wore no uniforms until the new Metropolitan force came into being in 1857.

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very slow and gradual betterment of the quarter was begun. When the Old Brewery was torn down, the workmen carried out several bags of human bones, found between walls and in cellars and secret passages.

Wood's biographer claimed that he eliminated all the evils enumerated above, but there was never a greater falsification put into print. On the contrary, this slippery politician was one of the worst Mayors that ever ruled New York. During his reign, civic morality in New York reached the lowest depths it had yet plumbed—but it was destined to sink lower still. The Age of Wood was succeeded by the Age of Tweed.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OLD BOWERY, UNLUCKIEST OF THEATERS

THE Park, which was New York's first really commodious and elegant house of entertainment, almost has a legitimate place in our story, since it was located on the lower stretch of the Boston Post Road; that is, on that section of Chatham Street, between Ann and Beekman, which about 1825 began to be called Park Row, because it was opposite City Hall Park. The theater, which was opened in 1798, cost \$139,000 to build, an enormous sum for those days, and for many years was a center for the town's artistic life. Its boards were trodden by Junius Brutus Booth, the great but eccentric George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, Thomas S. Hamblin (later manager of the Bowery), the Wallacks, the Placides, Edwin Forrest and his rival Macready, John R. Scott, Charles R. Thorne, Charles and Fanny Kemble, Tyrone Power, Ellen Tree, James E. Murdoch, Fanny Elssler, Charlotte Cushman, John Brougham, and other great ones of a century ago. There John Howard Payne, writer of "Home, Sweet Home," appeared in 1809 at the age of sixteen as Young Norval in "Douglas" and as Edward in "King Lear," and later in other parts; at his benefit in 1833 Forrest, Scott, and the Kembles appeared. There Forrest played an engagement in 1836 at a salary of \$500 per night—a remarkable stipend either for that day or this.

There in the boxes you might see all the aristocracy and all the literary and editorial lights—Drake, Halleck, Bryant, Willis, Godwin, Theodore S. Fay, Mordecai M. Noah, George P. Morris, Park Benjamin, the Dwights. There General William Henry Harrison went in 1813 to see Cooper act in

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"Macbeth," and President Monroe in 1817 saw the same play and actor. In the theater's early days, the boy Washington Irving, after evening prayers when he was supposed to be asleep in his room, would steal out by a back window and a shed roof and reach the playhouse at least in time for the afterpiece; for your old-time theatergoer was not satisfied unless he had two plays or more in an evening. The entertainment was apt to begin at six-thirty or seven, and it lasted so long that at its close the ushers or beadles had to go around with their canes and awaken a number of boys, not to mention an occasional adult, who had been unable to stave off slumber until the end.

The Park burned in 1820, was rebuilt and burned again in 1848; and the site then being considered too far downtown for dramatics, was converted to business purposes. One memento of the house remains—a narrow passage between Beekman and Ann streets, which once led to the stage entrance and which is still called Theater Alley.

Meanwhile the belief had arisen that there was room in New York for another theater a little farther uptown. In the 1820's, what is to-day the lower East Side, that is, portions of the Seventh and Tenth Wards, east of the Bowery, and the Fourteenth Ward west of it, were filling with well-to-do, often even aristocratic residents; and the Bowery was their Main Street, as it was for the fashionable folk of Bowery Village. A playhouse for the entertainment of all these was regarded as a hopeful enterprise, and so in 1825 a company was formed to build one on the site of the Bull's Head Tavern, which property was bought from Henry Astor for \$105,000.

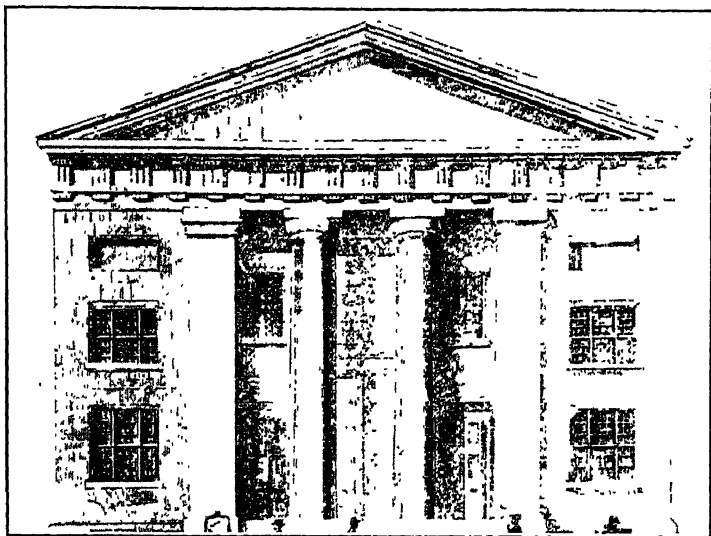
The old tavern was torn down, and on June 17, 1826, the cornerstone of what, it was fondly hoped, would be the favorite dramatic temple of America was laid. The ceremony was an elegant yet enthusiastic function. A party embracing many of the leading men of the city rode from Morse's Hotel

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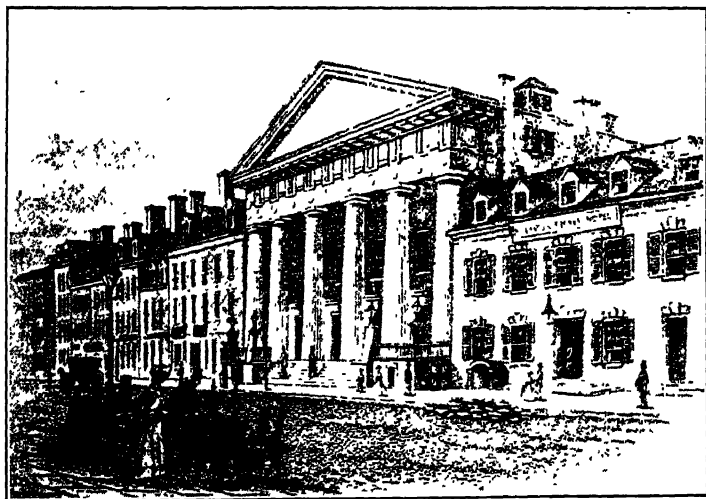
to the site of the theater, and there the Mayor himself, Philip Hone, capitalist, scholar, and social arbiter, wielded the trowel. Returning to the hotel, Hone made one of his polished addresses at the banquet which followed. Though long known in later decades as the Bowery, this house was at first christened the New York Theatre; but there was still a tendency among the guests at the dinner to think of it as the Bull's Head, which had been the popular choice. One speaker proposed the toast, "The Bull's Head—may it add to our relish for the Bard who has immortalized the Boar's Head in Eastcheap." Alexander Ming, a Tammany politician, offered, "The Bull's Head Theatre—may it ever be a-head of John Bull." An alderman promulgated the sentiment, "May the magic of the drama forever disperse the Bulls from the Bowery;" while Colonel William L. Stone, editor, proposed a health to "The Butchers—the original tragedians upon the stage of the Bull's Head; may their successors never butcher a tragedy nor knock a comedy on the head."

The new house was certainly the largest in the country. Its seating capacity is given as three thousand, though we suspect that this is something of an exaggeration. The building had a fine façade and a large stage, and its interior was decorated in the most florid manner known to the art of the period. Within four months the building was ready for use, and was dedicated on October 23. Here, in the words of a contemporary account, "the brilliant experiment of lighting the stage by gas, then first attempted, was hailed with the greatest satisfaction"—which has by some been taken to mean that the Bowery was the first New York theater to use gas-lighting. But this is an error. The above sentence evidently refers particularly to the *footlights*; for the Chatham Garden Theater auditorium was lighted by gas more than a year before the Bowery was completed.

A prize was offered for the best dedicatory ode, and the winning poem, written by Grenville Mellen, was recited on



FIRST BOWERY THEATER, ERECTED 1826



SECOND BOWERY THEATER, ERECTED 1828

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the opening night by George Barrett, actor and stage manager. It concluded grandly:

And ours is Shakespeare; on these splendid walls
He and his queen shall hang their coronals;
Here peerless Taste her wreath of buds shall twine,
And Beauty bind it 'round her favorite shrine.
Here Music bend above her sounding wires,
Where Genius guards his hallowed altar-fires;
Whilst wizard Eloquence shall triumph here,
And Poetry itself in steps of light appear.

The house frequently had difficulty in later years in living up to that prospectus.

The opening play was "The Road to Ruin"—ominous title, prophetic of the subsequent fire and adversity of the manager—and it was followed by the farce, "Raising the Wind." Charles Gilfert, the manager, was an accomplished musician, and his wife, a talented actress, was a member of the company, which also included Mr. and Mrs. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. Young, the Barretts and others. The admission at first was placed at fifty cents for the whole house save the gallery, which was twenty-five cents; but "a few nights' experience proved that to keep a portion of the house free from admixture with the vulgar and unrefined, it would be necessary to discriminate between the boxes and the pit." So the price of box seats—which encircled the house just back of the pit, like the more recent dress circle—was raised to 75 cents, and the pit lowered to 37½ cents, which quickly put everybody in his place. It was proudly advertised that "the pit seats are furnished with backs"—contrary to the usual custom.

On November 6 the rising young star, Edwin Forrest, was added to the company, appearing in "Othello," "Damon and Pythias" and the like. Evacuation Day, November 25, was celebrated by his appearance in a new character, the Indian Chief in "She Would Be a Soldier." Thomas S. Hamblin, destined to long association with the theater, first appeared

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here on December 13 as Virginius. Forrest played Lear on the twenty-seventh, with Hamblin as Edgar and Mrs. Duff as Cordelia. Forrest also played Rolla in "Pizarro," Young Norval in "Douglas" and Jaffier in "Venice Preserved" during the winter.

Opera was presented, too. On January 15, 1827, a woman destined to be one of the great favorites of the age, Maria Felicia Garcia (Mme. Malibran), gave her first performance and made her first essay at a character in English, that of Count Bellino in "The Devil's Bridge." But the great sensation of the season came with the appearance of the noted French danseuse, Mme. Francisquy Hutin, in February. After the play of "Much Ado About Nothing," she was billed to appear in a *Grand Pas Seul* entitled "La Barege Coquette." It was to be New York's introduction to the modern French school of dancing, and a crowded house awaited the event with expectancy and even some trepidation. But when the graceful figure bounded upon the stage in what came to be the typical Victorian ballet dancer's tiny skirt, and her first pirouette gave a full view of her symmetrical legs, the shock was terrific. It was America's first glimpse of full-length tights; "the cheeks of the greater portion of the audience were crimsoned with shame, and every lady in the lower tier of boxes left the house."

It was evident that tights—for the moment, at least—would not do on the Bowery; and thereafter until the end of her first brief engagement, the dancer appeared in Turkish trousers. But later she slipped back into tights again and audiences soon grew accustomed to them, though the clergy and some others raged against them without ceasing. The tiny, gauzy skirt was accepted by the public as a concealing garment, a concession to modesty, and other dancers wore it without comment; but when in 1866 whole platoons of sturdy women appeared in "The Black Crook" in tights *without* skirts, New York again fainted from shock. For forty years it had been seeing legs, but pretending not to see them!

THE OLD BOWERY, UNLUCKIEST OF THEATERS

The advent of Mme. Hutin brought other troubles, also. A Miss Deblin, dancer, brought suit against Gilfert in 1827 for breach of contract, and some of the pleading has a distinctly modern sound. Miss Deblin stated in her bill that she had been employed as a leading dancer at thirteen dollars per week, "but a Mme. Hutin having arrived in this country, a lady of dancing celebrity, Miss Deblin was cast in the shade, and the manager found it convenient to get rid of her." Instead of being given solo parts, she was now ordered to go on in processions, country dances, etc., but the outrage to her professional dignity was too great, and she refused. Gilfert's counsel, in defense, pointed out that "the young lady received a remuneration for the profession which she had chosen far superior to that which an industrious female of a much older age can expect in any other line of work." Nevertheless, the jury awarded Miss Deblin damages to the amount of \$395.

The Wallacks, George Holland, and T. H. Quin were among the star players that winter. Mme. Malibran gave her last American performance in October, 1827, in "John of Paris." Mlle. Celeste, another great favorite of the period, first appeared at the theater as a dancer in 1827, later coming back again and again as a romantic actress. Louisa Lane, afterwards Mrs. John Drew the elder, made her first New York appearance here on March 28, 1828, as Little Pickle in "The Spoiled Child."

In May, 1828, there was a veritable congress of dancers at the theater. On the morning of May 26 the *Courier* carried the announcement of

Mrs. Gilfert's Benefit—Mrs. Gilfert respectfully announces to her friends that having recovered from her recent severe indisposition, her benefit, which, in consequence of that event, was postponed, will take place this evening. Upon this occasion will be performed the Tragedy of THIRTY YEARS; or, The Life of a Gambler—heretofore received with the most distinguished approbation.. The part of Georgette, for this night only, will be

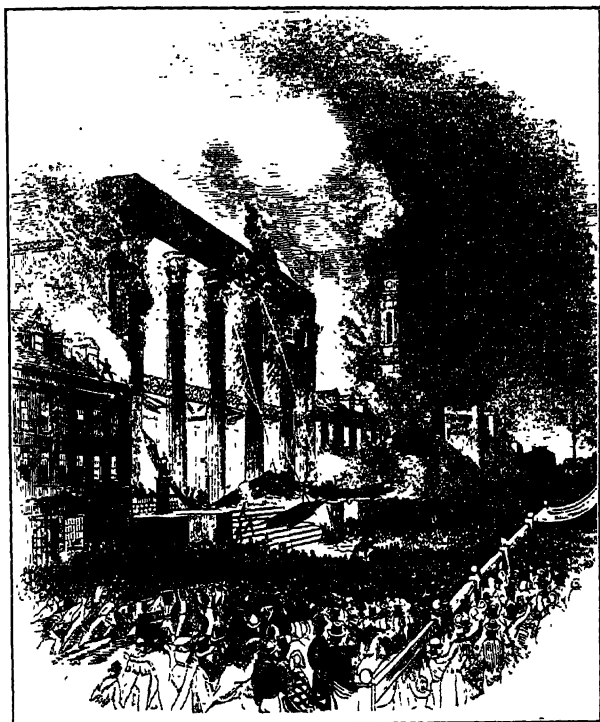
OLD BOWERY DAYS

personated by Miss Sophia Gilfert, being her first appearance. The HUNDRED POUND NOTE will also be presented. . . . Mme. Labasse will dance her favorite *pas seul*, "I've been Roaming." Mons. Barberi and Mad'selle Celeste will appear in a grand *pas di deux*. Seiltanzer Herr Cline will perform on the elastic cord, displaying many novel and highly effective evolutions.

Mme. Hutin was also on the roster, but was being held in reserve.

About six o'clock that evening, just as the performers had begun dressing for the play, a livery stable on Bayard Street caught fire, and a strong southwest wind drove the flames rapidly through intervening wooden buildings to the theater. The walls of the latter were of brick and the windows iron-shuttered, but the leaping flames found a vulnerable spot in the wooden cornice under the eaves; they seized the ends of the rafters and followed them relentlessly into the building. Within fifteen minutes the beautiful edifice was all ablaze. The leaden roof disintegrated and poured to the ground in a molten cascade; flames rose hundreds of feet into the air, lighting up the city, while not only the Bowery but almost the whole community gathered, sorrowing, in the neighboring streets.

The whole department, forty-seven engines and nine trucks, fought as well as they could, considering their primitive apparatus and the difficulty of getting water—the supply in the neighboring cisterns having been greatly depleted by other recent fires. A line of seventeen engines pumped water up Catherine Street from the East River, nearly a mile distant, through each other's tanks to the fire. What a spectacle a bird's-eye view along that street must have been, with those seventeen machines doing their puny best, more than three hundred half-stripped men, twenty to the machine, with flying hair, heaving up and down at their brakes like men gone mad, giving all they had of heart and muscle against a fiend temporarily out of control; their force constantly changing as one and another sank away breathless, and fresh ones



"Illustrated London News"

BURNING OF THE BOWERY THEATER, 1845

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leaped to their places from the thousand or more in reserve!

Their efforts were powerless to save the theater, and with it went Given's stagehouse and tavern at the corner of Bayard Street, Nat Weeks's porterhouse, Tom Swift's porterhouse, Pierson's Tavern and several shops and stables—the fire finally being checked a few doors north of the theater.

Gilfert had the ground cleared at once, and a new house was reared in ninety days. The front was handsome in its simplicity, with an entablature supported by six Doric columns. Here for the first time, instead of a roll-up curtain, handsome plush portières divided in the middle and were pulled aside into graceful festoons as in to-day's Metropolitan Opera House. It was this house which Mrs. Trollope visited in 1831 and complimented so highly:

The Park Theatre is the only one licensed by fashion, but the Bowery is infinitely superior in beauty; it is indeed as pretty a theatre as I ever entered, perfect as to size and proportion, elegantly decorated, and the scenery and machinery equal to any in London, but it is not the fashion.

An interesting commentary on manners at the theater—and evidently the Park is indicated, for the Bowery was then just being completed—is furnished by the *Mirror* in 1826. Helter-skelter dress at the theater was first complained of, just as is often done by the style purists of to-day; "cloaks, overcoats, frock-coats, yellow, black and parti-colored cravats." And furthermore:

How often do we witness at our theatres *men* occupy the *front* seat with their hats on, and *ladies* on the second and third seats with their hats *off*. No one will dispute the *right* of half a dozen gentlemen to occupy any seat which they have engaged and for which they have paid; but it would be no great trouble were they to exchange with parties who have not been quite so early in engaging places, and (as man is generally the taller part of creation) they would see quite as well.

It is interesting to observe that this editor does not notice

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another breach of which Mrs. Trollope complained, namely, the tendency of gentlemen to dangle their legs over the railings of the boxes or dress circle. Her barbed words on the subject cut deeply into the American soul, and the pit, being unable to indulge in this restful pose of the boxes, became much scandalized by it. A pair of boots seen hanging outside the balustrade was sure to bring a roar of "Trollope! Trollope!" from the pit, and the offending members would as a rule be promptly withdrawn; whereupon the pit would reciprocate with cheers. Later the cry was changed, as is seen in the experience of an Englishman¹ who visited the Bowery Theatre in 1844 to see "Macbeth":

One thing did surprise me. I had been led to suppose that I would see many of the audience with their legs hanging outside the boxes, but this was not the case in a single instance; and when, by way of experiment, I placed my own legs outside, there was such a tremendous outcry of "Boots, boots, boots!" (the great Macbeth himself seeming to apostrophize the boots before him rather than the dagger) that I was glad to put my legs inside the box again, though I could not help exclaiming, as I took a quiet pinch of snuff, "Oh, oh! I see Mrs. Trollope has cured you of one abominable habit, at any rate."

The writer's further description of the scene is amusing:

Many in the pit were in their shirt-sleeves. Apples, oranges and ginger-beer were sold in all parts of the house. The play was Macbeth, and the acting was much criticized. Owing to mismanagement of the machinery, the Ghost of the murdered Banquo got so jammed in the trap that he could not for the life of him disappear at the critical moment, though Macbeth told him repeatedly to take himself off. . . .

"Avaunt and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."

¹ "A Loiterer in New York," in *Bentley's Miscellany*.

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But the Ghost couldn't do it, being as a Yankee near me observed, "In a pretty considerable fix," till at last the perturbed spirit was extricated by two of the castle guard and left the stage, looking as little like a real ghost as it is possible to conceive.

It was in this second Bowery Theater, as Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet II declares, that the pit was floored with cobblestones. We think he must have meant flagstones. Cobbles would have furnished a dreadfully uneven and precarious footing for the unanchored, backless benches on which the pit spectators sat. The uproar caused by the moving and upsetting of the benches finally persuaded the management to put in a wooden floor and screw the benches to it. The seats were at first covered with a strip of canvas, which was supposed to contribute comfort and protect trousers from splinters; but the cloth was so soon torn to pieces that it was finally abandoned, and patrons sat on the bare wood.

Notwithstanding society's leaning towards the Park, many aristocratic folk visited the Bowery, where the same high-class plays and players were offered as at the Park. Philip Hone was seen there occasionally, though he disapproved of the mob of "Soaplocks, But-enders and Subterraneans" in the pit. The last-mentioned nickname was the invention of Mike Walsh, anti-Tammany Democratic editor, who called his weekly paper *The Subterranean*, and claimed to represent the "subterranean Democracy," the portion submerged, buried, and trodden under foot by Tammany.

It is true that the pit of the Bowery was not noted for correctness of behavior. There was even a pickpocket there occasionally. In 1832 "a gentleman belonging to the State of Vermont, who arrived in the city on Monday evening by one of the Bridgeport packets," went to the Bowery Theater an hour or so after his arrival, and while sitting in the pit was relieved of his wallet, containing \$1,700. On the same evening another up-country citizen lost a roll of \$420 in an-

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other theater, not named in the newspapers. Editorial moralizing upon these incidents shows that it was still considered the part of decency to disapprove the stage.

If country merchants will go to the theater immediately on their arrival in the city, why do they not learn wisdom from the lessons taught them so frequently? A countryman will be ten times as likely to have his pockets rifled as a citizen. But citizens are generally careful to leave their pocket books and cash at home when going to the play or the opera. No man should ever go to such schools of morals as the play house with more money than will pay for his play ticket and a cup of coffee between the play and the after-piece.

Another writer, proving the corrupting influence of the stage, cited the example of a criminal who admitted that he began his evil career as a boy by stealing money to pay his way into the Bowery Theater; adding that many other boys did the same thing—all of which has an odor of propaganda. A preacher told of passing the Bowery Theater and seeing men and boys swarming into a low-browed door over which were written the awful, the ominous words, *The Pit*. To him it had a dreadful significance—an allegory, as it were, of wayward souls descending into Hell.

There was some foundation for these strictures, for while the plays were mostly moral, the lives of the actors were not above reproach. There were ladies and gentlemen of the profession, it is true, who compared favorably with the best of any other class; but vice, infidelity, and drunkenness were somewhat too common for the good name of the profession. As for the last-named weakness, Junius Brutus Booth was a frequent victim of the bottle, and George Frederick Cooke and some other eminent players literally drank themselves to death. Augustus A. Addams, who first appeared at the Bowery in October, 1830, was a promising tragedian whom some thought as good as Forrest; a handsome fellow with a powerful, flexible voice, and it was said of him that he could

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outrant any other actor, living or dead—which was sure to make him a favorite with the Bowery lads. The tragedy of "Jack Cade" was written for his first appearance, but on the opening night he was too drunk to play.

Gilfert, the manager, himself sought forgetfulness in drink when financial troubles thickened around him after the burning of the theater. He died a little more than a year later, on July 30, 1829. He should be remembered as the one who installed the first really good theatrical orchestra in New York, and was the inventor of the press agent; that is, he was the first manager to employ a writer to concoct news articles about members of the company. During his incumbency, he killed Charles Young, a prominent actor, in a formal duel.

The house now passed under the control of the Park Theater for a year, but in August, 1830, James H. Hackett and Thomas S. Hamblin took over the management and re-christened it the Bowery Theater, a name which it bore with but one short interlude for nearly fifty years thereafter. In 1831 there was an anti-foreign riot at the Park Theater—yes, even the aristocratic Park!—directed by the pit principally against an English actor and actress, but aggravated by the rumor that two metal eagles which had been removed from the portal of the building for repairing, had really been discarded because of the pro-British sympathies of the manager. After this disturbance Hamblin, parading his patriotism changed the name of the Bowery to the American Theater; but in the course of a year and a half this name disappeared from the bills, and "Bowery" was restored.

Within a month after the beginning of the joint management, Hackett retired and Hamblin became sole lessee. He was a popular actor as well as promoter. Forrest, with his magnificent physique, his tremendous voice and orotund manner, was the great favorite of the Bowery pit and gallery. In 1828 he flattered the native American spirit by offering a prize of five hundred dollars and one-half of the third night's receipts for the "best tragedy in five acts, of which the hero

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or principal character shall be an original of this country." The winning play was "Metamora; or the Last of the Wampanoags," written by an actor, John Augustus Stone. Cooper's novels had stimulated interest in the Indian, and now for the first time a red man appeared as the hero of a successful play. The drama furnished Forrest an excellent opportunity for grandiloquent acting, and his appearance in this as well as in "Jack Cade," "Spartacus" or any other of his heroic parts was pretty sure to bring a full house and uproarious applause.

Tom Hamblin, with his fine figure, swelling chest, flowing jet locks, magnificent swagger and bellowing voice, tearing the passions to tatters at times, was second only to Forrest in popularity. John R. Scott, who first appeared at the Bowery as Virginius in 1834, was perhaps a close third in the affections of the Bhoys for ten years or more thereafter. An imitator of Forrest, his style was expansive, his diction thunderous; and "The capacious stage of the Bowery," says Dayton, "was none too large for the complete exhibition of his melodramatic frenzy, when in the closing scene he was surrounded by blue flames and wildly hi-hied by the B'hoys who were packed in the pit at a shilling a head." Josephine Clifton, who first appeared in 1830, was a much-admired heroine of the Bowery. Of gigantic (though symmetrical) stature, pleasing voice and countenance, she towered over even the stalwart Forrest or Hamblin, and made the masterful, murderous Lady Macbeth much more plausible.

Sword duels were a favorite fare in the Bowery, and they must not be scanted. Junius Brutus Booth, another popular star, when playing such dramas as "Richard III" or "Macbeth" in his latter years, would husband his strength through the earlier acts in order that he might put on a long and vigorous fight with Richmond or Macduff at the close. The B'hoys would have been dissatisfied with anything but a slam-bang, exhausting, rough-and-tumble combat, with first one duellist and then the other down and up, down and up again

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until the fatal stroke and the veteran Booth gave his opponents plenty to do, dealing mighty blows not always on the program, so that they were relieved when he finally consented to be slain. George Jones, afterwards known as Count Joannes, had a memorable duel with Booth in "Richard III" at the Bowery on New Year's Eve, 1829-30. Booth, who had been drinking heavily, was in a quarrelsome mood, and when Jones as Richmond, crossed swords with him in the last act, Booth attacked with such fury that Jones saw he meant to kill him. The audience soon discovered that an unusual situation was in progress, and its enthusiasm rose to frenzy. Never had the Bowery seen such a battle. Jones himself was a skillful swordsman, and had the advantage of being sober. To and fro, back and forth they fought across the stage, interpolating words not in the text, most of which were unheard by the audience because of the uproar of approbation. Finally Jones succeeded in disarming the infuriated monarch. Seizing him by the throat and hurling him to the ground he cried, "Richard III, are you dead?" "Dead!" yelled Booth. "No, infernal Richmond! Down, down to Hell, and say I sent you there!" Seeing that the crook-backed tyrant was determined not to die, Jones signaled the stage manager, and the curtain at last ended the scene.

In 1833 Jones was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and never thereafter appeared in public without the insignia of his rank.

An attempted serious presentation of that sinister tragedy, "Richard III," at the Bowery in November, 1832, resulted in one of the funniest evenings ever seen at the theater. It was the evening of Evacuation Day, and so eager were the management for the shekels that on such holiday occasions they never stopped selling admissions as long as there were applicants. There being no seats reserved in the pit, the crowd completely overflowed in, surged over the orchestra and up on the stage. A reporter estimated that there were three hundred persons on the stage and in the wings. Among them

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were militiamen in uniform, a few sailors, and swarms of youngsters munching apples and peanuts.

Booth was playing Richard in his best style—or trying to; but a hum of conversation and restlessness drowned many of the lines, and there were ludicrous interruptions. During the impassioned scene with Lady Anne the gallery gods mischievously tossed pennies on the stage, and boys scrambling for them more than once ran between Richard and the noble lady in pursuit of a rolling copper.

In the strenuous tent scene on the battle eve, when Richard on his cot was rent by his terrible dream, a group of spectators around a table near by were examining the equipment which the royal warrior had laid aside; passing the crown from hand to hand, hefting the massive sword and inspecting the regalia with infinite curiosity. When the ghosts of King Henry, Lady Anne, and the others appeared, it was difficult to distinguish them from the mob who thrust their faces and persons into the royal shadows.

The Battle of Bosworth brought the climax of absurdity. Soldiers had to force their way through the horde of spectators, who ran this way and that shouting and colliding with each other; and when Richard and Richmond fought, the spectators made a ring around them, shouting comments and encouragement, and kept them at it nearly a quarter of an hour "by Shrewsbury Clock." T. D. Rice came on after the tragedy to do his Jim Crow song and dance, one of the great hits of the age, and though they made him repeat the song about twenty times, they hemmed him in so that he had scarcely any room to dance.

Charles R. Thorne made his first appearance at the Bowery in 1829 as Pythias. Emily Mestayer, member of a famous family and one of the popular players of her day, was first seen here in 1830 as Prince John in "Henry IV." Thomas H. Hadaway and Mary Ann Russell, afterwards Mrs. M. A. Farren, both made their American débuts here that year. A remarkable performance of "Julius Cæsar"

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in 1834 had Forrest as Antony, George Jones as Cæsar, Hamblin as Brutus, Henry Wallack as Casca, Mrs. Fanny J. Herring (mother of the younger and more popular Fanny) as Calpurnia. A sop to the pit and gallery that same year was a melodrama entitled "Beulah Spa; or Two of the B'hoys." Mme. Celeste returned from Europe after a five years' absence, playing leads in romantic drama, and after her New York engagement, toured the country for nearly two years, returning to Europe with, it was rumored, some \$200,000 in profits.

There were too many theaters in the city in the thirties, and business suffered thereby. During the panic of 1837 Philip Hone commented caustically, "It is almost incredible that in these times of distress, when the study of economy is so great an object, there should be nine of these money drains in operation." Among them he listed the Bowery, "with Jim Crow, who is made to repeat nightly, almost *ad infinitum*, his balderdash song, which has now acquired the stamp of London approbation to increase its *éclat*."

To stimulate business, managers resorted more and more to novelties and spectacles. As an example, Van Ambergh, later famous as an animal trainer and circus proprietor, appeared at the Bowery in 1834 in a melodrama written for him by Miss Medina, entitled "The Lion Lord; or the Forest Monarch." At its climax he rode a horse up a series of ramps at the back of the stage, and when near the flies, a "Royal Bengal tiger" would spring upon him, he would fall from his horse and wrestle with the tiger down towards the footlights, while the auditorium rocked with excitement and applause. In 1835 some spectacles put on by Hamblin played to business which even a modern manager might envy. To mention two of them, "The Earthquake" yielded eight thousand dollars receipts the first week, and "The Last Days of Pompeii" ten thousand dollars in its first week. These successes put Hamblin in easier circumstances, and he bought the theater building, the original company retaining the

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ground, which was still mortgaged to Henry Astor. But Hamblin's greatest disaster was impending.

In September, 1836, a young woman named Charlotte Cushman applied to him for a position. She came well recommended by a New Orleans manager, and after seeing her rehearse, Hamblin made a three years' agreement with her, she to start at a salary of twenty-five dollars per week, which was to increase by ten dollars each year. The manager advanced money to buy her wardrobe, and was to deduct it at the rate of five dollars weekly from her salary.

On September 12, 1836, she who was regarded as America's greatest actress of the nineteenth century made her New York début as Lady Macbeth to the Macbeth of Hamblin. On succeeding nights she appeared in "Rob Roy" and "Jane Shore." But ten days after her first performance, at five o'clock on the morning of September 22, fire was discovered, already raging backstage in the theater. Such a start had it attained that within five minutes more it burst through the roof, and the building was seen to be doomed. The only theory that could be advanced to account for the fire was that it had been started by smoldering gun waddings fired during the performance of the night before. An Italian opera company which had just arrived lost \$30,000 worth of costumes and properties; and the building, scenery and properties belonging to Hamblin were valued at \$60,000 or \$70,000 more. He had let his insurance lapse only a few days before, and his loss was total.

James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the *Herald*, had been an acrid critic of Hamblin, and when a proposition was made by another theater manager to give Hamblin a benefit performance after the fire, Bennett strongly opposed it; and for this and other reasons, the affair was not a great success. Hamblin's feeling against Bennett was very bitter, and one night when he and a party of friends had been dining and wining at the home of Jared W. Bell, editor of the *New Era*, he decided to castigate the editor. Accordingly, he invaded



Celeste and Wallack from The Players; Booth from New York Public Library

BOWERY STARS

MADAM CELESTE	JAMES W. WALLACK
JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH	
EDWIN L. DAVENPORT	CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

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the *Herald* office, accompanied by several of his friends—some of them pretty well raddled—and attacked Bennett. Hamblin was a muscular fellow, and the editor would have suffered severely had not *Herald* employees come to the rescue and brought on a general *mêlée*, which ended only with the arrival of the police. During the excitement the cash drawer was robbed of three hundred dollars—so it was claimed. Hamblin was indicted and convicted of assault, but was let off on payment of the costs.

It was during this period of depression that Hamblin, usually punctual in money matters, was compelled to neglect his tailor's bill. The tailor, whose name was Berry, died, and his son sent Hamblin a rather peremptory statement on the first of the following month. Hamblin's punning reply was doubtless dictated rather by chagrin at his inability to pay than by anger at Berry:

I have received your bill, Berry, and it has irritated me as would a rasp, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would never have been such a goose, Berry, as to send me a bill before it was due, Berry; but if it should occur again, I shall be tempted to come over and kick you until you are black, Berry and blue, Berry.

The theater was promptly rebuilt again and opened in January, 1837, with W. E. Dinneford as lessee instead of Hamblin, who now turned to acting for support. The only notable event of this third building's brief life was the first appearance of the comedian Dan Marble in "Sam Patch." After an existence of little more than a year, the theater burned again, this time before dawn on February 18, 1838. As to the origin of the fire, said-a newspaper account, "there could be but one opinion—that it was the work of an incendiary"; but the enemy was not publicly named. The insurance, \$35,000, did not cover half of the loss.

At each successive destruction of the theater the newspapers had pointed out that now, with the ground cleared,

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would be a good time to extend Canal Street through to the Bowery ; but, after all, when Canal was finally opened, it followed the line of Walker Street and cut through half a block above the theater, so as to form a continuous thoroughfare with Pump Street, east of the Bowery.

Hard times and too many playhouses had reduced the drama to sad straits. On the night after the fire Booth was scheduled to open at the Bowery as Richard III with prices reduced to fifty and twenty-five cents. For more than a year thereafter the ground lay idle, and it was supposed that "the ill-fated Bowery Theater" was dead. Then the unquenchable Hamblin, who had been putting in his time at acting elsewhere, succeeded in promoting interest in a new house, and it was built in the old side walls, which had now become so welded by heat that they were like one solid brick. The house opened on May 6, 1839, with Hamblin once more at the helm.

Mme. Celeste, with her sparkling black eyes and fine figure unimpaired, appeared that year, both here and at the Chatham Theater, and after a tour, said her "farewell" at the Park in 1840. But back she came again in 1851 and 1852, unmistakably middle-aged this time, but still winsome and welcome. And then, after a still longer interval, New York saw her once more again in 1865 as the Hebrew mother Miriam in "The Woman in Red," and again gave her an ovation.

Charles Kean made his first appearance at the Bowery in 1839, and William E. Burton in 1840. Mrs. Shaw, one of the best actresses of her time—she became the second wife of Hamblin—was long a prominent figure at this theater. Sometimes she played Hamlet, with Hamblin as the Ghost. She even essayed the male title rôle in "Sardanapalus."

In July, 1839, the theater was honored by the presence of President Martin Van Buren. Crossing by boat to Castle Garden from Jersey City, the President was met by Mayor Varian and an enormous crowd, and after a welcoming cere-

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mony and a review of troops at the Battery, there was a grand parade up Broadway, Chatham Street, and the Bowery, the President riding on "a very graceful and spirited black horse." Two or three days later in his visit, after various other activities, he spent an evening at the Bowery Theater (accompanied by several members of the Locofoco wing of the Democracy) and saw "The Lion King, or the Bandit's Doom," which was followed by "Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay." In the spring of 1841, after leaving the Presidency, he came back again for another great demonstration, and once more visited the Bowery, to see "the immense attraction—Dramatic and Equestrian . . . The Greek Warrior's Return . . . followed by varied and beautiful selections of Arena Entertainment by the whole Equestrian Company . . . concluded with the Equestrian Drama in three Acts of El Hyder, or Love and Glory."

The ex-President found much amusement in visiting the collection of wild animals kept back stage; for the theater had now been given over to spectacular drama, in an effort to improve the attendance. On July 4, 1840, the first tank drama in history, "The Pirates' Signal," was presented here. The stage gave place to a pool of water, on which a full-rigged ship appeared at the rear and sailed down towards the footlights—with vigorous action meanwhile proceeding on her decks—then turned and passed off to left. A few weeks later this was surpassed by "Yankees in China," in which *two* ships—hostile, of course—sailed the briny. Next, the "equestrian spectacles" such as Mr. Van Buren witnessed, were tried, "The Battle of Waterloo" requiring the services of fifty horses and two hundred supernumeraries, with cannon, etc., while "Richard III" was given with Richard on horseback.

But even these were indifferently received; Hamblin for a time gave up the house in despair, and it was turned over to circus performances. But he came back again after a year's eclipse, opened up with that sterling favorite, "The

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Marble Heart," and followed it with "London Assurance" "in a style surpassing anything yet seen on the stage." No less than three hundred yards of Brussels carpet were used on the floor! Mrs. Shaw played Lady Gay Spanker and Hamblin, Dazzle.

George Vandenhoff first appeared in 1842 in "Macbeth." Another favorite, Mrs. W. G. Jones, began her long career in the forties. "Don Cesar de Bazan" was first presented here in 1843 with Edwin L. Davenport, another fine actor, in the title rôle. Davenport's benefit, including the drama, "Robin Hood," was to be given on April 25, 1845; but about six o'clock in the evening fire broke out in the carpenter's shop of the theater, and notwithstanding the efforts of the Fire Department, "seconded by a plentiful supply of Croton," (in the breezy words of a newspaper account) the building was destroyed for the fourth time in seventeen years.

But now its fiery trials were over, for that epoch, at least. When next rebuilt, as it was immediately, it was destined to stand unscorched for more than eighty years.

The \$100,000 loss which fell upon Hamblin and his partner, Whiting, put the former out of business for a time, and when the new building arose, another man was lessee. But within two years Hamblin, the optimist, as irrepressible as a steel spring, was back in his old place again, and for a time even handled the Park also.

The record of the next four or five years is studded with such names as Forrest, Davenport, Thorne, J. R. Scott, Julia Dean, Augustus A. Addams and James E. Murdoch. "Ivanhoe," presented with great splendor in 1846, had Davenport in the lead, Scott as Isaac of York, young Frank Chanfrau as Cedric, and Mrs. Jones as Rebecca. Stories of old Manhattan, such as "Charlotte Temple" and "Jacob Leisler, or New York in 1690," were prominent in the bill, and there were many dramatizations of popular novels: "Oliver Twist," "The Three Musketeers," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The Last of the Barons," "Paul Clifford," "Jane Eyre," etc.

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Tom Hyer, Bowery saloon-keeper and pugilist, made his only venture into the drama in 1849, playing the lead in "Tom and Jerry." George F. Browne, with his trained horse, appeared as Dick Turpin in "Rockwood," and next came a troupe with dogs, playing dramas with dog heroes or villains, such as "The Forest of Bondy" and "The Butcher's Dog of Ghent."

Matilda Heron, a famous Irish actress, was first seen here in 1852, and in that same year another Irishwoman, born in Limerick as Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, but known the world over as Lola Montez, dancer, adventuress, sometime favorite of King Ludwig of Bavaria and virtual ruler of that country, appeared in an unblushing chronicle of her greatest achievement, under the title of "Lola Montez in Bavaria."

Seven years later Lola forsook worldliness and began devoting her time and energy to the aid of outcast women. But in the course of a year or two she was stricken with paralysis, and died at Astoria, the Long Island suburb of New York, in 1861.

Thomas S. Hamblin died at his home, 416 Broome Street, on January 8, 1853, at the age of fifty-three. Buoyant, generous, a man of great ability and indomitable perseverance, his passing was a real loss to New York. T. Allston Brown believes that he did more for the stage than any other man of his time.

In 1856 John Brougham became manager of the Bowery and one of the leading actors. Novel stunts were much sought after at the time, and on November 13 of that year Brougham accomplished the feat of playing in New York and Philadelphia on the same evening. He appeared in the opening skit, "The Stage-Struck Irishman," at the Bowery between 7 and 7.30; then he and some others of the company, together with a few invited guests, leaped into stages and were driven at top speed to the ferry to catch a train leaving Jersey City at 7.52. On the train the actors changed costumes and make-up. At 10 sharp they reached Philadelphia

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and were driven to the National Theater, where the play, "The Maniac Lover," was ending at 10.15. At 10.30 the curtain rose on "Pocahontas," with Brougham as Powhatan. The performance was ended at midnight, and the actors and guests then had a supper at the Girard House and returned to New York by special train.

Brougham retired from the management early in 1857 and Frank Chanfrau ran the house for a short time, being succeeded by Edward Eddy. The opening of the New Bowery Theater, farther up the street in 1859, an audacious piracy of the old name, took away much patronage, and several managers, among them George C. Boniface, tried their hands at the old place and gave it up in despair. Frank Chanfrau gladdened the Bhoys in 1860 by his first appearance in three years, playing "The Hidden Hand," "O'Flanagan and the Fairies," "The Widow's Victim" and all the "Mose" stories. But with his departure the house languished again. For a time the Spalding & Rogers Circus held the boards; then the building was given over to the military for a temporary barracks and armory for the troops being raised for the Civil War. By the end of the year it was in a state of dilapidation, and many thought its story was ended. But it might have exclaimed, as did Hamblin, after the fourth ruinous fire, "We're not dead yet, boys!"

CHAPTER XV

THE "BHOYS AND GALS" AT THE PLAY

CHATHAM STREET was long the host of Thespis, of Thalia, Terpsichore, and Melpomene. The Park Theater has already been mentioned; and the Chatham Garden Theater, whose location was somewhere between the present 80 and 90 Park Row, was launched at least as early as 1820 by Henry Barrere. The summer garden extended through to Augustus Street, or, as it was later called, City Hall Place; and in it was a small, canvas-roofed auditorium—whose name, Theater Rural, was intended to indicate its rustic charm—for concerts and special programs whose grandeur the newspaper advertisements strove vainly to convey to the reader—"The Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, to begin with the famous grand Turkish Overture of the grand Abdoulabkaz Saffals, first Calif of the Abassydes," etc., etc. Respectable, too, as well as grand! When Mrs. Melline was engaged to sing for four evenings each week, the manager's opinion was that "The respectability of this Lady, both in deportment and talents, will no doubt give universal satisfaction." The tickets in 1822 sold for 12½ cents, each "admitting one Gentleman with as many Ladies as may come under his protection."

The Garden did well, and in 1824 a more substantial theater was erected, which, as nearly as can be ascertained, was the first theater or public building in New York City to use gas for lighting.¹ Drama and opera were presented, and the house was honored during its first summer by the presence of the nation's guest, General Lafayette. Another notable event

¹ See its boasting advertisement in the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, May 10, 1825.

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of that season was the presentation of an opera entitled "The Sawmill." What a magnificent opportunity for futuristic music! Henry and James William Wallack and Joseph Jefferson, Sr., were among the players in that first stock company. Fifteen years later, when Jefferson was playing at the Park and elsewhere, he and his wife had a son, a lively boy of ten, who was later to endear himself to America as Rip Van Winkle and Bob Acres. The Jeffersons then lodged in the third story of 26 James Street, opposite The Bunch of Grapes tavern. In the rear of their house was the old Jewish cemetery, which was the favorite playground of little Joe and his chums. He says in his memoirs that

After school the boys would join me in this secluded spot for our evening games—the high tombstones for "I spy" and the flat ones to act on. The place had long since ceased to be used as a burial ground, so our sports were uninterrupted. The boys were like all other boys—mischievous. My arrival had given fresh impetus in this respect, and the graveyard offered a fine field for the indulgence of sacrilegious amusements.

The boys were brave enough by daylight, but as the sun set and the shadows began to descend, they would become more decorous, talk in a lower tone, and finally, in the gloaming, suddenly swarm over the fence and scatter to their homes. Joe did not scruple to dance on the flat tombs by daylight, but he was careful to avoid even stepping on one of them at dusk.

The character of Brother Jonathan, as typical of the genus American, was seen for the first time at the Chatham Garden Theater in a play called "The Forest Rose, or the American Farmers" in 1825. Hamblin, Scott, Thorne, Hackett, Thomas Placide, Junius Brutus Booth, and the Mestayers were among the other names on the scroll of this theater's brief existence. "Charlotte Temple" as a play was first seen here in 1827. Eliza Kinlock, mother of Mrs. John Drew, made her first appearance here in 1828. Dan Marble did his

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first acting on the stage at this theater in 1831 in "Fortune's Folly," but had to pay twenty dollars for the privilege. Mrs. Trollope visited the theater that year, and, though highly entertained, found much to criticize:

The Chatham is so utterly condemned by *bon ton*, that it requires some courage to decide upon going there; nor do I think my curiosity would have penetrated so far, had I not seen Miss Mitford's *Rienzi* advertised there. It was the first opportunity I had had of seeing it played, and spite of very indifferent acting, I was delighted. The interest must have been great, for till the curtain fell, I saw not one quarter of the queer things around me: then I observed in the front row of a dress-box a lady performing the most maternal office possible; several gentlemen without their coats, and a general air of contempt for the decencies of life, certainly more than usually revolting.

Perhaps the lack of fashionable support had something to do with the failure of the theater. Anyhow, it closed that year and was converted into a Presbyterian chapel.

Eight years later another and more famous theater took up the name of Chatham. Erected in 1839 at the foot of Chatham Square, between James and Roosevelt streets, it was at first known as the New Chatham. Not only because of its great popularity with Bowery denizens, but because of its location, it must be considered as one of the Bowery theaters. It opened in September with the comedy, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," John R. Scott playing Sir Giles Overreach. In the stock company were Charles R. Thorne and his wife, Mrs. Judah, J. Hudson Kirby and usually from two to three of the Mestayer family.

Scott was enormously popular with the pit—especially before the rise of Chanfrau to stardom. "Jack Scott and Kirby are the lads, they are," said an admiring Bowery Boy patron. "Ned Forrest is some, but he ain't a touch to Scott when he wraps hisself up in the star-spangled banner and goes for to die."

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Junius Brutus Booth, William Rufus Blake, and Mlle. Celeste were among the guest stars during the first season. Charles R. Thorne took over the house in 1840, and Forrest, the Placides, Henry Wallack, and T. D. Rice furnished variety to the program. When Forrest played "Othello" there in 1842, Emily Mestayer was the Desdemona. She was equally good as Lize in the "Mose" melodramas. Fanny Herring, who made her début at the Chatham in 1847, was another famous Lize. Once she even played the part of Mose himself. She was partial to male characters, Jack Sheppard being one of the best-liked. In old age she asserted that she had played this part three thousand times!

It was at the Chatham Theater that the first blackface minstrel troupe in history, a quartette, made its first paid appearance in 1843. There had been single blackface acts such as that of the famous T. D. Rice, but this was the first attempt at choral and orchestral work. The quartette consisted of William Whitlock, banjo; Richard Pelham, tambo; Frank Brower, bones, and Dan Emmett, violin—Emmett, who, sixteen years later, when he was with Bryant's Minstrels, developed an old motif into that song beloved of the Southland, "Dixie."

The four pioneers were all small-time singers, dancers, and musicians. Whitlock's regular job was that of compositor; he was working on the New York *Herald* at this time, playing theater or concert engagements in the evening when he could get them. He had played the banjo for Barnum's Negro dancer, Jack Diamond, and had once been with a circus. He was the originator of the minstrel quartette. His own story of the birth of the idea, as told in Edward LeRoy Rice's *Monarchs of Minstrelsy* is in part as follows:

One day I asked Dan Emmett, who was in New York at the time, to practice the fiddle and the banjo with me at his boarding-house in Catherine Street. We went down there, and when we had practiced, Frank Brower called in by accident. He lis-



Kirby from Harvard Theatrical Collection; others from the Players

BOWERY FAVORITES

MRS. W. G. JONES

J. HUDSON KIRBY

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN

JOHN R. SCOTT

FANNY HERRING

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tened to our music, charmed to his soul! I told him to join with the bones, which he did. Presently Dick Pelham came in, also by accident, and looked amazed. I asked him to procure a tambourine and make one of the party, and he went out and got one. After practicing for a while we went to the old resort of the circus crowd—the "Branch," in the Bowery—with our instruments, and in Bartlett's billiard-room performed for the first time as the Virginia Minstrels. A program was made out, and the first time we appeared upon the stage before an audience was for the benefit of Pelham at the Chatham Theater. The house was crammed—jammed with our friends; and Dick of course, put ducats in his purse.

The boarding house at 37 Catherine Street was kept by Mrs. Brooks. The Branch Hotel, where the four gave their first "professional matinee," was at 36 Bowery. The benefit to Pelham took place shortly after the first of February, 1843, and very promptly this advertisement appeared in the newspapers:

BOWERY AMPHITHEATER

Monday evening, Feb. 6, 1843, first night of the novel, grotesque, original and surpassingly melodious Ethiopian Band entitled

THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS

Being an exclusively minstrel entertainment combining the banjo, violin, bone castanets and the tambourine, and entirely exempt from the vulgarities and other objectionable features which have hitherto characterized negro extravaganzas.

After five days at the Amphitheater the quartette went to Cornucopia Hall at 28 Park Row; thence to the Park Theater, from there to Boston and had such success that London and Liverpool called for them.

Elder G. G. Adams, who had been a Mormon preacher and was likewise author, lecturer, and poet, extended his versatility to acting by appearing at the Chatham in 1847 as Richard III. The critics jeered at him, and when he was called

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before the curtain by admirers one evening, he expressed pained surprise at the journalistic attitude.

"Believe me, I thank you," said he, "for your kindness and for the manner in which you were pleased to receive my personation of dramatic character. I confess I am a novice in the business, and have never received any instruction to become an actor. The press has been very hard upon me, for what reason I don't know. I am aware I do not possess the qualities of a Booth or a Forrest. I know I am inadequate to the task; I am nervous; but there is one thing which frets me—it is the manner in which I have been treated by the press and particularly the *Herald*. Whoever the writer of that article may be, he said I ought to be rode on a rail. There are many contemptible people connected with the press; people who come here, aye, and don't pay their quarter, neither; and I suppose it was one of those who wrote the contemptible article. Some of the most eloquent men and greatest geniuses of the age are actors; and for my part, I can't see why a man may not be an actor and at the same time a good Christian."

He was loudly cheered for his gentle apologia.

Business was bad that year, and the theater became a circus for a while, but when drama was tried again, prospects brightened. J. Hudson Kirby made such a hit in "The Carpenter of Rouen" that Thorne raised his salary to twenty dollars a week. Kirby was another idol of pit and gallery who played both classics and melodrama, but was best liked by the B'hoys in blood-and-thunder pieces like "Six Degrees of Crime." He was especially noted for his climaxes and death scenes. He sometimes walked through his part rather indifferently in the earlier scenes of the play, especially if there was a long and agonizing death struggle coming at the end. It used to be told that patrons who went to the theater drowsy (Tired Business Men, in fact) would doze off early in the play, saying to a neighbor, "Wake me up when Kirby dies." That phrase was a jest for years in New York.

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Kirby had dark hair and eyes, a fine presence and a powerful, bell-like voice. On holiday nights, such as Christmas, New Year's Eve, and the Fourth of July, the pit and gallery habitués paid their money, not to see the show, but to have a frolic. They sang, laughed, whooped, shouted conversation, and scuffled so that the actors' voices were drowned and the play became in effect a pantomime; but it is said that often that tremendous voice of Kirby's could be heard above all the din.

But like so many actors of his time, he was a hard drinker, and alcohol finally cracked the glorious voice. One who remembered those days told many years afterward of seeing him play "Richard III" towards the close of his career—though he was still only in his thirties. He was about half-seas over that night, but went through his part with the uncanny accuracy of the trained actor. The last act arrived; the hunchbacked tyrant, asleep in his tent on the night before the Battle of Bosworth, was having that dreadful dream wherein the ghosts of all his murdered victims pass accusingly before him. At length in terror he started up, half awake, from his couch and fell on his knees, crying in a booze-huskied voice:

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh—

The soliloquy broke off; the harassed monarch rose, a bit unsteadily, to his feet, and, advancing two or three steps towards the footlights, said in a conversational manner, "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall have to beg your indulgence for a slight hoarseness which interferes somewhat with my diction;" then stepped back to his former place and into character again, dropped to his knees and picked up his impassioned lines where he had left off:

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"What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by . . ."

Kirby died, poor and alone, in London at thirty-eight—a death as sad as any he ever portrayed on the stage.

Frank S. Chanfrau as manager took over the house in February, 1848, and the name was changed to Chanfrau's National Theater. Chanfrau, then twenty-four, had just had his first great success as Mose, the Bowery Boy, at the Olympic, and he now put forth a series of the Mose stories; first, an adaptation of Ned Buntline's *Mysteries and Miseries of New York*, in which there was a Big Lize, played by Mrs. McLean and a Little Lize (Emily Mestayer). James Seymour continued to play Sykesy. In October "Mr. McGreedy," a satire on Macready was staged, in which Chanfrau played four parts—Hamlet, Mose, Captain Cuttle, and Jemmy Twitcher. A quick seizing upon the theme of the gold craze brought forth "Mose in California" in February, 1849, before the real gold rush had begun. This was such a hit that it held the boards for twelve weeks—an unusual run for those days. It was followed by "Mose in a Muss; or a Joke of the Manager's" and then by "New York As It Is," another "Mose" drama by Baker, the father of the character. There was such a demand for this that Chanfrau for several weeks played it at both his own theater and the Olympic, and one week actually added Newark to the itinerary—dashing from National to Olympic, then to the ferry and driving the nine miles to Newark in a buggy in time to close the program there with an hour's skit between eleven o'clock and midnight.

In September, 1850, Edwin Booth made his first "announced" appearance on any stage at the National as support to his father in "The Iron Chest." Later in the season, when Junius B. was to have played "King Lear" here (and his benefit night, too!) he was so "overcome" that he could not appear, and at a moment's notice Edwin took his place, and the play was changed to "Richard III." The audience was

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not notified of the change in leading man, and Edwin was very successful.

Chanfrau gave up the management that year and the house became Purdy's National Theater. The elder Booth was billed to begin an engagement there on May 11, 1852, but he was "indisposed" again—and yet again; and finally, on the nineteenth it was announced that "The engagement of Mr. Booth has been discontinued, to avoid further disappointment to the audience." Booth died suddenly six months later on a Mississippi River steamboat.

During the summer of that year, 1852, the other of the two most notable events in the career of this theater took place. This one, in fact, takes first rank; it is a milestone in the history of the stage. On March 20, an antislavery novel, written by the wife of a Bowdoin College professor, a Mrs. Stowe, was published in Boston (after running as a magazine serial) under the name of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It sold ten thousand copies the first week, and for a year afterwards averaged nearly a thousand copies a day. So popular a story was bound to be seized upon by the drama. A bitter burlesque of it had appeared in Baltimore in January, while it was running in the magazine. But its first serious presentation as a drama came on August 23, 1852—a date worthy to be remembered—when a version written by Charles Weston Taylor was put on at the National. It shared the program with Herr Cline, a tightrope performer, and T. D. Rice's blackface burlesque, "Otello," whose quality may be hinted at by Desdemona's whimsical retort to Othello's demand for her handkerchief, "Blow yah nose on yah sleeve, nigger, and git on wid de show!" But alas! Taylor was so concerned with the antislavery propaganda in the story that he didn't think it necessary to put either Topsy or Eva into the play—with the result that it ran only eleven nights and was considered a failure.

Meanwhile another man, a dramatist with a surer touch, named George L. Aiken, was writing a version which was

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destined to make the hit of the century and to come down with but little change through nearly eight decades of continuous performance to the present day. Aiken had some cousins, the Fox boys and a Mrs. Howard, who were on the stage, and he envisioned them and other kinsmen in some of the fattest parts of the play. Mrs. Howard's husband, George C. Howard, was manager of the Museum, a theater at Troy, New York, and there the drama was first given in the fall of 1852. Howard played St. Clair, his wife was the stage's first Topsy, and his daughter Cordelia, who was either six or eight years old, according to different authorities, was the first Eva. Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Howard's mother, played Aunt Ophelia, and her son, C. K. Fox, a farcical rôle called Gumption Cute, which has been dropped from the modern Tom show. Greene C. Germon was the first Uncle Tom and N. B. Clark was Legree.

George L. Fox, Mrs. Howard's brother, later famous as "Humpty-Dumpty," was now stage manager of the Chatham or National, and he persuaded Purdy to bring Howard's company and Aiken's play to New York. There on Chatham Square it began its memorable run on the evening of July 18, 1853. George Fox here played the part of Phineas Fletcher and Mrs. W. G. Jones, Eliza. The story was presented in six acts of thirty scenes, with eight tableaux.

Notwithstanding its opening in the hottest and worst part of the year for dramatics, the play was a success from the start. That was a critical period in our history. The rumblings of the Civil War were already faintly audible on the horizon. Tammany had for years stood staunchly with the South and fought abolition; and had kindled in its henchmen of the East Side a hatred of the Negro, a sympathy with slavery which was to flower in the awful Draft Riots of war-time, when for four days the city was given over to anarchy and slaughter. Nevertheless, the run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was uninterrupted by any demonstration or serious expression of disapproval. Purely as a dramatic story, with

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just the right touches of claptrap emotion and comedy to catch the popular taste, the play captivated the public. Not only the East Side, but all New York went to see it. Even the clergy admitted its respectability, and for the first time evangelical ministers like Dr. Bellows and Henry Ward Beecher were seen in a theater. Purdy began to regard himself as a crusader. He became so fascinated by the theological dialogue between Eva and Uncle Tom that he had scripture texts framed and hung all about the lobby, and later placed there a large painting of himself, holding a Bible in one hand and a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the other.

"Little Katy, the Hot Corn Girl" and two or three other melodramas which were presented at long intervals for Wednesday and Saturday matinees were the only breaks in the amazing reign of Uncle Tom, which lasted steadily until April 19 of the following year. Thereafter it was presented three nights a week and at Wednesday and Saturday matinees until May 13, when it reached its three hundred and twenty-fifth performance and closed. Nothing remotely approaching this record had ever before been known in the history of the stage. Purdy had raised prices of admission three times during the run, and should have been wealthy, but fortune made him a prodigal.

Some of the most interesting touches of the latter fifties are the names of the melodramas, most of them highly moral or patriotic, which appeared here from time to time. "H——I on Earth, or Good and Evil" was the coy title of one of them; and the awful lesson of "The Last Nail, or the Drunkard's Doom" may easily be guessed. "The Sea of Ice," a great favorite for forty years thereafter, first appeared here in 1854. "The Female Privateer, or the Pine-Tree Flag of 1773" gave opportunity for some flamboyant patriotism. "New York and Brooklyn Boys"; "Ambition, or the Throne, the Scaffold and the Tomb"; and "Life in Brooklyn, its Lights and Shades, Its Virtues and Its Vices" were mixed in a pleasing potpourri with reappearances of the Howards in

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"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and a dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's next novel, "Dred, or the Dismal Swamp," and with classical productions, such as that of Henry and James William Wallack in "Henry IV" and other Shakespearean pieces. Chanfrau came back in 1858 and 1859 in his varied repertoire, including a new "Mose" play, "Linda, the Cigar Girl; or Mose Among the Conspirators." During this engagement he at times played the lead in two full-length dramas and a short burlesque, all in one evening.

Charlotte Crampton appeared here January 3, 1859, with her two trained horses in "Mazeppa." She was the first of a long line of female Mazeppas, and—as was widely advertised—the first to go up the runway without being lashed to the horse. She also played "Jack Sheppard," "The French Spy," and "Richard III," all with horses, "Hamlet," Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" and other male parts. "If she were a few inches taller," said Macready, after she had played Lady Macbeth with him, "she would startle the world." During the Civil War she enlisted as a *vivandière* with a Federal regiment from Maryland, and gave much aid and comfort to sick and wounded soldiers.

Adah Isaacs Menken, actress, poetess, and Bohemian, made her first New York appearance here in June, 1859, with an engagement of only three nights. In November of that year the house was remodeled and given over to circus performances under the name of the Chatham Amphitheater. In the company were Tony Pastor, then a clown, and William Pastor. In 1860 the house became for a short time the Union Theater, and then the National Concert Saloon, with refreshments served by pretty girls in short skirts and boots with tassels on them. In 1861 it was the National Music Hall, managed by George Lea, who also ran the same company for all three, transferring them rapidly back and forth in carriages. In December, 1862, the old Chatham closed and was remodeled for business use. It is now a part of the Cowperthwait furniture store.

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There were a number of early theaters on the Bowery, some of which, though short-lived, played an important part in dramatic history. Some of the earliest of them were zoölogical and trained animal shows. The Bowery Amphitheater at 37-39 Bowery was launched in 1833 by the so-called Zoölogical Institute, and was at first purely a menagerie. The principal feature of its first year's existence was the escape from it of a puma or panther which, in the words of a newspaper scribe, "bounded up the street in a swift and interesting manner"—highly interesting to pedestrian and vehicular wayfarers, who fled in panic in all directions, leaving the thoroughfare within a few minutes well-nigh deserted. For a quarter of an hour the big cat had full possession of the scene, even the busses being stopped. Then he strolled into a dry goods shop whose force had fled without closing the doors, and there was recaptured by his keeper.

An advertisement of 1835 announces that "The Keeper, Vanamburg, has recovered from his recent illness, and enters the cages with the Lions, Tigers and Leopards at 4 and 8½ P.M. as formerly." These were the feeding hours. Late that year the house became a circus, with ring performances and some singing and dancing. William van Ambergh, "the Lion King," now traveling with his own "Monster Aggregation," which he called "The Great Black Horse Menagerie," appeared in 1842; and the first minstrel quartette made its second appearance on any stage here late in February, 1843. In 1849 the zoo was restored, but after two seasons the circus was tried again, this time with the added attraction of Professor John McCormick, "The Great Philosophical Antipodean Pedestrian from Ohio, the successful inventor of the only antipodean apparatus ever completed;" all of which means that he walked head downward on the ceiling. A few months later the circus troupe of Richard Sands & Company occupied the theater, and Sands himself likewise performed his "antipodeal experiment, walking across the polished surface of an inverted platform with head down," and unblush-

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ingly claimed to be "the only performer who ever successfully demonstrated the philosophical principle by which the laws of gravitation can be suspended." The Pastors, William, Frank, and Antonio, were members of this company, the first two named being acrobats and Tony a clown. Dan Emmett appeared for a time with violin and song.

Mme. Franconi made her first American appearance here in 1853. In the summer of 1854 the house was remodeled and opened as the Stadt Theater by Siegrist and Otto Hoym, the first performance being the opera, "The Barber of Seville." American and English drama alternated with German drama and opera during the following years. One hears of "Tannhäuser," "Der Freischütz," "Zampa, the Red Corsair" (burlesqued at another house as "Sam Parr and His Red, Coarse Hair"), "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Night and Morning," and "Orpheus in der Unterwelt."

By way of contrast, there was "Life in New York, or Tom and Jerry on a Visit," in 1856. In this jolly hodge-podge Pierce Egan's famous rounders, Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorn, and Bob Logic, the Oxonian, came over to see New York, and a scene representing Tryon Row and Centre Street on Saturday night gave a glimpse of the open-air diversions of the East Side on that carnival evening of the week—apple stands, weighing machines, quoit games, hour wagons, peddlers, blowing machines (lung testers) and other penny catchers all going full tilt. The three travel-writers who had most severely criticized America were caricatured in the name and person of a prominent figure in the play, James Trollope Fidler Dickens Greene.

Adah Isaacs Menken appeared here as a *danseuse* in 1860 and greatly enlivened the atmosphere of New York during the season. She played two engagements at the Old Bowery, where she appeared under the name of Mrs. John C. Heenan. Heenan, "the Benicia Boy," had just fought his epochal ring battle with Sayers in England, and his name had great advertising value. The fair Adah also proceeded to use it other-

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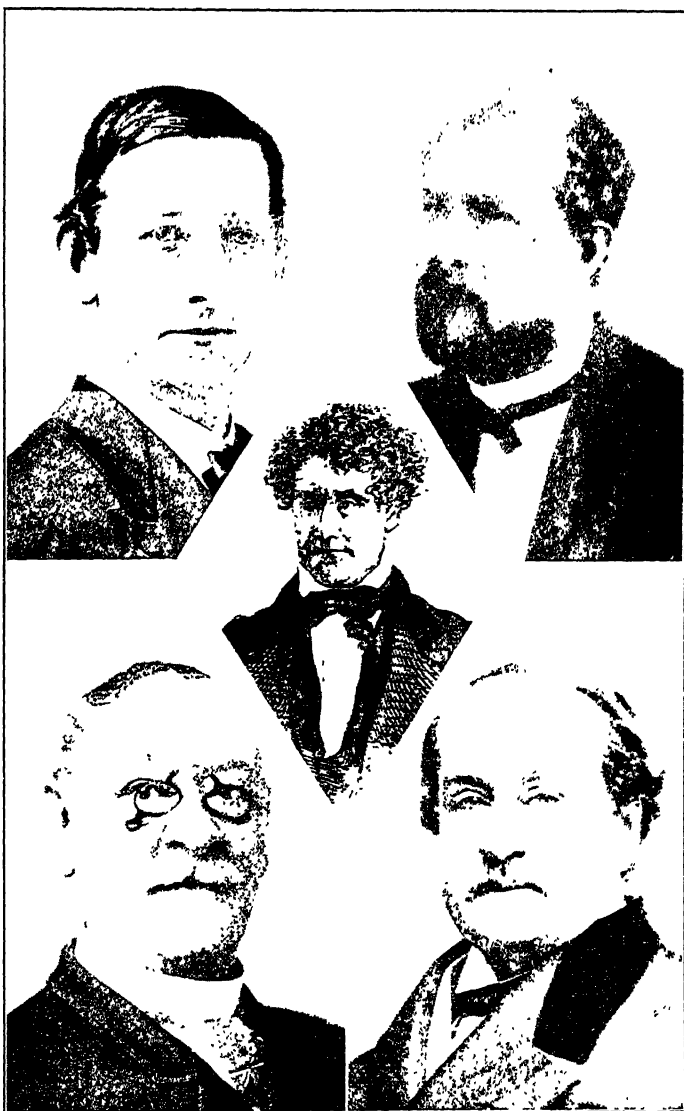
wise, as appeared in a suit brought in the fall by the Westchester House at Bowery and Broome Street against John C. Heenan for a balance of \$196.68 on a board bill incurred there by Adah I. Menken Heenan during her engagement at the neighboring theaters. At the trial on October 16 the actress, gorgeously gowned, was the center of attraction, but Mr. Heenan was absent, his counsel making dark charges of his having been "spirited away to Buffalo," supposedly by bribed officers, "on a trumped-up charge of engaging in a prize fight." In his answer to the bill, Heenan categorically denied everything, including the insinuation that Miss Menken was his wife; wherein he must have been telling the truth, for without benefit of any divorce action she proceeded in the fall of 1861, while playing at the New Bowery, to marry Robert H. Newell, who wrote political satire under the pseudonym of "Orpheus C. Kerr."

Hoym, the manager—who meanwhile had opened another house, Hoym's, at 199-201 Bowery in 1858—was a member of the United Turner Rifles, which in 1861 became the Twentieth New York Infantry. Hoym gave up his theatrical enterprises and went with them to war—gladly, as gossip had it, preferring death, if fate decreed it, to the alternative of living with his wife. He left New York a first lieutenant and by autumn had become a captain. He was wounded at White Oak Swamp in the Seven Days' Battles of June, 1862, and in September was discharged as disabled. This seemingly should have been good publicity for him when he assumed the managership of the old Amphitheater again in 1863, but theatricals were a difficult business in New York during the Civil War, and notwithstanding fine performances by the eminent German tragedian, Bandmann, and others in German and Shakespearean classics, Hoym lost money and gave up the fight after a year and half of effort. The house struggled on for another year with varying fortunes, then was closed in December, 1865, and became an armory.

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Charley White was a famous actor-manager who began his career at Teetoller's Hall, a little place at 71 Division Street, where shows and concerts were given on a small scale in 1841-42. Negro minstrelsy having been launched by the quartet already mentioned, White organized in the summer of 1843 a company of his own which he called the Kentucky Minstrels, and played among other places at Vauxhall Gardens, on the upper Bowery. In 1846 he remodeled a building at 53 Bowery and opened it as White's Melodeon or Ethiopian Opera House, his own company, White's Serenaders, alternating with Buckley's New Orleans Serenaders. This was the first cheap place of amusement in New York, its parquet seats selling for 12½ cents and gallery at 6¼ cents. Among the constant gallery patrons were five boys, brothers named Dobson, who developed themselves into artists on the banjo. Henry invented a seven-string banjo, and George could play a duet on two banjos at once, one with each hand. They became banjo teachers and later began manufacturing the instruments. In the seventies their "studio" was at 260 Bowery.

The theater was burned in 1847 and 1848, and in 1852 White sold it to George Lea. He then opened White's Varieties at 17 and 19 Bowery, where programs showed a delightful *mélange* of Negro melodies and jokes, mingled with straight comedy and such bits as "Shakespearean Readings by Miss Lora Gordon, the wonderful Prodigy aged five years, who will appear in scenes from King Lear," etc. Frank Chanfrau managed the place for a time and produced drama. In 1853 the house became the St. Charles, but after a brief but checkered career, part of the time with C. R. Thorne as manager, it closed in 1855. Meanwhile White opened White's Opera House at 49 Bowery in 1854, of which Brown says that "no similar place ever introduced one-third as much comic material during its whole existence as this establishment." Dan Emmett, Frank Stanton, Billy Coleman, Boston Rattler, Master Juba, and Dave Wambold were funmakers



White from New York Historical Society; others from The Players

BOWERY THEATER MANAGERS

GEORGE L. FOX	CHARLEY WHITE
THOMAS S. HAMBLIN	
CHARLES R. THORNE	JOHN BROUGHAM

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there, and William N. Smith, "champion bone soloist," is worthy of mention. The building burned in 1857 and White then transferred his activities to Broadway.

The Franklin Theater on Chatham Square was opened in 1835 by William Dinneford, with concert programs; changed its name to Hill's Theater in 1840, and in 1841 blossomed out as Little Drury. A year or so later it was the Franklin Museum; but it is not to be confounded with the Franklin Museum on Grand Street whose proprietor, James Mulligan, also operated a liquor store next door and did horseshoeing in the basement under the theater. It was at the Chatham Square Franklin that that famous blackface zany, George Washington Dixon, perhaps the pioneer of all Negro minstrelsy, made one of his early appearances, singing his favorite, "Old Zip Coon," which now masquerades as "Turkey in the Straw." The American Varieties, too, functioned briefly at 7 Chatham Square in 1854-55 under the direction of Professor Leon. Magic, ventriloquism, performing canary birds, and a negro minstrel troupe, of which Harry Mestayer was the violin, are found on the program.

The New Bowery was an ambitious venture promoted by George L. Fox and James W. Lingard, who had been one of the early Uncle Toms. Calmly adopting the name of the older theater, they opened their house, a handsome new building on the Bowery between Canal and Hester, in September, 1859. It seated 2,500 and had a stage 50 by 85 feet in size. Its brief career was flecked with melodrama and novelties. The Howards came frequently in Mrs. Stowe's stories and also took up with unerring instinct that other durable favorite, "Ten Nights in a Barroom." When Cordelia Howard outgrew the part of Little Eva in 1860, she retired from the stage. Only a short time ago she was still living in Massachusetts.

The rapid-change stunt of playing many rôles in one and the same piece became a rage at this theater. In "In and Out of Place," Ada Webb sustained five parts, sang four

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songs, and danced a jig. In "A Day Too Late" she handled six parts. But these achievements were beaten in "Fast Women of the Modern Time; or Life in the City and Suburbs," wherein Fanny Herring played seven parts and Mrs. W. G. Jones six. Even this record stood only briefly, for along came Adah Isaacs Menken in 1862 and raced through nine characters in "The Three Fast Women, or the Female Robinson Crusoes." She also played her famous "Ma-zeppe," "Jack Sheppard," "Joan of Arc" and Corinthian Tom in "Tom and Jerry." Thereafter, she made two European tours, meanwhile divorcing Newell in 1865 and marrying again the following year. She was very successful abroad, giving one play alone a hundred-nights run in Paris, being compelled to appear twice a day in London, and enjoying the acquaintance of Swinburne, Charles Reade, Dickens (to whom she dedicated a volume of poems, *Infelicia*), Gautier, and the elder Dumas. She died in Paris in 1868, aged only thirty-three.

E. L. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wallack, and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway were among the stars who appeared here in Shakespeare and such pieces as "Damon and Pythias," "Douglas," "Black-Eyed Susan," "William Tell," "Ingomar," "Brutus" and "London Assurance." Edward Eddy, always popular in Bowery theaters, was here in 1863-64 in romantic things like "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Musketeers," "Chevalier de Maison Rouge," "The Magic Flute" and so on. The pit had a cheer for him which was like a college yell—"Hi, Eddy-Eddy-Eddy-Eddy-Eddy-Eddy-Eddy!"

Tony Denier, famous clown, first appeared in 1862 in "Harlequin Jack Sheppard, or All Right, My Covey!" Sheppard was a popular hero just then. Another drama, "Knights of the Mist, or Jack Sheppard from His Cradle to His Grave" was matched by "Bob Covey, the Newgate Jester, or the Daring Housebreaker of 1798." Frank Chanfrau appeared from time to time, in repertoire, always playing Mose, a

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character even then disappearing from the New York scene, and soon to vanish from human memory.

Antoine Ravel, of the comic Ravel family who were visitors in the sixties, had a gag which always evoked much merriment. While going through his part, he would discover a pair of boots hanging over the balcony rail. "The gentleman will remove his boots," he would call out with some asperity; and then, as the offending members did not disappear, "If the gentleman will not remove his boots, the performance cannot go on. . . . The gentleman will not remove his boots. I shall. Bring me a ladder." The ladder would be set in the aisle and Ravel would climb to the railing, snatch the boots from the hand of an attendant who was hovering there in the semidarkness, and come down uttering satirical and indelicate comments which provoked roars of laughter.

Julia Christine, afterwards Mrs. Harry Miner, first appeared here in 1862. A benefit was given for the aging pugilist, Tom Hyer, in the following year. One of the most startling innovations was an exhibition by A. P. Walcot on the newly invented roller skates in 1866. The theater burned on December 18 of that year and was not rebuilt.

In conning this theatrical history, one is impressed by the fact that notwithstanding their liking for melodrama—and who will wonder at that or chide them for it?—the common folk of the lower East Side were also fond of clean romance and the classics, especially when played by their favorite actors and actresses. There were few plays given as many performances at the theaters of the Bowery and Chatham Street before the Civil War as "Macbeth" and "Richard III." "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Richelieu" and others, not to speak of dramatizations of the great novels of the day, were frequently performed; and who shall say that they did not have their cultural effect? Foster said of the old Bowery in 1850:

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Although we are accustomed to connect with the name of this establishment peanuts, red woolen shirts, tobacco chewing and rowdyism with its trousers tucked into its boots, yet in point of fact the Bowery stage would compare favorably as to strength and talent of its performers with any other theatrical establishment in the country.

Many old-timers have written with keen enjoyment of the behavior of the "unwashed" portion of the audience at such theaters as the Bowery and the Chatham in those ante-bellum days. The pit, the area now occupied by the highest-priced seats in the house, was then the special domain of the sturdier males; the "gals," children, and more delicate individuals sought the gallery. The pit was only for the fittest; and boys in their teens were proud when they grew able to cope with its billowing turmoil. There was always a jam—mostly coatless if the weather were warm, a few hatless, perhaps some of the younger ones shoeless—around the doors by 6 P. M. or before; and when they were opened, the rush towards the seats was "like that of a horde of unchained demons." Woe betide the stranger who got in with that first rush and sat down in the regular place of a belated habitu . When the claimant arrived later, if the stranger showed a disposition to argue for his rights, the cry, "Hustle him out!" was raised, and he was either escorted down the aisles on tiptoe by a dozen unfriendly hands or lifted and passed bodily over the heads of the crowd to the rear, being lucky if he finished the journey with enough clothing to get away in decency. Sometimes between acts a countryman or stranger found in their midst was given this overhead pass, just for the fun of the thing; or one of the regulars who had come in late would be lifted and passed to the front in a friendly way. If he found his favorite bench full, he simply squeezed in anyhow, shoving one or two at the ends off into the aisle. Perhaps the unseated one would go to the back row and throw himself forward on the persons on that bench, whereupon they would pass him forward to get rid of

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him, and he in turn would force his way into the middle of a bench and crowd some one else off.

Aside from these diversions, the pit denizens did nothing to disturb anybody save whistle, sing, shout, stamp, bawl out "H'ist dat rag!" if the curtain didn't rise promptly, applaud uproariously, hiss the villain or any other actor who incurred their displeasure, comment unfavorably on persons in the boxes, scuffle, and occasionally break up the seats. At the tinkle of the bell there would be roars from the rear of "Down in front!" and "Hats off!" which were not always regarded.

The boxes and lower balcony of the Bowery and New Bowery in the fifties began to have more and more of a German atmosphere—prosperous tradesmen of the vicinity and their families—while the same quarters in the Chatham or National at that period were dotted thickly with Semitic faces; for what with Jewish clothing stores, auction rooms, and pawn shops, Chatham Street was becoming a veritable ghetto. In the gallery, along with certain of the males, Lize might be seen in all her variations—seamstress, barmaid, hot corn girl, harlot, or honest wife and mother. Between acts all these promenaded in the lobby, as audiences do to-day. Foster thus describes a scene in the old Bowery:

"Helloa, Bill, damn your eyes, how are you?" says one of the b'hoys to his friend whom he encounters in the crowd, at the same time raising his herculean hand above the other's head and crushing his hat down over his eyes and ears. The other sputters and chokes and struggles, and at last gets his head out of the hat; and hitting his friend a tunk in the ribs without being at all discomposed or out of humor, says, "Pretty well, — — — you! How are you? Is Lize along?" "Yes. Your gal here?" says the other. "Yes, in course, she ain't nothin' shorter," replies the other. "Well, then, suppose we go and saloon our women!"

Could he have been suggesting that they take the ladies

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into the bar which was then an adjunct to every theater? At the old Bowery a long lunch counter in the rear, under the box tier, also presented opportunities for gorging on Washington pie, pigs' feet, peanuts, pickles, soda, sarsaparilla, and fruit. Apples and oranges were peddled through the house, even at the aristocratic Park; and in the other theaters in later years peanuts and candy were added. Peanuts were then just becoming a popular refreshment, and the crackling of shells and crunching of kernels was audible all through the play. A satirist of the day wrote that

The pea-nut is the motive power of Chatham Street; and all Chatham Street has of culture, literature and the drama springs from it. Without the pea-nut CHANFRAU had never been, the great Mose were non-existent; without the pea-nut trade would decline and civilization become extinct in that section of the metropolis. It is the head-plant of these East-siders, their manna in the wilderness. Watch them closely; if any great blight has come on their spirits; if there has not been enough fires or too little water; if the Chatham Theater is shut or Mr. Chanfrau has gone to Boston, or any other circumstance has happened to affect their lightness of heart, note their conduct. They will keep from the pea-nut with a sort of holy and self-imposed abstinence for many days, and only by degrees as matters mend with them (a great fire is the speediest relief) some take to them.

The East Siders would have their little joke, too, and sometimes it was grievously embarrassing to the manager. In a melodrama at the Chatham in 1845 a brigand was taken and beheaded, and in one grisly scene the severed head stood facing the audience on a table in the center of the stage, with a pool of mock blood around it. To induce greater realism, the actor who had played the deceased brigand knelt on the stage with his head poked through a hole in the table. The drama ran for several nights, until a Bowery wag, seeing an opportunity for some fun, stationed himself at the furthest end of the balcony crescent, almost over the foot-

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lights, with a long tube, through which he blew snuff down towards the stage. At about the second shot the living actors and some of the front row spectators began to sneeze; and then, after a terrific effort at suppression which turned it almost purple, the severed head itself burst into loud sternutation. Laughter in the audience, which had begun with the first sneezes, now swelled into a veritable tornado of mirth. The actors could not resist joining in it; the curtain was rung down and the drama was ruined.

CHAPTER XVI

POLITICS, PARADES, AND THE RIOT PERIOD

THE age preceding the Civil War bristled with flamboyant fêtes, celebrations, and parades; and every parade passed, of necessity, through the Bowery, one of the two main streets of the city. Moreover, the firemen, politicians, butchers, and artisans of the Bowery and its vicinity seldom lost an opportunity to strut in one of these pageants. The annual parade of the volunteer firemen began in 1824 and continued until the Civil War. And through most of that period the celebration of Evacuation Day, November 25, was a function second in importance only to the Fourth of July. The Revolutionary Veteran Corps, in their cocked hats, blue coats, and buff breeches, took part, marching to drum and fife, as long as two or three of them were able to assemble; and that was some sixty years after the close of the war.

This affair must always center in the Bowery, in order that the evacuation might to some extent be reenacted. A typical celebration was that of 1845. The Militia representing the American troops assembled in the Washington Parade Ground (Washington Square) and marched via Union Square to the Bowery. At Grand Street, the site of the old barrier gate during the Revolution, the State Fencibles and Company H of the Governor's Guard, "two elegant companies, mustering over one hundred men," were posted, representing the British troops. A contemporary account says that

Innumerable banners and ensigns were displayed, stretching from house to house; and above all towered the stem of a tall

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tree, planted there with the bark on—a characteristic staff for the hardy flag which was to be run up when the troops should pass the barrier.

The ceremony of giving up the keys to General Washington was enacted, and

A very excellent effect was produced. The two companies hoisted the flag, the old City Band played Hail, Columbia! and the troops presented arms to every corps on the line. The sight was grand and imposing.

The militia then marched down to Broad Street, where the flag was raised over Fraunces's Tavern, and "the citizens gave nine hearty cheers."

The completion of the Erie Canal in 1825 called for a demonstration so elaborate that a book was written about it; and appropriately, too, for that canal made New York the metropolis of America. Nothing to equal the grand civic and military parade had ever been seen in New York. The completion in 1842 of the Croton Aqueduct, which gave the city its first real water supply, and the laying of the first Atlantic Cable in 1858 were similarly honored. Says Foster,

In this street processions have a heartier acknowledgment and reception. Here, as in ancient Rome, on the transit of a great man (they don't always insist on the first order of greatness, either) the democracy mount the awning posts, windows, roofs—nay, the very chimney tops with their children in their arms.

It was the only opportunity afforded *hoi polloi* to join in the welcome to distinguished guests. The new—and short-lived—Workingmen's Party and the Jackson Democrats flattered the common folk by staging a fête in celebration of the downfall of absolute monarchy in the person of Charles X of France in 1830; and the delirious welcome to Kossuth, the Hungarian revolutionist, in 1851 also had politics back of it. The Magyar patriot was met at the Battery by a huge

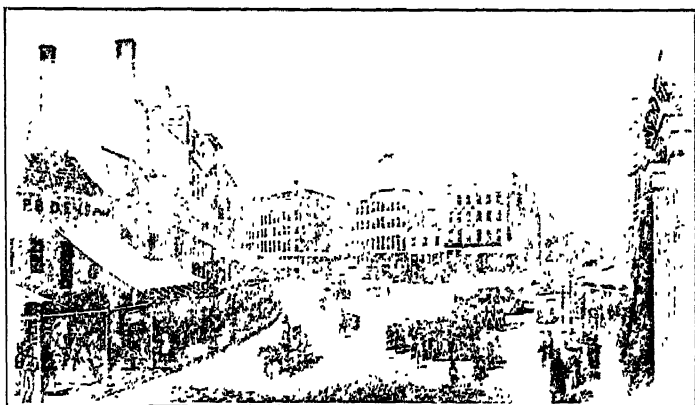
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concourse, and after a reception at Castle Garden, was escorted up Broadway to Union Square and down the Bowery and Chatham Street to the City Hall by a parade a mile or more in length. There were numerous military companies in line, and among them the Light Guard, which the committee on arrangements had, with delightful ineptitude, chosen as the guard of honor to the guest; for this company had adopted the white Austrian military garb as its own, and Kossuth thus found himself surrounded by the hated Hapsburg uniform, which he had spent his life in fighting.

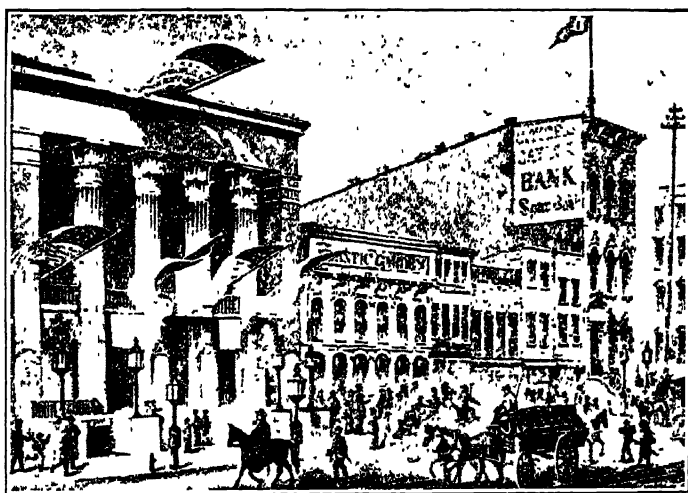
And then, to prove that it was not morbidly republican, New York gave the Prince of Wales an enthusiastic reception in 1860, and among other features of it was a parade of five thousand volunteer firemen past the Prince's stopping place, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the night of October 13.

Some of the most tremendous political demonstrations of those days (though they did not pose as such) were the mock funeral ceremonies for deceased presidents. When a president died, if he had been a prominent partisan or military figure, New York was apt to stage elaborate funeral rites, with hearse and solemn cavalcade and eulogy, regardless of the fact that the remains of the deceased were not present. There was a non-partisan ceremony of this sort for Washington, but grief for him was real. The obsequies which the city really enjoyed came forty years and more later.

When President Harrison died in 1841, the Whigs saw to it that New York put on a pompous ceremony with a long procession making the circuit of Broadway and the Bowery, a riderless war horse led behind the hearse in recognition of the old warrior's military service. Four years later the Democrats had their innings when Andrew Jackson died, and well they improved the opportunity. Trades, militia, and thousands of citizens joined in a mighty *cortège* over the usual route. Five Pointers, most of whom were Tammany Democrats, turned out in force. The body of the departed hero was represented by a great gilded urn on wheels, drawn by



CHATHAM SQUARE IN 1850, LOOKING INTO EAST
BROADWAY AT THE RIGHT. DIVISION STREET AND
BOWERY IN LEFT DISTANCE



BLOCK BETWEEN BAYARD AND CANAL IN 1863, SHOW-
ING BOWERY THEATER, ATLANTIC GARDEN AND THE
CITIZENS' SAVINGS BANK

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four richly plumed and caparisoned black horses, which were led by Negroes, turbaned and dressed in oriental style. Mike Walsh, the picturesque Anti-Tammany Democratic editor, said that

There were as many squibs, crackers and pistols fired off as if it had been the Fourth of July; and the only solemn face I saw during the whole day was an old Zeiss in Chatham Street who fell over a wheel-barrow and skinned his shin. Every grog-shop about the Park and all along the route through which the procession passed, was literally drank dry.

This rather put the Whigs in the shade; but their turn came again in 1850 when President Zachary Taylor died, and once more the celebration outdid all previous ones. More than thirty thousand men marched in the procession which claimed to be seven miles long and which had to counter-march because the customary route was not long enough for it. The Democratic urn of the Jackson parade was trumped by a thousand-dollar hearse fifteen feet long, specially built for the occasion and drawn by eight white horses, each led by a richly dressed Negro. The hearse was crowned by a golden eagle and covered with a rich canopy lined with white and red. On the sides of the vehicle were the names of Taylor's battles, Resaca de la Palma, Palo Alto, Monterey, and Buena Vista, and his supposed last words, "I have done my duty and am prepared to die." The old white horse led behind the hearse was presumed by the mob to be the original "Whitey," General Taylor's charger, and so many people pulled hairs out of his tail for souvenirs that the poor beast had little tail left.

Again the Bowery outdid everybody in decoration. Fisher & Bird's marble yard displayed a bust of the General, draped with crape and supported on either side by eagles, while underneath was the legend, "Surrendered July 9, 1850."

Some Bowery Irish organizations turned out, perhaps in a nonpartisan spirit, though some of them may have been

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Whigs, at that. One of them bore a huge harp draped in crape. The butchers, one division mounted on white horses and another on bays, all wearing check-sleeved shirts and many of them their white aprons, made a fine appearance. Among the target companies in line was the Chanfrau Guard, named in honor of the popular actor.

The City Hall Park, where the speakers' stand was erected, was jammed to suffocation. Hawkers sold portraits of General Taylor at from one to six cents each. Others did a heavy business in ice cream at one cent a glass, in lemonade, brandy balls, cigars, cakes, and fruit. It was one of the most enjoyable occasions that New York had ever seen.

At this late day, it is practically impossible to comprehend all the ins and outs of Bowery politics or even of New York politics, before the Civil War. At times there were as many parties and subparties as there are in a modern European State. Most of these were factions or split-offs from the Democrats, usually brought about by dissatisfaction at the machinations of Tammany, which organization, originally patriotic and philanthropic, had within a few years become a political club.

By 1802 the Society was growing ashamed of its meeting place in Brom Martling's tavern at Chatham and Spruce Street, called by the Federalists "the Pig Pen." Through the exertions of Colonel Rutgers, Jacob Barker, the ship-builder—young Fitz Halleck's employer—and others, \$28,000 was pledged and by 1811 a new Wigwam was erected at Chatham and Frankfort streets. The location, within shouting distance of the Five Points and the Fourth Ward, was significant. From that day to this, Tammany Hall has made its home on the lower East Side, whence its greatest strength has always been drawn, and where most of its prominent leaders began their existence. William M. Tweed, the son of a respectable chair and brush maker, was born on Cherry Street, in 1823. His successor, "Honest John" Kelley, was born on Hester Street in 1822, and Charles W. Murphy in

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the Gas House District at the foot of Fourteenth Street in 1858—to mention only three of the biggest bosses.

It seems scarcely credible now that Tammany was in its earliest years strongly anti-Irish—notwithstanding the fact that it had been founded, paradoxically enough, by a man named Mooney. But like most clubs and societies of its day, it was vociferously patriotic. Its constitution, adopted in 1789, provided that “No person shall be eligible to the office of Sachem unless a native of this Country.” For a long time Tammany would not countenance the idea of an Irish Catholic for any office. The Irish resented this, and one night in 1817 more than two hundred of them marched from Dooley’s Long Room to the Wigwam to urge the nomination for Congress of Thomas Addis Emmet, the revolutionist exile from Ireland. Tammany was still stubborn; and there were bloody noses and wrecked furniture in the Hall before the Irish were driven back to Dooley’s.

But Tammany was now learning to trim its sails to the wind. The great number of Irish flocking to this country and becoming voters were a factor to be reckoned with. The silk-stockinged Federalists had been succeeded by the Whigs, who were not quite so high and mighty and were bidding for any votes they could get. An Irishman’s vote counted for just as much as any other; and as the Democratic party, the party of Citizen Jefferson, French Revolutionary enthusiast, was most naturally the party of the poor man, the Hall began gradually and at first secretly courting the Irish. By the middle Forties the Democrats were pretty thoroughly in control in the Sixth Ward (the Five Points district) and the Fourth Ward, which lay south of Chatham Square.

One of the greatest irritations of the period—a double-headed problem it was—was the matter of nationality and religion. Nordic Protestantism set its face like a flint against the thought of letting this country become a bedlam of aliens dominated by the Pope, as some European countries were said to be. There was as yet little likelihood of a restriction

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of immigration. Some Anglo-Saxons were demanding it, but the sentiment of freedom was too strong, and the ignorant immigrant was too useful to the politicians to render such a move possible.

Old stock Dutch and Anglo-Saxons were rabid at the thought of the Irish horde which was sweeping through our gates. But there were many ludicrous phases to the controversy. If it was an Englishman who was to be hooted or booted, there was nowhere so stout an American as a son of Erin just off the ship. The True Blue Americans, a Bowery organization of the Thirties, were all Irish; they wore plug hats and long coats buttoned to the chin and flapping around their calves, and their chief occupation seemed to be the hating of England and predicting her downfall. Like most other Irish-Americans from that day to this, their loyalty to Ireland was their first and greatest passion. There were not a few Anglo-Saxons, too, who didn't yet realize that the Revolution was over and who, like the modern chief executive of one of our greatest cities, yearned to give the King of England a wallop on the "snoot." But the majority of the Native Americans were anti-Irish and anti-Catholic.

The movement does not appear so absurd when we learn that there was a very real menace in the immigration of that day. Europe had discovered that this country made an excellent dumping ground for paupers and criminals, and they were being shunted over here in great numbers, where they speedily became a problem and usually landed without delay in our charitable or penal institutions. It was found that parishes all over England and Ireland were paying the steamer fare of their paupers to America; one steerage ticket being much cheaper and much less trouble than boarding, clothing, and doctoring a pauper for ten or twenty or thirty years. Of course the diseased, the crippled, the feeble-minded and degenerate were the ones most apt to be gotten rid of. Consuls in Germany reported that not only almshouses and civic authorities but even families, to rid themselves of troublesome

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dependents, often paid their fare to America and forgot them; and, furthermore, that criminals in that country, if sentenced to prison for life or a long term, were often given the option—which was cheaper to the State—of emigrating to America, and of course would accept it.

In Louisiana in 1834 it was found that of 6,062 persons admitted to charitable institutions that year, 4,287 were foreign born, 1,678 native, and 98 unknown. In the almshouses of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, foreign-born inmates were in the majority. And the problem was steadily growing more complex. During 1836 there were 60,500 aliens landed at our ports; in 1837 they came at the rate of 2,000 a week. Our principles, our institutions, our very national existence, said the native Americans, were threatened by "this influx of ragged paupers, bringing in their persons and opinions the elements of degradation and disorder." The poison then introduced into our social fabric taints it to this day, practically a century afterwards.

If the statesmen and politicians of that period had had sufficient honesty and acumen to approach the problem in a rational way, weeding out the paupers and the unfit as is done now and accepting only the able and worthy, there would have been much less grief for their own and future generations. But those who viewed the situation with alarm went to the extreme of condemning all foreigners without respect to quality, and likewise the religion which many of them brought with them. This was the attitude of the native American secret societies which finally crystallized as a political party shortly after 1840.

That was a strange and interesting period of unrest, of growing pains, of the friction of readjustment to new conditions. There were slave insurrections in the South, agrarian uprisings in the North, miniature border wars with Canada, political and religious riots in the cities, a sturdy attempt to overthrow the state government in Rhode Island.

Election corruption became rife in New York even before

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1835. There was no registration law then and very little check on voters, so that much repeating was possible. Stuffing ballot boxes, slugging and intimidation of voters were becoming more and more common, to the horror of elderly citizens who remembered the founding of the Republic and the high ideals of its builders. For these functions the gangsters were invaluable; Tammany was making offensive and defensive alliances with them and the rough element began to be an important agency in politics. Ward and district leaders were often proprietors of saloons, dance halls, gambling houses, and dives in the lower East Side, these furnishing not only refreshment and meeting places for the gangs, but often hiding places for such of their members as might be wanted by the law.

Comic relief to the picture is furnished now and then by some of the political dodges of the day, differing only slightly and superficially from those of the present time. For example, this elaborately rhetorical query to the *New York Evening Post* in 1833:

MR. EDITOR:—Having been under the painful necessity of discharging several of my apprentices whom I found as late as 12 o'clock at night, drinking and card-playing at the Porter House of *Nathaniel T. Weeks*, No. 38 Bowery, I wish to be informed if he is the same individual who is nominated for Collector on the Ticket Headed JOHN R. RHINELANDER.

A Mechanic and Tax Payer of the Sixth Ward.

Weeks later in the year was fined and imprisoned for keeping a gambling house.

The native American spirit was already beginning to seethe in 1833, and cause considerable disorder on election day. A band of Bowery patriots took occasion to beat up an elderly Irishman, whereupon a hundred or more of the sons of Erin gathered just off the Bowery on Third Avenue and proceeded to assault everybody in sight, finally clearing the streets of citizens, who locked themselves in their houses

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in terror. Racial and political feeling was still more bitter in 1834, when the Tammany candidate for Mayor was opposed by Gulian C. Verplanck, who had left the Democrats and gone over to the Whigs. Merchants and manufacturers sent employees to surround the polls and work against Tammany, and for the first time the battle was sharply joined between the propertied class on the one hand and mechanics, laborers, and farmers on the other. The voting was carried on for three days, and there was trouble in the Five Points every day. On the third day a Democratic mob essayed to storm Mechanics' Hall in Duane Street. The Mayor tried to turn them back, but was showered with stones and painfully hurt, as were several watchmen. The crowd broke into the hall and drove out the committeemen therein; but the news meanwhile had been carried to Whig sections, and perhaps ten thousand of them gathered in the streets between Broadway and the Bowery. Gun shops on Broadway had been cleaned out, and the Whigs were marching on the state arsenal at Elm and Franklin streets when the local militia—infantry and cavalry—were called out and restored order with little trouble.

Oddly enough, one question which caused much friction in New York was that of slavery. Even thirty years before the Civil War, the rising tide of abolitionism was viewed with alarm by the Southern or Jackson Democrats; and the northern adherents of Old Hickory were in many cases almost as bitter against the Abolitionists as were the Southerners. This was particularly true in New York, where most Irishmen were devoted adherents of their fellow-Hibernian, Andy Jackson. Even many persons not Democrats feared that the drastic ideas of the Abolitionists would disrupt the Union.

It was in October, 1833, when the Abolitionists were still a small and timid faction, that New York's slavery troubles began. Hearing that an abolition meeting was being held at Chatham Street Chapel, a crowd recruited from the Five

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Points and the Bowery—it might as well be called a mob—marched into the chapel and would have caused trouble had not the small gathering of Abolitionists heard of its coming and fled by the rear entrance.

In the following year the antislavery men were stronger and bolder, and they met frequently in the chapel. "The Fanatics have been holding meetings on several successive nights of the past week," said the *Spectator* early in July, "preparatory to a factitious phrenzy adapted to the heat of the season and their own excited zeal." The fact that many Negroes lived near by in the Fourth and Sixth Wards rendered the situation more dangerous. At a meeting on the Fourth of July the constitution of the Anti-Slavery Society was read by Lewis Tappan, a prominent merchant, and was greeted with some hisses from a hostile faction in the rear of the house. When David P. Brown of Philadelphia was introduced as the principal speaker, the tumult became so great that he could not be heard, and James W. Gerard, New York attorney, who begged for fair play for him, was likewise howled down.

On the evening of July 7 an assemblage of Negroes gathered in the same chapel to hear a sermon by a colored minister was interrupted by the New York Sacred Music Society, which had the building regularly engaged on that evening each week. A request from the president of the society that the chapel be vacated by the Negroes brought on an argument which became more heated; a blow was struck and soon a general *mêlée* was in progress. Chairs and canes were used, lamps smashed, heads broken and clothing torn. Lads in the balcony threw benches over on the crowd below, where they were broken up and pieces of them used for weapons. The cry spread outside that the blacks were killing the whites, and presently near a hundred of the watch were on the scene and slowly cleared the building. The row continued in the streets, but the Negroes were soon outnumbered and fled. Lewis Tappan was recognized amidst the crowd, and a

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fragment of the mob followed him to his home on Rose street (now a dark, dingy factory street in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, but then a pleasant, meandering residence lane), and broke some of the windows of his house after he had entered.

On the next evening at dusk a crowd gathered in front of the chapel. It was locked, but they forced their way in, and after passing a resolution, stressing the evil effects of a sudden abolition of slavery, adjourned. But this was too tame an ending for the hotheads in the gathering. In the street two or three agitators began to talk of the misdeeds of George Percy Farren, stage manager of the Bowery, a recent emigré from England who was then much in the public eye. Farren had had trouble with one McKinney, an actor, had discharged him and ordered him out of the theatre. McKinney thereupon harangued the house from the balcony, charging that Farren had insulted the American flag, and vowing unnecessarily that he would not act in the theater "so long as that Englishman is a member of the company." This was an appeal to the Irish "bhoys," which might have failed of its effect if they had known that Farren was actually born in Ireland. Inflammatory circulars were published next day in which it was declared, on the honor and oath of one Sentis, a butcher, that Farren had cursed the "Yankees," called them jackasses and said he would gull them whenever he could.

Therefore, when the cry, "To the Bowery Theatre!" was raised that July evening, the anti-abolitionist mob in front of the Chatham Street Chapel became suddenly metamorphosed into "native American" zealots. They streamed, yelling, up Chatham Street and the Bowery towards the theatre. Word of their coming ran ahead of them, and the doors were shut, but they burst them open and poured into the aisles. Forrest was playing "Metamora," but not even his popularity could stay the tumult. The mob, perhaps a thousand in number, swarmed through pit, boxes, and even on to the stage, some of the actors fleeing in terror before

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them. Many women in the audience escaped under and across the stage, going out with the actresses by the rear door. At length Forrest's tremendous voice succeeded in prevailing over the din, and in a moment of partial quiet, he announced that Farren, whom the mob had not found, had been dismissed by the management.

Even then the crowd continued to mill about the theater until at length a hundred watchmen, accompanied by the Mayor, Police Justice Lowndes and some of the aldermen, succeeded in clearing the house. Scarcely had they reached the street when a shout was raised, "To Tappan's house!" and the gathering became anti-abolition again. Hurrying down to Rose street, they burst open Lewis Tappan's house, from which the family had escaped, carried the furniture out, piled it in the street and set it afire. As one of the looters was coming out with a framed picture in his arms, another patriot, seeing it, shrieked out in dramatic horror, "It's Washington! For God's sake, don't burn Washington!" The cry was echoed on all sides; the picture was tenderly placed on a neighboring porch and guarded. By this time the Fire Department had been called, and the mob slowly gave way before the firemen and police.

Outbreaks of rioting continued for five days thereafter, abolitionists and Negroes being the usual targets of hatred. The police broke up an attack on an abolitionist minister's church in Greenwich Village, but on the tenth and eleventh Negro churches in Center and Leonard streets were wrecked, likewise a Negro schoolhouse in Orange (Baxter) street, and finally several Negro tenements in Mulberry and Orange streets and the Five Points were set afire. Rumors had spread that every house in the Sixth Ward which did not have a candle in the window would be burned, and soon nearly every window in the Five Points showed a dot of candle flame. While the glare of burning buildings lit up the sky, the Twenty-seventh (later the Seventh) Regiment

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of militia was assembled, broke up a barricade in Spring Street and restored order without firing a shot. On the following night there was a riotous gathering in Chatham Square, which the military again dispersed, and some outbreaks elsewhere, but with these the abolition riots ended.

Native American feeling was running high in 1835. Cards like this appeared now and then in the newspapers:

A meeting of Native American Citizens of the Tenth Ward, without distinction of party, will be held at Military Hall, corner of Grand and Ludlow Streets, on Monday evening next, to appoint Delegates to a General Convention to further the objects of the Native American Democratic Association, in accord with a Resolution passed at the North American Hotel on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst.

ADRASTUS DOOLITTLE, Chairman

And here the temptation is irresistible to pause and contemplate the bitterness with which Dickens's satire on this country in *Martin Chuzzlewit* was received: even the names he gave his Americans—the Honorable Elijah Pogram, Jefferson Brick, and Hannibal Chollop—were regarded as distorted caricatures. But no product of Dickens's imagination was any funnier than some real names of politicians and business men which he heard in New York and to some of whose possessors he may have been introduced—Adrastus Doolittle, Zebedee Ring, Levi D. Slamm, Pelatiah Perit and Preserved Fish, to mention only a few.

The nonpartisan Native American Association did not succeed in getting itself organized that year nor for years afterward. Meanwhile, other organizations with similar principles rose and fell. Among them the American Guards, a Bowery gang flaunting native ancestry, were always ready in the latter Thirties if any slugging of foreigners was to be done. Bitter enmity developed between this gang and the O'Connell Guards, organized by a Bowery saloonkeeper and representing the Irish element steadily growing stronger in

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Tammany Hall. On Sunday evening, June 21, 1835, the two clashed at the lower end of Chatham Square. There were several theories as to the cause of the affair. The American Guard version was that "an Irishman upset the apple stall of a poor old woman at Pearl and Chatham streets; some native Americans passing by remonstrated with the Irishman," etc., etc. Anyhow, a scrimmage was started, reinforcements arrived for both sides, clubs and brickbats came into play, and presently the battle area extended as far as Paradise Square in the Five Points.

An increasing audience viewed the battle from the side lines, applauding individual set-tos with "Well done, American!" "Fine work, Mickey!" "Give him hell!" etc. Dr. W. M. Caffrey, a highly respected physician of Mott Street, was passing by on a call to a patient when he was struck by a brick which broke his jaw and felled him to the sidewalk, where he was so trampled by the struggling warriors that he died next day. The Mayor and the Sheriff called almost the entire city police force to the scene, and slowly dispersed the hostile armies. But the war broke out again shortly afterwards when a horde of patriots attacked the Green Dragon Tavern on the Bowery near Broome Street, kept by an Englishman who had given umbrage a few days before by refusing to serve some skylarking firemen. After smashing his windows the crowd demolished the windows of an Irishman at Bowery and Delancey, and set fire to his window bench, being finally driven off by the watch. Magistrate Lowndes said that "in the whole mob, consisting of four or five hundred, he did not believe there were more than twenty who had attained the age of twenty-one." On the following day there was another rumpus in the Five Points quarter, at Cross and Anthony streets, which the police quelled with difficulty, Judge Lowndes being struck in the chest with a stone and carried off, *hors de combat*.

A meeting had already been called to take steps to organize the O'Connell Guards into a regiment of militia. Such pro-

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ceedings were naturally viewed with uneasiness by even the best-balanced citizens. The New York *American* doubted

Whether under any circumstances the banding together in military array and under a foreign name, foreign-born persons could meet with the approbation or consent of the Governor of this State, or . . . at a moment when from various causes high excitement exists between the native population and certain foreigners, such an array should be even attempted, seems to us a proceeding which men of all parties should unite in discountenancing.

But the organizations of foreign-born men into militia went on apace. The original Dutch and Anglo-Saxon citizenry were not as militaristic as the immigrants newly arrived from war-torn Europe, and the result was that by 1852, of 6,000 militia in the city of New York, more than 4,000 were foreign born. There were 2,600 Irish under such names as the Emmet Guards, the Irish Rifles, the Irish-American Guards, and so on, not to speak of the Ninth and Sixty-ninth Regiments; and as the vast majority of them were Catholic, it was questioned by Protestant citizens whether they did not constitute a Papist menace to free American institutions. There were 1,700 Germans, either in separate regiments or in companies attached to other regiments. There were even an Italian company, the Garibaldi Guard, and a French company, the Garde Lafayette, attached to the Twelfth Regiment. "So little do these organizations resemble American militiamen," wrote an observer, "that a stranger might think them visitors from foreign parts, for their officers give orders in foreign tongues and they carry flags emblazoned with devices and wear uniforms patterned after those used in the countries of their birth"; all of which, it must be admitted, was not calculated to endear them to the hearts of Americans. The native citizens began to regard the militia in general with suspicion, and to organize themselves more and more into target companies. By 1852 there

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were fully 7,000 men in these companies, which were regarded as being, in effect, a defensive army, a sort of Fascisti; and it is interesting to find that they, too, wore black—almost always black uniforms and glazed caps. Could this have been the inspiration for the modern Italian Black Shirts?

Of the 2,000 more or less native American militia then in the city, one regiment had been organized two years before in response to strong sentiment on the East Side, where there were still many native born, in favor of better military security against the rising foreign tide. The name of the regiment was to be "the American Guards," and care was taken to insure that the recruits were without exception American born. The first meeting was held on June 2, 1850, at the Eagle Drill Hall, at Chrystie and Delancey streets. The several companies were recruited at various places in the neighborhood, some of them meeting for a time at the Branch Hotel, at 36 Bowery. Other companies drilled at Military Hall on the Bowery. One of the captains lived at 184½ Bowery.

In 1852 the regiment had become the Seventy-first New York Militia, and Quartermaster Abram S. Vosburgh was elected Colonel. By 1855 it was considered one of the crack organizations of the state. Late in June, 1857, it was equipped with the new Minie rifled musket, the Seventh being the only other regiment then possessing "this terrible and destructive weapon." Five days later the regiment was called upon to assist in quelling the most serious riot that had yet arisen in the history of the city—the bloody battle between the Dead Rabbits and the Bowery Boys.

Of these two most famous gangs in ante-bellum records, the Dead Rabbits were Sixth Ward Irish Democrats, while the Bowery Boys were for years a tower of strength to the native American element. Bill Harrington and Bill Poole, butchers, amateur pugilists and redoubtable eye-gouging, boot-stamping, free-and-easy brawlers, owed their allegiance to

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this gang, as did Tom Hyer, saloon-keeper, professional boxer, and for some years heavyweight champion of America. When Poole was mortally wounded in a barroom fight on Broadway in 1855, Hyer and other native American heroes sat sorrowing by his bedside, and when all was over, reported that his last words had been, "Good-bye, boys! I die a true American." The splendor of his funeral was not surpassed even by that of Andrew Jackson. Five thousand men marched or rode in the *cortège* behind the hearse which carried banners on its sides inscribed with his last words. Melodramas were hastily written around his figure and career, while on the other side, little boys of the Five Points chanted in praise of his slayer:

Baker wa'n't a liar,
And Baker wa'n't a fool.
He up with his pistol
And shot Bill Poole.

Religious and racial spirit rose higher than ever in 1842. Tammany, expressing gratitude for the support of "patented citizens," as the naturalized immigrants were called, was now nominating Irishmen for petty offices. Incensed by this "truckling to foreigners," a number of Democratic leaders had left the party and joined with some of the secret Fascist societies in organizing the American Party. Up to election time in 1842 it was not supposed that the new party could muster a thousand votes. To the surprise of every one, it polled nearly nine thousand, and carried two strong Democratic wards. The majority of the vote, it was estimated, consisted of Democrats bent on punishing their own party. For years the American Party maintained an attitude of secrecy and mystery. Whenever a member was asked a question regarding the organization, he professed ignorance—whence the nickname "Know-Nothings," applied to them by other partisans. Their meetings were held in secret places and they had passwords, one of which was, "Have you seen

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Sam?" An almanac of the party issued in 1855 declared its principles to be "Anti-Romanism, Anti-Bedinism, Anti-Papistalism, Anti-Nunneryism, Anti-Winking Virginism, Anti-Jesuitism."

Irish Orangemen were as bitter against their Catholic fellow-countrymen as were American Protestant zealots; and on election day of 1842 several bloody fights were waged in the Sixth and Tenth Wards between the two religions, the Orangemen and native Americans fighting side by side. Many were seriously hurt, houses were damaged and set afire, and the windows of Bishop Hughes's residence, opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral, were broken. By 1844 the rage against Catholics had reached such a pitch that churches and convents were being attacked in Philadelphia and other cities. On a night during the spring election that year a mob of a thousand was recruited on the Bowery with the avowed intention of burning St. Patrick's Cathedral. But Bishop Hughes, being warned of the danger, assembled two or three thousand sturdy parishioners, armed with every imaginable weapon, inside the brick-walled yard of the Cathedral at Mulberry, Mott, and Prince streets, and hearing of the preparations made to receive it, the courage of the would-be mob evaporated.

The excitement over both religion and politics was intense. The native Americans, quickly grown powerful, elected their candidate for Mayor, James Harper the publisher, in April by about five thousand votes. In the national campaign they supported the Whig candidate, Henry Clay, for President. All through the summer and autumn feeling ran high. Nearly every evening in the fall Bill Harrington, native born Bowery Boy, led his Knickerbocker Clay Club from its Chatham street lair to Whig headquarters in the Broadway House, Broadway and Grand Street, singing

Hurrah! Hurrah! The country's risin'
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

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At the same time Rynders's Empire Club would be touring the Five Points and the East Side with torchlights, marching to their song, "Oh, cl'ar the husky raccoons down!" while their banners and transparencies proclaimed that "Texas is as good as annexed and Oregon soon will be occupied;" "Give us the whole hog or none—54-40 or fight!" "Old John Bull may knock, but he can't come in;" "Down with the coons and up with the Young Hickories!" "Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker, the Unterrified Democracy is coming!" "The Old Coon is dead as Julius Cæsar, and plenty of log cabins to let." One group even had the assurance to hoist the challenge, "Americans sha'n't rule US." The foreign-born vote of New York City was sufficient to carry the state for the Democratic candidates, Polk and Dallas, and, in effect, to elect them.

Captain Isaiah Rynders had appeared in New York seven or eight years before with an aromatic reputation as a Mississippi River gambler and knife-and-pistol fighter. He had also been accused of larceny, but had wriggled out of the scrape. He believed that Negro slavery was a divine institution. He speedily became a power in New York politics; procured a job as United States Marshal and was one of Tammany's most powerful lieutenants. He ran a saloon, the Arena, at 28 Park Row, and upstairs organized the Empire Club, which was frequented by such two-fisted worthies as Yankee Sullivan, Country McClusky, Dutch Charlie, Bill Ford, Hen Chanfrau, Manny Kelly, Dirty-Face Jack, Mike Phillips, Denny Maguire, Johnny Austin, and Dave Scandlin. The Whigs once offered Austin two thousand dollars if he would come over to their organization and bring Ford, Scandlin, Kelly, and Phillips with him, but Tammany's inducements were superior, and he refused.

Rynders and some other of the club members acted as political immigrant runners; that is, they met the immigrants at the docks, found lodgings for them, and on condition that they ally themselves with Tammany, found jobs for them or

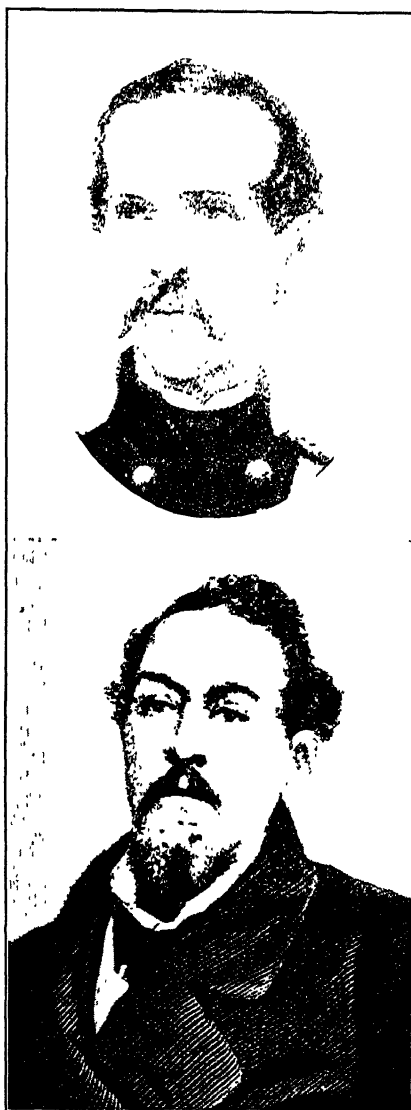
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set them up in the liquor business. The club was in effect a gang. Representing the anti-Tammany Democracy was the "Spartan Band" of Mike Walsh, the editor, which was almost as rough, and had a sprinkling of Orangemen, native Americans, and others who had been slighted by Tammany.

Those were days of vituperative journalism such as we in this more polite age can scarcely conceive. The leading editors of New York bandied about the epithets blackleg, slanderer, perjurer, turkey buzzard, profligate adventurer, habitual liar, and a thousand more. James Gordon Bennett called Horace Greeley a galvanized squash. Mike Walsh's weekly was peppered with such descriptive phrases as "rat-faced swindler," "cowardly, hang-dog, state's-evidence ruffian," "sneaking, pimping, red-haired little scamp," "imbecile lump of mere organized animal matter," "conniving little cub whose face when seen in profile strikingly resembles that of a love-sick porgy." With editors indulging in such blackguarding, it is no wonder that rowdyism prevailed among less cultured folk.

Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan were just coming into prominence then as the leading pugilistic champions of the American and foreign-born factions respectively. Hyer was a Bowery saloonkeeper. His name in the Directory for several years has appended to it, "hotel, 50 Bowery." In 1849 he is listed as "agent" (for what?), "36 Bowery." Butcher Bill Poole had a gambling house near him in 1848. Hyer was a vicious fighter both in and out of the squared circle. He whipped Yankee Sullivan unofficially in an oyster bar as well as in the prize ring. Sullivan who, notwithstanding the fact that his real name was Frank Ambrose, was an Irishman, kept a saloon, usually on Chatham Street. An advertisement in 1846 notifies his friends that he has opened his new place at 9 Chatham,

Where he will be happy to receive their calls and will endeavor to please and amuse them. The Bar is stocked with good



COLONEL MICHAEL CORCORAN
OF THE 69TH REGIMENT

TOM HYER,
PUGILIST AND POLITICIAN



HARRY HOWARD,
OLD VOLUNTEER
FIRE CHIEF

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Liquors, Segars, etc. A Free-and-Easy will be held every Saturday Evening. The Art of Self-Defense taught in a few lessons.

Young John Morrissey, then eighteen years of age, came down from his home in Troy in the Forties, seeking pugilistic distinction. He made his way to the Empire Club, and opening the door, took off his hat politely and said, "I can lick any man here." He meant singly, of course, but the club didn't choose to take it that way. When he had been patched up and could see his way about again, he went back to Troy to gain weight and experience. A few years later he came to New York again and sought a match with Hyer, but couldn't put up the ten thousand dollars' wager demanded by Hyer, so quarrelled with Yankee Sullivan and challenged him. Native American feeling had been aroused against him when he defied Hyer, as Morrissey was said to have been born in Ireland: but now some of the natives came over to his side, on the theory that he was a better American than Sullivan. They fought at Boston Four Corners, New York, in 1853, and Morrissey would have been beaten had not his partisans swarmed in and forced Sullivan out of the ring. Meanwhile Hyer passed his zenith and was beaten by Heenan, "the Benicia Boy," but a few years later Morrissey defeated Heenan and claimed the American championship. He had already been so useful to Tammany as an immigrant runner and ward heeler that he was now able to launch a prosperous gambling business. Later he went to the State Legislature and to Congress, and died in 1878 a wealthy man. Hyer, by the way, was cheer leader for the New York delegation, advocating the nomination of William H. Seward for the Presidency, at the National Republican convention at Chicago in 1860.

Rynders met his Waterloo when he attempted to claim supreme power in the Sixth Ward and have himself nominated for the Assembly. Con Donoho, groceryman, was then rising to power in the ward, and he disputed Rynders's pre-

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tension. The matter was fought out (and "fought" is used advisedly) at Warren's Sixth Ward Hotel, otherwise known by its ancient name of Dooley's Long Room, at Duane and Cross streets—a famous headquarters of the Democracy in its day. "Florry" Kernan says that wise politicians of the Sixth never wore their good clothes to a caucus or committee meeting at Dooley's, for they well knew that they were likely to come home with their garments in tatters. Rynders went to the meeting place that night backed by Ford, Maguire, McCleester, Hen Chanfrau, and other hard hitters, but the Donoho forces were too much for them, and some of them left the scene perforce through the windows.

Con Donoho, thereafter absolute king of the Sixth, ran a little grocery store on Baxter Street near Chatham in which there were more barrels of Swan gin and Binghamton whisky than eatables, and lived upstairs. Several of his retainers, with their families, inhabited the same tenement and constituted a bodyguard for him. But notwithstanding their vigilance, an enemy hand reached him one evening at his own threshold, and the faithful follower who discovered him raised an alarm which rang through New York for years thereafter: "Citizens of the Sixth Ward, turn out! Turn out! Con Donoho lays bleedin' on the pave ferninst his dure."

Con lived to fight another day. The Ould Sixth had come into its own by this time, for in 1846 "one of the bhoys," Andrew H. Mickle, who had been born in a Five Points tenement where pigs lived both in the attic and the cellar, was elected Mayor on the Tammany ticket. Marrying the daughter of the owner of a tobacco concern, he later became its proprietor and did so well, both in business and politics, that he died worth over a million dollars.

Rynders forsook the Democracy for a time after his defeat, changed the name of his club to Americus and cast in his lot with the Know-Nothings. He still seemed to have many Irish followers, however, as most of his malignity was

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directed against Englishmen. Edward Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline) pseudo-Westerner and writer of blood-and-thunder literature, was now one of his chief lieutenants. The two played a prominent part in the Astor Place riots, directed against the English actor Macready, early in 1849. A few months previous to that affair, there had been an outbreak typical of the time at the Bowery Theatre, directed against Signorina Ciocca, a dancer, who appeared on the same program with an American, Julia Turnbull. The merits of the two in such a case mattered little if the audience conceived the impression that the native artist was endangered by foreign competition. So for "Jule" Turnbull's sake Ciocca was driven from the stage, and the stage manager who tried to conciliate the pit retired under a shower of missiles. A force of police finally had to clear the house.

Anti-foreign and anti-Catholic societies were now multiplying rapidly—the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner, organized in New York in 1850, the American Protestant Association, the Order of United American Mechanics and so on. One of the most famous of the Fascist societies was the Order of Free and Accepted Americans, popularly known as Wide Awakes. It was first intended for boys too young for admittance to other organizations, but gradually increased its age limit and became at length, in New York, at least, more or less of a hoodlum band. Its pet name for itself was The Order of the American Star, its emblem being a star with the figures 67 on it—Washington's age at his death. The members wore white felt hats of peculiar shape, and their rallying cry was "Wide awake! Wide awake!" Their chief function was the escorting of anti-Catholic soap-box orators to Catholic neighborhoods and standing ready to fight at the drop of a hat. One of their preachers, John S. Orr, who called himself the Angel Gabriel, held forth every Sunday on the City Hall steps, and riots were caused there and in Brooklyn by his preaching and that of Moses, his satellite and accordion-player.

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In those days even want advertisements in the newspapers had a religious and geographical tinge: "A Protestant Girl wishes a situation as chambermaid or waitress;" "A Smart, Active Protestant Girl wanted to do housework in a country town;" "A Respectable young Person from Dublin wants a position as a child's nurse;" "A Respectable English girl wishes a situation in a respectable family as seamstress," etc. To-day the specifications are more apt to be "Christian" or "Jewish."

Another famous political society was the Order of United Americans, which had several chapters on the Bowery and in the vicinity, giving evidence of the strong Anglo-Saxon element still present there. In fact, it must have had its origin there, for Alpha Chapter No. 1 (composed almost entirely of elderly men) had its headquarters at American Hall, 267 Bowery, as did the New York Chancery or district body. The Charter Oak Chapter met at 187 Bowery, where P. T. Barnum was an active member in the fifties. The Barnum Guard, an O. U. A. target company, was named in his honor. Most of the chapters bore patriotic names—Ethan Allen, Nathan Hale, Henry Clay, Lexington, Hancock, Jefferson.

The New York Chancery issued a circular in 1855, warning its brethren against the Wide Awakes, asserting that they were Jesuits in disguise, although their oath required them to give up their lives, if necessary, in warfare against "the Pope and his hirelings, now hovering around us in this, my native land," and to "solemnly swear, by the ashes of my martyred sires, by every blood-stained link of that chain of tyranny which the men of '76 burst asunder, that I will never permit the holy heritage of liberty to be torn from me or my children." Their feeling was equally bitter against the Anglo-Saxon brethren in England. When one Purser was nominated for City Comptroller, the O. U. A. notified its members that "George H. Purser is an Englishman and bitterly opposed to our Order, because it is an

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American Order and composed of Sons of the Soil. Let us show this man of foreign birth and prejudices that he cannot hold and control the funds of our city."

The Order made a great point of celebrating the Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday, and the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, turning out for a parade in full regalia each time. On Washington's Birthday, 1854, native-born parades were trailing through the Bowery all day; not only the O. U. A., with more than sixty chapters in line and headed by the native-born Seventy-first Regiment, but the American Protestant Association, with a thousand men, and the Guard of Liberty, very solemn and earnest, in coal-black uniform with the native American tri-colored sash over one shoulder, silver eagle on the left breast, Revolutionary three-cornered hat and muskets.

Fernando Wood, one of the oiliest politicians of the nineteenth century, was elected Mayor in 1854 by Tammany, on which occasion the Sixth Ward did itself proud by casting four hundred more ballots than there were voters in the ward. Joseph Souder, anti-Tammany representative in the district, said that there had been fraud everywhere, and that the people were being ruled by Rum and Romanism—a text to which Reverend Mr. Burchard added one word thirty years later, to make one of the colossal "bonehead plays" of history.

In 1857 the police force was in a state of chaos. During Wood's second administration the police had become so corrupt and inefficient that the Legislature intervened, altered the city charter and created a Metropolitan police force, to cover Manhattan, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and the present Bronx Borough; this to be under a Board of Commissioners appointed by the Governor. Wood refused to recognize the Board, and 800 officers and men of the Municipal force stood by him. Others went over to the new Metropolitans, who set up headquarters in White street. For weeks they and the Municipals spent more time in fighting each other than

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in combating crime. The City Hall was garrisoned by Municipals, and a riot finally occurred on the steps of the building between them and the Metropolitans, in which fifty were hurt, and which was quelled only by intervention of the militia. Wood was arrested, put under bond—and never tried. But he decided to yield in the police issue; his Municipals were disbanded, and as the Metropolitans were not yet fully organized, such turbulent wards as the Fourth and Sixth were left in a precariously ungarded condition.

The aspect in the Sixth was particularly serious. The Dead Rabbits, the most powerful gang in the Five Points, were staunch allies of Wood; they had been known to march en masse to the City Hall and make themselves at home there for hours—and they were naturally sullen at his defeat. For a month or two they and the Bowery Boys had been in a particularly ugly attitude towards each other, and there were apprehensions that the Fourth of July, always an occasion for much boozing, would bring a clash.

Just what was the political complexion of the Bowery Boy gang at this time it is hard to determine. They were long in alliance with the native American element; but the Know-Nothing party was fading out at this time as a political organization, and the New York *Express* just after the great riot of 1857 insisted that the Bowery Boys then represented the Custom House wing of the local Democracy and the Dead Rabbits another clique. Those were days of factions, split-ups, and recantations. For the judicial election of 1855 there were ten tickets in the field, half of them representing Democratic factions. The *Express* said that the Bowery Boys, "under the leadership of Pat Matthews, a well-known Custom House officer," had their headquarters "at a drinking house at 40 Bowery." The "Dead Rabbits, we understand, obey the orders of one Tom Walsh, said to be the foreman of Engine Company No. 21, whose house is at the corner of Chambers and Centre streets. The Dead Rabbits are inhabitants of Mulberry, Mott, Baxter, Bayard, and some

POLITICS, PARADES, AND THE RIOT PERIOD



DEAD RABBIT



BOWERY BOY

AS SKETCHED BY "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" IN 1857

parts of Elizabeth streets, and are very bad fellows, the whole of them."

The writer added that "since the recent proceedings at Tammany Hall to harmonize the party, the Dead Rabbits and Bowery Boys have been more than ever anxious to have a muss on a large scale." Alderman Clancy, Judge Brennan, and other citizens of the Sixth Ward became alarmed over the prospect, and at Clancy's solicitation the sixty members of the Municipal Police who had been stationed in that ward agreed to serve without pay until after the Fourth. But the Commissioners rejected the offer, saying that they could keep order without the aid of Mayor Wood's hirelings.

On Friday night, July 3, roughs were parading the streets

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in crowds, insulting all and sundry and shoving them off the sidewalks. The Metropolitan policemen, green and few in number, were no match for them. Even boys and girls hooted "the Albany men." Tallmadge, head of the police, had suggested that the municipal fireworks display on the Fourth be abandoned, and this was agreed to. No clash of any consequence occurred until about one o'clock on the morning of the Fourth. Then a considerable party of Dead Rabbits and Plug Uglies walking on the Bowery attacked two policemen, who fled into the saloon on the ground floor of No. 40 Bowery, headquarters of the Bowery Boys and Atlantic Guards. Their tormentors followed them to the door of the saloon, where the foremost was felled by a stalwart standing in the entrance. He then popped inside and the door was shut.

The Dead Rabbits promptly bombarded the place with stones and brickbats, breaking nearly every pane of glass. Another Metropolitan came along; they attacked him and he took refuge in a saloon in the basement of 36 Bowery. The bullies attacked that place also, smashing windows and lamps; but by this time the Bowery Boys had been rallying into their quarters from the rear, and they now sallied forth with beer mugs, clubs, and brickbats, and in a hot battle drove the Dead Rabbits back to Bayard Street, where both parties paused, hurling missiles at long range. But now the alarm had spread and Bowery Boys began to pour out of their burrows by dozens. Within a few minutes three hundred of them had gathered in front of No. 40. They made a concerted movement towards Bayard Street, and the Dead Rabbits vanished.

After an hour or so of milling about and excited talking, the Bowery Boys dispersed. But their enemies were not yet done with them. After a few hours' sleep, they reassembled in Paradise Square early in the forenoon, and reënforced by the Roach Guards, marched to the Green Dragon Saloon on Broome Street near the Bowery, a favorite

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Bowery Boy resort, and proceeded to wreck it. Glass and furniture were broken, and much of the liquor in the place was drunk. Word reached the Bowery Boys of the outrage; their cohorts were hastily assembled again, whereupon the Dead Rabbits once more fell back southward to Bayard Street, always desiring to keep the Five Points in their rear.

Here some of the women of the quarter began shrieking taunts of cowardice at them. This stung the warriors and proved disastrous for a lone policeman who sought to remonstrate with them. He was brutally beaten and stripped of every garment save a pair of drawers, in which he ran, tottering, to the White Street headquarters and collapsed. A squad of twenty-five police was sent to quell the trouble, but bricks and stones hurled not only from the street but from roofs and windows, put them to flight.

The Bowery Boys had reached the scene by this time and attacked at Mott and Bayard streets; but they were in enemy country, and were compelled to fall back by the heavy fire from the housetops. Women and children aided the Dead Rabbit fighters by picking up bricks and stones and carrying them to the roofs. The Bowery Boys retreated to Elizabeth Street, and there seized several wagons from a livery stable, upset them and formed a barricade. The Dead Rabbits retorted, throwing up another barricade across Bayard west of Elizabeth. The affair now took on the proportions of a battle; not only were missiles thrown but pistols came into action and charges were made with both clubs and firearms as weapons. The street was strewn with dead and injured, who were trampled ruthlessly under the boots of the struggling hordes. One huge Five Points bully, in a daring single-handed sally, shot four Bowery Boys with his pistol, two of them fatally, before he was knocked senseless by a brick.

A larger force of police made a flank attack, and penetrated to the roofs, pursuing and clubbing the Dead Rabbit snipers. One who refused to surrender, after a battle on the eaves,

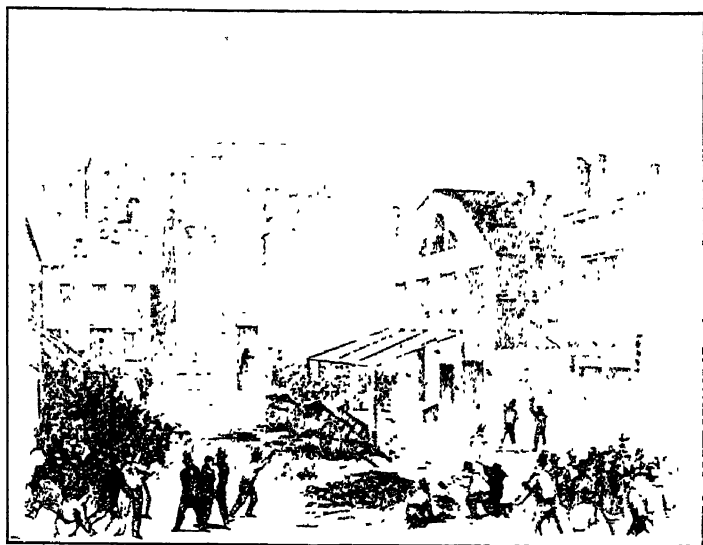
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fell to the street and his skull was crushed on the pavement. Two were captured and taken to jail; but the police failed to make an impression, for by this time there were fully a thousand men embattled. Thieves and thugs hurried thither from other parts of the city, attracted by the hope of loot, and attacked so many residences and stores in the vicinity that the owners had to protect their property with arms. Meanwhile, about two hundred women and boys were having an auxiliary battle, a sort of side show, in Mott Street.

Late in the day the police authorities begged Captain Rynders, now restored to favor in the Democracy and the Sixth Ward, to plead with his subjects for peace. He foolishly appeared between the two barriers, and was considerably battered by Bowery Boy projectiles before he could find refuge among his own legions. The day ended with the contest undecided.

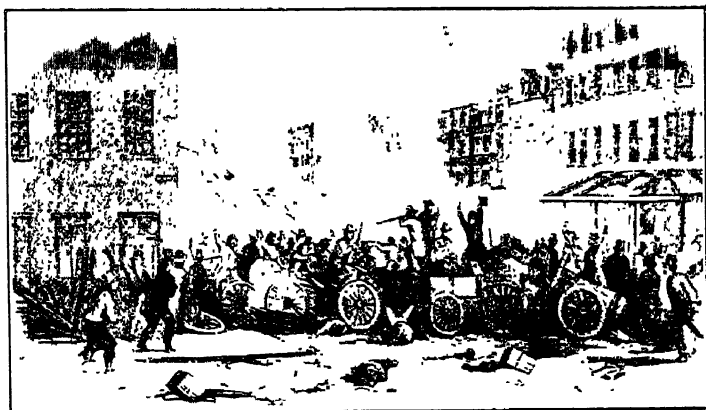
That evening Commissioner Tallmadge appealed for military aid, and the Seventh, Eighth, and Seventy-first Regiments were ordered to hold themselves in readiness at their armories. Next day there was comparatively little fighting between Dead Rabbits and Bowery Boys, but they stood on guard all day, most of them armed, and the whole East Side was in a state of tension. The Bowery Boys spread the report that the Dead Rabbits were coming to sack the stores on the Bowery, while a counter-rumor in the Five Points had it that the Know-Nothings and members of the newly-organized Republican Party were planning to burn St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Superintendent Tallmadge went through the district in the afternoon and was assured that neither party would be the aggressors. But with the approach of evening hundreds of partisans poured into the Sixth Ward from other quarters, and just before dusk fighting began between the Kerryonians of Worth Street and the Orangemen of Cow Bay and Little Water Street, assisted by Bowery Boys. Several hundred were involved in the battle, which lasted for two hours with



"Leslie's Weekly," New York Public Library

OPENING OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN BOWERY BOYS
AND DEAD RABBITS AT ELIZABETH AND BAYARD
STREETS, JULY 4, 1857



"Leslie's Weekly," New York Public Library

THE DEAD RABBIT BARRICADE ACROSS BAYARD STREET

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no interference from the police, though the White Street station was only three blocks away. At length the military were summoned, and the Eighth and Seventy-first, which were ready at Centre Market, responded. As they came marching down the streets, with muskets glittering in the moonlight, war melted before them and peace and quiet settled over the Five Points. While returning through the Bowery about ten o'clock, a portion of the Seventy-first came upon a party of men with a lumber wagon in which was an eight-pound howitzer. The rioters fled and the Seventy-first took possession of the gun. They have it yet.

For a week afterward there were sporadic outbreaks of fighting, some of them occurring as far way as Avenues A and B. There must have been at least eight or ten killed in the two days of the worst rioting, and a hundred or more injured, about half of whom were taken to hospitals. Probably there were other dead unknown to the public, for there were rumors of graves secretly dug in tenement back yards and courts, and several bravoos of the opposing factions were missing thereafter from the haunts which once had known them.

Never again did gangs fight in New York for such ideal things as politics or religion or for the mere love of fighting. In fact, the day of such groups as the Bowery Boys was well-nigh over. When next gangsters battled, many years later, it would be for sordid lucre.

The demise of the Know-Nothing party did not mean that Native Americanism was dead. But its importance was paling somewhat before the greater problem of a division between the states over slavery. In 1858, when the Light Guard left the Fifty-fifth Regiment and went over to the Seventy-first, there was dissatisfaction in the ranks of the latter because there were several foreigners in the Light Guard. The disgruntled faction adopted as a slogan Washington's caution, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night," and announced their determination to maintain the Ameri-

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waters of the East and North-Rivers, of the City and the Neighboring Villages—Eight Persons take seats at a time.

The price of admission to the Garden was high—four shillings; but it was pointed out that the entertainment was exceptionally fine and that each admission also entitled the guest to a glass of ice cream or punch. "No gentleman will be admitted without accompanied by a lady." The prices and rules were modified in later years.

Here Delacroix had exhibitions on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, and was much incensed when the Mount Vernon Gardens, a rival place near by, functioned on the same evenings. "Mr. Delacroix manifested a resentment certainly unbecoming," to quote the Mount Vernon manager, who in turn was enraged when Delacroix sent a "Horn Blower" to stop people in the lane leading to Mount Vernon and turn them towards Vauxhall. In 1802 Delacroix introduced a new idea in summer garden entertainment by engaging the famous English equestrian, Mr. Robertson, and his troupe, whose feats were said to be "in the same stile as at Ashley's in London."

On July 4, 1803, a bronze statue of Washington, the first to be reared in New York, was unveiled, and a display of fireworks was promised "so grand that its description would baffle the most able pen. . . The Grandest Pyrotechnical Exhibition ever presented to an American Assembly." But a spectator (could he have been employed by Mount Vernon Gardens?) complained in a jeering letter to the papers that the performance was brief and poor, and "composed altogether of one ludicrous emblem of puerile conceit and insignificant contrivance, the like of which was truly enough never before seen on this side of the Atlantic."

The difficulty with the present location was that Bunker Hill overlooked it, and on exhibition nights there were always many deadheads on the hill. In 1805 the now-prosperous John Jacob Astor bought Jacob Sperry's nursery and

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seed farm, further up the Bowery, paying nine thousand pounds therefor. Mr. Sperry, by the way, died at his home near by three years later at the age of eighty. Delacroix immediately secured a lease of the Sperry property from Astor, and on June 25, 1805, opened there his third and greatest Vauxhall Gardens. Sperry had, by artistic planting, made a portion of the ground something of a show place, and Delacroix still further beautified it with flower beds, busts, gravel walks, plaissances, and shrubbery. A great equestrian statute of Washington was made the central figure of the scheme; the facilities for fireworks were much increased, and a theater was built.

In May, 1806, the opening announcement reveals that the prices are now two shillings—English money was still being used more than twenty years after our own coinage was established—which entitled the guest to its value in any refreshment. Some members of the Park Theatre company, who were idle during the summer, and other actors appeared in a fantasy called "Animal Magnetism." Among the players were Mr. and Mrs. Poe, parents of Edgar Allan Poe. Neither was remarkable histrionically, though Mrs. Poe (formerly Miss Arnold) became something of a favorite with the audiences. Here one finds a very early example of the cyclorama—a representation of the great parade of 1788 in celebration of the ratification of the Constitution: "the figures, horses, etc., as large as life, and will move before the spectators by marching in the same order as in the original procession."

Longworth's *City Directory*, which to its catalogue of names sometimes added bits of description with a whimsical touch, remarked that "There are many places dignified by the title of public gardens, but they are mere punch boxes, except Delacroix's, and he would not bear a comparison with Milton's Garden of Eden."

Vauxhall's troubles with cheaters are indicated by a stern warning in 1819 that "Watchmen are provided to retain the

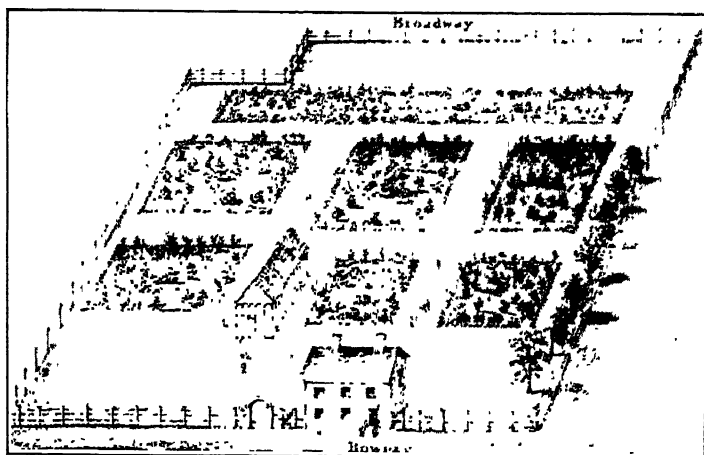
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names of persons attempting to climb over the fence. No uncurrent money taken." So important was the place considered that when surveying for the extension of the city northward was being done in 1809 and thereafter, no streets were cut through Vauxhall; and for that reason we have the extraordinarily long blocks from Fourth to Astor Place along Broadway, Lafayette, and the Bowery. The Garden was vastly popular, even with the *élite*, and many elegant equipages carried visitors through the dust or mud of the Bowery to its gates.

In 1811 Delacroix, desirous of retiring, advertised the place for sale, and for several years afterwards it passed from hand to hand, with varying fortunes. But its reputation was still so great that in the winter of 1820-21, when Edmund Kean, the tragedian, first visited America, he expressed to his friend, Dr. John W. Francis, a desire to see the place, though it was then closed for the season. They drove to the gate and the watchman, upon learning their names, permitted them to step inside; whereupon Kean, for no reason at all, startled the functionary by turning a double handspring. Knowing Mr. Kean's habits as we do, we are justified in suspecting that he had fortified himself against the cold that morning with a tumbler or two of American applejack.

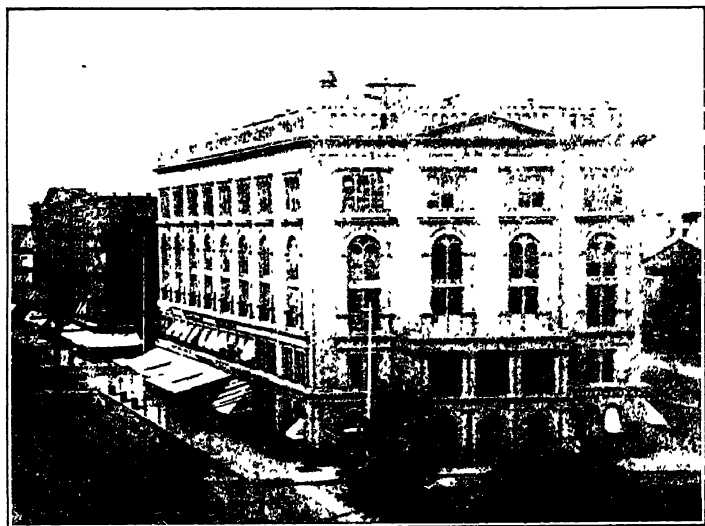
There were no special attractions at Vauxhall on Sunday, but the place was kept open from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M., and "coffee, tea and relishes" were served "to those who apply for them." By 1824 editorial dissatisfaction at the general violation of the Sabbath was being voiced. Shops and public gardens were being kept open, sometimes "in the very heart of the city, and our bloods are dashing off in gigs and phaetons to Harlem, Cato's, etc., on pleasure parties."

Fashionable folk were now settling in the streets below the garden—Fourth, Great Jones (Little Jones was in Greenwich Village), Bond, and Bleecker—and Astor saw profit in developing a part of his ground as residence property. Ac-



"Valentine's Manual"

VAUXHALL GARDEN IN 1803



New York Public Library

COOPER UNION IN 1875. THE BIBLE HOUSE BEYOND IT, TO THE LEFT

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cordingly in 1826 Lafayette Place was cut through from Art Street (Astor Place) on the north to Great Jones on the south, splitting the Garden into two nearly equal parts. The slightly larger portion, that lying along the Bowery, continued as Vauxhall. On the west side of Lafayette Place in 1830 Seth Geer erected a row of nine residences, all in one long building, with tall, Corinthian-columned front and mahogany interior woodwork, which he called La Grange Terrace. Nearly half of it is there still. He was ridiculed for his folly in building such mansions on the very outskirts of town, but he was right. A boom was under way which was to make that for a time the most fashionable quarter of the city. In Bond Street, for example, De Forest, Livingston, Bowne, Weed, Morgan, Griswold, Schermerhorn, Samuel Ruggles, who established Gramercy Park, Generals Winfield Scott, and John A. Dix, Albert Gallatin, and Julia Ward Howe were well-known names. In La Grange Terrace lived Irving Van Wart, with whom his kinsman, Washington Irving, spent several winters; Edwin D. Morgan, New York's Civil War Governor, John Jacob Astor II, grandson of the Founder, and Franklin H. Delano, an Astor son-in-law. There in 1844 the wedding breakfast of President John Tyler was served at the home of his bride, Julia Gardiner. Just above the Terrace, on the corner of Art Street, lived another Astor son-in-law, Walter Langdon. St. Bartholomew's Church, built at Lafayette and Great Jones Street in 1836, was the scene of many fashionable weddings. In all these cross streets, extending even across the Bowery, you may still find numbers of the plain brick residences of these excellent folk, mostly built in 1830, 1831, and 1832. At the southeast corner of Fourth and Bowery are some fine examples of the dormer-windowed type.

Even farther southward, on Houston, Prince, and Spring Street, was some highly respectable residence territory. Ex-President James Monroe, in his latter years, lived at Prince and Marion (now Lafayette) streets with his son-in-law,

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Samuel Gouverneur. And so close by were the tenements that when, on a June night in 1835, a candle set on the head of barrel by a man feeding a horse in a stable two blocks distant was upset, one hundred and fifty families, mostly Irish immigrants, lost their homes in thirty tenement buildings in the block between Elizabeth, Mott, and Prince streets; not to mention small shops, taverns, and stables also consumed.

Monroe, who died in 1831, was first buried, by the way, in the Marble Cemetery, just east of the Bowery, which was founded in this period. The first section of it was established in 1830 on the Minthorne land, directly back of the buildings bordering on the Bowery, between Second and Third streets. For some reason a rim of property all around the block was sold, and to-day the cemetery is completely surrounded by business and tenement houses, hidden and unknown to most New Yorkers, and entered only through a narrow iron gate between the buildings fronting on Second Avenue. An almost indecipherable inscription on the East wall proclaims that the place was intended as a "Place of burial for gentlemen." There are no monuments—just smooth sward and some ancient lilac bushes and languishing trees, and tablets let into the surrounding brick and stone, giving the names of the holders of the 156 vaults. One sees inscribed there Kernochan, Parrish, John Hone, Scribner, Stokes, Van Zandt, Hoyt, Anthony, Dey, and Lorillard among the other names.

In 1831 Perkins Nichols and Ebert A. Bancker bought a plot of ground on the block east of this, to be used as a private cemetery for their own and a few other families. Scarcely had the ground been surveyed when ex-President Monroe died, on July 4, 1831, and his son-in-law being interested in the new cemetery, the body was given sepulture there until Virginia claimed it several years later, and it was removed with great ceremony to Richmond.

Interments had now been prohibited south of Grand Street,

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and some old cemeteries in lower Manhattan were being abandoned. Among others, the remains of the Dutch dominies in the "Ministers' Vault" at the foot of the island were removed to the Nichols-Bancker burying grounds, and are probably the oldest white men's bones buried in New York. In 1832 this ground was incorporated as an addition to the other Marble Cemetery, half a block distant. Here Ericsson, inventor of the *Monitor*, was buried, also Adam and Noah Brown and others of the great shipbuilders. One of the most graceful monuments is that to Preserved Fish, merchant and politician.

Thus the Bowery in ante-bellum days lay with its southern end amid the slums, its northern amid the aristocracy; for not only was a little Mayfair growing up on its west side, but to eastward of it, in Bowery Village and below, there were Stuyvesants, Fishes, Ogdens, Underhills, Zabriskies, Fellowses, Tomlinsons, Ensigns, Keteltases and others, some of whom remained until within the last decade or so. Mayor Fernando Wood lived there, too, though the Village wasn't very proud of him. Second Avenue, because of its width, became one of the choicest residence streets in town, with small though trimly kept lawns and handsome high-ceilinged residences, adorned with marble columns and mantels, white and mahogany woodwork, silver-plated door hardware, and crystal chandeliers. They were still cursed with the passing of droves of cattle through the Avenue to the abattoirs on Chrystie Street, but it was specified that this must take place during the early morning hours.

The Village was an intellectual center, too. The New York Historical Society had its home at Second Avenue and Eleventh Street during the greater part of the Nineteenth Century. Spring Garden House, an academy for young ladies, was functioning at the two-mile stone as early as 1808. And there was Mrs. Saffery, who had a day school for young ladies in Eighth Street just east of the Bowery. Tuition here per quarter "for English with its appropriate routine of

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Study, Needle-work, writing and Arithmetic, \$10." Special attention was also given to "Piano-Forte Playing and Theory of Music, the Harp, Drawing, Dancing, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Geography of the Globes," at prices ranging from twenty-five dollars for harp instruction to four dollars for Latin grammar.

There were some genteel boarding houses in the neighborhood. "The spacious Mansion House and grounds in Albion Place, at 385 Fourth Street, next door to the corner of the Bowery," was announced in the newspapers in May, 1836, as open for gentleman boarders. It was described as a "Large and commodious house, containing 40 rooms, dining hall 65 by 21 feet, truly delightful location, which is in the most fashionable and healthy part of the city." Mrs. Warren, the landlady, asserted that her house was "a delightful summer residence, fully equal to that of the country;" and that "gentlemen will be taken to breakfast and tea if required." Bowery stages, it was said, passed the corner every five minutes.

At a boarding house at 316 Fourth Street, not far away, Parke Godwin first called upon young William Cullen Bryant. And in 1850 Isaac M. Singer, strolling actor, inventor, and scapegrace, was rooming in Fifth Street just off the Bowery with the woman who posed as his wife, the while he was perfecting his sewing machine and finding the capital with which to manufacture it. Ten years later, with his company in full blast, he was living on Fifth Avenue, keeping six carriages, ten horses, and a horde of servants.

So, while the scrape of fiddles and clatter of drunken orgies, the rasp of quarreling voices, the howl of delirium tremens sufferers, the thud of club or brickbat on skull and the screech of the victims was heard in the Five Points, the air only a few blocks away was scented with flowers and perfume and one heard the roll of carriages and clop-clop of high-bred hoofs, the chatter of cultured voices, the tinkle of "Monastery Bells" or "The Maiden's Prayer" from square pianos played by tapering white fingers. To this day there



"Harper's Weekly," New York Public Library

STOP THIEF!

WHEN THE BOWERY WAS IN SOCIETY

is a tendency on the upper Bowery to look down on the lower. "I never knew much about those people below Canal Street," some old-timer only a few blocks to northward will say, stiffly, in a tone which speaks ill for the quality of the lower street. But, goodness knows, the upper Bowery, too, has had much to blush for in the past six or seven decades.

Vauxhall Gardens struggled along rather feebly for a few years, occasionally trying a stunt such as that of "Mons. Louis Napoleon, lately from Paris," who undertook to run 18 miles in 140 minutes, but collapsed after doing ten miles and was carried off insensible. In December, 1833, "the wooden buildings called Vauxhall" were burned, and with them "a female upwards of eighty years of age"; presumably so old that she had lost her right to a name. The buildings, the property of Mr. Astor, "were old and of little value."

These were the structures on the southern three-quarters of the resort, which was now immediately turned into residence property. William B. Astor, son of John Jacob, was one of those who built their homes there. About one-eighth of the original garden, with a theater on it, remained at the upper end, adjoining Astor Place, and this continued to function for twenty years more. In the spring of 1840 none other than Phineas T. Barnum appears as the lessee.

Barnum had courted fortune by various methods on and near the Bowery. In 1835, while he was in the grocery business on South Street, he heard of the Negress, Joice Heth, then on exhibition in Philadelphia, who claimed to be 161 years old and to have been the nurse of George Washington from his birth. The showman's instinct, hitherto latent, was promptly roused in Barnum's breast. Learning that her manager could be bought off for \$1,000, Barnum scraped together \$500, borrowed \$500 more and secured the prize. She was evidently of great age; was partly paralyzed, toothless, and totally blind, but a garrulous talker, prattling endlessly of her famous nursling, "dear little George." Barnum claimed to have in his possession a bill of sale for her, dated

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1728 and quoting her age then as 54 years. He exhibited her for a time at a coffee house at the corner of Bowery and Division Street and did a good business, though some of the newspapers vehemently denounced the woman as a fake. "I had found my vocation," says the showman with much satisfaction.

Within a year Joice died. After a couple of years' experience with a variety company, Barnum decided to return to humdrum business again. In partnership with a man named Proler, who had formulæ for making waterproof shoe blacking, Cologne water, and scented bear's grease for the hair, he opened an emporium at 101½ Bowery in 1838. But at the end of a year and a half Barnum sold his interest to his partner for \$2,600, taking his note for the entire amount, which Proler presently shook off by absconding to Rotterdam.

Barnum now went back to the show business, first promoting the activities of a Negro dancer, and then in May, 1840, taking over the Vauxhall salon or saloon, as it was impartially called, where he put on a variety performance, "including singing, dancing, Yankee stories, etc." It was then that Mary Taylor—"Our Mary," and rather famous in her day—made her first appearance on the stage. In 1842 the noted comedian, William E. Burton, was among the members of the company. In 1843, Charley White took over Vauxhall and put on the latest novelty, a Negro minstrel entertainment. The last season of note was 1846, when an unusually brilliant company was engaged, including Frank Chanfrau.

It was now considered that the growth of the neighborhood had made imperative a demand for an opera house—Italian Opera, it was called, because the Italians, with Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi as popular composers, were at that period well in the lead in that art. So the ill-fated Astor Place Opera House was built—Art Street now having been renamed in honor of the dominant family—and opened on

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November 22, 1847. It was a handsome and well-arranged building, seating 1,800, and stood on the north side of Astor Place, near the present rear corner of the Wanamaker store, facing down Lafayette Place, with its side to the Bowery (now Fourth Avenue at that spot), the stage entrance being from that street. The extension of Lafayette Street to join Fourth Avenue now passes over the ground which it occupied.

The opening bill was Verdi's "Ernani," and in the company presenting it the Patti family were prominent. Signora Catrina Barilli-Patti, mother of Adelina, later made her New York debut here as Romeo to the Juliet of Clothilda Barilli. Signorina Amali Patti, afterwards Mme. Patti-Strakosch, was another noted singer in the casts.

It was found that opera could not be sustained through an entire season, and during the following winter William Niblo, the house manager, mixed periods of drama with it. After an absence of three years from New York, the great English tragedian, Macready, opened the season here on September 4, 1848, as Macbeth, with Mrs. W. G. Jones as Lady Macbeth. The first benefit ever given for the American Dramatic Fund took place at this theater on February 8, 1849, when "Macbeth" was given with Forrest in the title part, John R. Scott as Macduff, Frank Chanfrau as Malcolm, C. W. Clarke as Banquo, and Fanny Wallack as Lady Macbeth. Mary Taylor and T. D. Rice appeared in minor parts.

James H. Hackett was Niblo's partner in the management of the opera house in the spring of that year, when Macready returned, intending to play a four weeks' engagement, but instead precipitating one of the ugliest incidents in the history of New York. The story of the puerile jealousy between Forrest and Macready has often been told. Forrest had been hissed at a performance in London in 1845, and he always believed that Macready was at the bottom of the insult. In turn he went to hiss Macready at Edinburgh, justifying his action with the charge that the latter had outraged the drama by introducing a "fancy dance" into "Ham-

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let." Editors and partisans in America took up the row and made matters worse. The Native American red rag was flaunted, and Macready being an Englishman, the Bowery Irish joined—as they more than once did—the Know-Nothings in the outcry against him. After the riot, Macready in his rage wrote in his diary that "The tenderness of the American public towards that scoundrel [Forrest] is uncontradictable evidence of its rascality and baseness." But there was a better element here who admired Macready's art and insisted that he be given fair play. One partisan wrote an anonymous letter to him, urging him to challenge Forrest to a duel in Canada, saying that the latter would not have the courage to meet him there.

When Forrest, just as Macready's engagement began, played "Macbeth" at the Bowery, and spoke with peculiar emphasis the line, "What rhubarb, senna or what purgative drug would scour these English hence?" the house rose and cheered for several minutes. It was reported on what seemed to be good authority that Forrest had said that Macready should never be permitted to appear again on the stage in New York. Handbills and posters appeared, calculated to stir the hatred of Irish and English for each other. The keynote of the appeal to the Irish was, "Will you allow Englishmen to rule this country?"—the self-same claptrap which is so effective to this day, not only with Irish but with others. The broadsides addressed to the English called upon them vehemently to "sustain their countryman." Often these bills were found posted on dead-walls side by side. Edward Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline) was one of the leading spirits in the agitation against Macready.

On the opening night of the engagement, May 7, the house was packed to the doors long before curtain time. The pit—which here had begun to be called the parquet—and the gallery were filled with a rough-looking crowd, many in their shirt-sleeves, many ragged and dirty. Hundreds of tickets had been bought and given away along the Bowery and in

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the adjacent slums by one agency and another, to pack the house. It was an unusual audience for that theater, and the fashionable folk in the boxes began to feel nervous. Even the aisles were becoming thronged with standees. The mob was enjoying itself hugely, shouting jokes back and forth, misplacing h's in what it conceived to be Cockney dialect. By seven-thirty "that regular stamping common to most theaters began;" but this time it did not rise and fall spasmodically, but continued to gather volume, booming like thunder, shaking the building and tinkling the glass in the chandeliers.

Niblo, peeping frequently through the curtain and growing more agitated, turned to Mr. Bowyer, a police force official who was present and said, "This looks rather dubious." "Yes," said Bowyer. "The Bhoys are here in force. What made you sell so many tickets? There is a rush at the doors yet, and the house is over-full already." Niblo turned to his partner and said, "What do you think, Hackett? Is there going to be a disturbance?" "I don't know," returned Hackett. "You must ask Mr. Bowyer."

Bowyer thought there might be some noise but nothing more; he said the crowd seemed patient and good-natured. Macready now took a long look at the peephole, and what he saw and heard made him uneasy. While he paced to and fro in the wings Lady Macbeth looked out and cried, "My God, Mr. Hackett, what is the matter? Are we to be murdered to-night?" "My dear madam," replied Hackett, "keep calm. There is no cause for alarm"; but his pale, anxious countenance belied his words.

Bowyer finally sent for Chief Matsell and an additional force of police. Niblo would have been glad to call off the performance, but Macready suddenly declared that he would not be bullied by a mob, and gave the signal for the curtain to go up.

The noise instantly ceased, and the first scenes went off in perfect order. But when Macready appeared, his friends in

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the boxes greeted him with applause and cheers, which were quickly drowned in a chorus of groans, jeers, hisses, cat-calls, cock-crowing, and other weird noises from pit and gallery. Then missiles began raining upon the stage—rotten apples, lemons, a few eggs, pieces of wood, nearly a peck of potatoes. The actors tried to go on with their parts, but it was only dumb show, for the noise drowned all dialogue. The Macready partisans tried a counter-demonstration, crying, "Shame! Shame!" cheering and waving handkerchiefs; but they were outdone by the yells of the mob. "Three cheers for Edwin Forrest!" shouted a voice in the pit, and they were scarcely given when "Three cheers for Macready!" countered the opposite party and gave them with a will.

The scene grew more tumultuous. A bottle of asafoetida thrown from the gallery broke at Macready's feet and released a foul odor. He had ceased speaking and stood as if waiting for the uproar to die out. "Off! Off!" screamed his tormentors. "Go on! Go on!" cried his supporters. A banner was displayed in the pit, on one side of which was printed, "No apologies; it is too late," and on the other, "You have ever proved yourself a liar." Macready approached the footlights as if to speak, and an old shoe and more potatoes showered from the gallery. "Three groans for the codfish aristocracy!" bawled the crowd. "Down with the English hog!" "Take off the Devonshire bull!" "Remember how Forrest was used in London!" Americans actors in the company were warned that if they stood by Macready, they might expect similar treatment in the future. As the curtain fell on the first act a voice bellowed, "Three cheers for Macready, Nigger Douglass, and Pete Williams!"

The next act was begun, and at Macready's appearance the turmoil began again; and now the gallery took to hurling chairs, which crashed, splintering, on the stage, and sent most of the actors scurrying to the wings. The few ladies still left in the audience departed in panic. A considerable crowd was outside, thundering at the front door of the opera house,

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but Matsell and his police held them back. The play was finally given up as hopeless, the curtain was rung down and Macready, slipping out by the stage entrance without being discovered by the mob, returned to the New York Hotel, where he was stopping.

There was tremendous excitement in the city over the affair. Forrest was indirectly accused by James Watson Webb, editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, of fathering the disturbance, and though he denied this, he made a half-hearted apology for his violent remarks about Macready. A group of prominent citizens urged Macready not to abandon his engagement, as he had thought of doing, but to continue, promising that the good people of New York would stand back of him and see that he had fair play. Washington Irving, Pierre M. Irving, John Jacob Astor, Samuel M. Ruggles, Richard Grant White, Evert Duyckinck, Herman Melville, Mordecai M. Noah, Henry J. Raymond, William Kent, Francis B. Cutting, and others signed this appeal. Their intentions were good, but they did not know how to carry out their promise.

After two days of discussion, Macready agreed to continue, and his next performance was set for the following evening, the tenth. In an attempt to placate the native American element, Hamblin, the Bowery manager, himself English born—though of course he kept that dark—sent the American Corson W. Clarke of his company to play Macduff with Macready, in exchange for Ryder of the latter's company. Macready, his confidence somewhat restored by the sympathy and assurances of so many influential folk, went, he writes "gaily, as I may say," to the theater that evening, noting as he entered it, a Harlem street car stopping in the Bowery to discharge a full load of policemen.

Despite efforts to exclude them, there were again many roughs in pit and gallery, on tickets bought by no one knew whom. On a blackboard leaning against the proscenium was chalked the suggestion that "The friends of order will remain

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silent." But this dignified appeal was vain. At Macready's entrance the hubbub began again. His first, second, and third scenes passed unheard in the din. Meanwhile a huge crowd had gathered outside, in Eighth Street, Astor Place, and the Bowery, with Judson, the writer, as a leading agitator.

In his fourth scene Macready laughed scornfully and pointed out the ringleaders in the pit to the police with his truncheon. A platoon of the police now advanced into the parquet, grappled with some of the worst of the disturbers, and, after a struggle, hustled several of them into the basement and locked them up. The mob in the streets, which now numbered ten or fifteen thousand, heard what was going on and was finally moved to direct action. Several stones crashed through the windows on the Eighth Street side of the house. Other actors begged Macready to stop the play, but he declared stubbornly that he would see it through to the end. Meanwhile the aspect of affairs had brought a call to the Seventh Regiment of militia, and it began assembling at its Centre Market armory.

As the fourth act passed, the mob began hurling showers of stones against the front and side of the building, the main attack coming from the Bowery. A sewer was being laid there, and the débris furnished ammunition, which was augmented by chips from a marble yard across the way, where the Bible House now stands. Threats and admonitions accompanied the stones. "Tear it down!" "Fire it!" "Burn the damned den of the aristocracy!" "You can't go in there without kid gloves on!" shouted one whose genius for fiction leads one to believe that he must have been Judson. "I paid for a ticket, and they wouldn't let me in because I didn't have kid gloves and a white vest, damn 'em!"

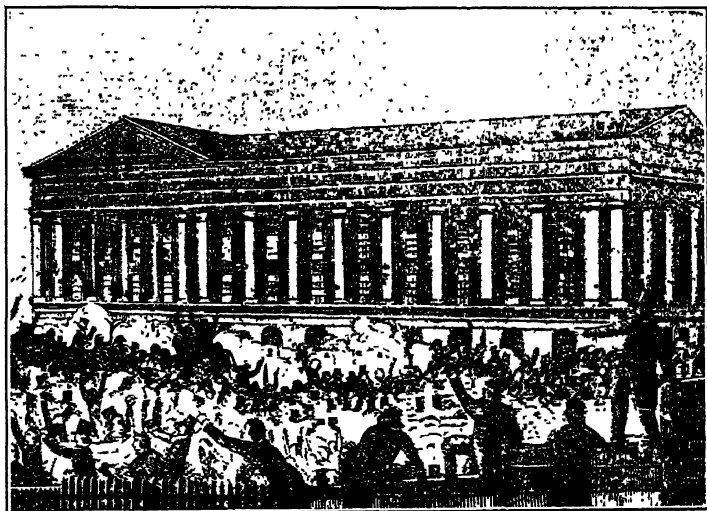
The police attempted to clear the streets, and were showered with stones and several of them injured. None of them showed the white feather or shrank from their duty. The rioters wrenched up the heavy iron railings around the Langdons' residence at the corner of Lafayette Place and used the



The Players

WILLIAM C. MACREADY

EDWIN FORREST



THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT

FROM A WOODCUT OF THE PERIOD

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bars for clubs. A rain of stones now came through the broken windows, endangering the rioters' allies inside as well as enemies. "I luxuriate in the scene!" shouted a voice as more glass crashed—which again sounds like Judson. One stone struck a chandelier, sending a shower of fragments to the floor. The audience were by this time huddled under the balconies for shelter or behind projections of the wall. To leave the building seemed to most of them more dangerous than to remain.

Shortly after nine the Seventh Regiment came marching up the Bowery with not only its Colonel, Duryea, at its head, but also General Sandford, division commander. The regiment at first tried to push the mob away from the theater, but were unsuccessful; some of the soldiers even had their muskets snatched from their hands. To carry on the play in such a bedlam seems absurd, yet it was done to the bitter end. The duel between Macbeth and Macduff was loudly cheered, and after the fall of the curtain Macready came before it to thank as well as he could those who had stood by him. But little was heard of his speech. The mob were now stoning the "kid-glove soldiers," and even Colonel Duryea and General Sandford were hurt by flying missiles. General Sandford at last gave the order to fire over the heads of the crowd. Bullets from this volley peppered the Langdon home, and several persons on the street beyond were injured by spent balls.

"Don't run!" shouted leaders of the mob as some began to give way. "They're only firing blanks. God damn 'em, they dassn't shoot anybody!"

Fatal confidence! Encouraged by the boast, the mob again closed in on the soldiers, bombarding them with bricks and stones, and Sandford gave the order this time to shoot to kill. At the command, "Fire!" a sheet of flame leaped from the rifles. The range was short and the execution terrific. Instantly the street was flecked with dead, dying, and wounded. With yells of dismay the mob surged slowly backward, tram-

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pling many of the wounded underfoot. In less than a minute there was a cleared space in front of the opera house—clear save for those forms, some still in death, some writhing with pain, on the cobbled street. Twenty-two were killed by that dreadful volley and fully fifty injured. Vauxhall Garden, across the way, whose performance had been broken up by the riot, was utilized as a temporary hospital and morgue. Nearly all the dead were from the East Side.

By the advice of friends, Macready, with a borrowed cap pulled down over his face, went out with the last of the audience by the front entrance of the theater. He was accompanied by Judge Robert Emmet (uncle of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet) who took him by a roundabout way to his (Judge Emmet's) home on Eighth Street just east of the Bowery. Here other friends gathered, and after a consultation it was decided that Macready would better leave the city. At 4 A.M. he set out in a chaise driven by one of Judge Emmet's sons and went to New Rochelle, where he took a train for Boston. From there he sailed for England and never returned to America.

As they went out of the theater, they had noticed smoke rising from the basement. The rioters confined there had set it afire! The flames were extinguished with but slight damage, and the mobsters taken to jail. All that night and next day the city was in turmoil. Throngs of people, some only curious, some sullen and vindictive, hung about the scene of the riot all day. A man fancying he saw Macready's face in a Broadway omnibus, a crowd pursued the vehicle, crying, "Get him! Macready's in that bus! Stop it! They've killed twenty of us, and by God, we'll kill him!" Towards evening a heavy guard of police and soldiers, with six cannon pointing up and down the Bowery and Astor Place, were stationed about the opera house. The lower Bowery was in an uproar all evening, and police there were stoned. About dusk a crowd at Broadway and Waverly Place had a brush with police and troops and were beaten off. Between 9 and 10

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P.M. a barricade was erected in Ninth Street east of the Bowery, and from the adjoining marble yard stone chips were supplied to its defenders and to snipers on the roofs across the street. About ten o'clock police captured the barrier under a hail of stones, and then cleared the housetops. For several days men stood in front of the New York Hotel, inviting Macready, whom they believed to be still hiding inside, to come forth and be hanged.

There is no doubt that that precious scoundrel, Isaiah Rynders, was the chief instigator of the trouble. The printing of the incendiary appeal to the Irish was traced to his club. Judson, his favorite lieutenant, had been arrested at the very scene of the riot. There were many soap-box orations and more or less impromptu mass-meetings next day, and at one of these in City Hall Park Rynders was the chief speaker. He admitted with pride that he had had a hand in the agitation against Macready. "I had determined from the first to break up his engagement," said he. "I used my own money liberally and begged money from others. Finally, I got a friend to loan me some more on my note. On the first night I bought fifty or sixty tickets and distributed them among the bhoys; and we were successful in hissing Macready down. [Cheers.] But with the affair of Thursday night I had nothing to do save that I gave out a few tickets. I personally went to the Mayor and tried to get him to stop the performance. . . . It has been asserted that I received money from Forrest, but this is absolutely false. But I have information that Macready sent one of the bhoys 112 tickets and \$60 in money to support him on Thursday night, and this man replied that he was an American and would not do it. [Cheers and cries of 'His name! His name!'] His name, said Captain Rynders, is Billy Sparks." [Three cheers for Billy Sparks, groans for Macready and cheers for Edwin Forrest.] The gallant captain concluded by declaring passionately that the Mayor, the police, and the militia were all cowards for firing on defenseless citizens.

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Rynders, the arch-villain, escaped punishment for his hand in the affair, but Judson was convicted of rioting and served a term on Blackwell's Island, from which he of course returned a martyr and hero, was winned, dined, and eulogized, and sold more copies of *The Bhoys of New York* and *The Ghals of New York* than ever.

The bullet-riddled doors of the opera house were closed for six months thereafter. In burlesques and comic songs at other theaters it was nicknamed the Massacre Opera House and the Upper-Row House in Disaster Place. Max Maretzek at length had the courage to lease it at a \$12,000 yearly rental for the presentation of grand opera. Towards the end of the season his losses had been so heavy that subscribers gave a benefit ball for him; but alas! the expenses of the ball were a thousand dollars more than the receipts, and poor Maretzek ended the season \$3,600 in debt.

Drama occupied a considerable portion of the time in the next two years, Charlotte Cushman and Gustavus V. Brooke being among the stars. Maretzek gave up the house after two seasons, but came back to it twice thereafter at the head of his own opera company. Next the house sank to the humiliation of seeing exhibitions by Professor Anderson, the magician, which was bad enough, goodness knows, but when Sanford's New Orleans Minstrels came a few weeks later, Astor and Lafayette Places suffered a still worse shock. Evidently minstrels were regarded as rather devilish fellows, for Sanford had to give security that neither the scenery nor the properties of the house would be damaged. Thereafter, no minstrels were admitted, but Donetti's trained animals—dancing dogs and monkeys—came later in the year.

There was a last faint flicker of the old spirit in the winter of 1852-53 when Frank Chanfrau ran the house for a time, presenting his own repertoire as well as Scott, Thorne, Fanny Herring, and the Bateman children, Kate and Ellen, in classic and romantic drama. But in 1853 the building was sold to the Mercantile Library Association, remodelled and became

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Clinton Hall, where for decades lectures, concerts, spiritual séances, and what not were given. There Artemus Ward delivered his first lecture in New York, December 23, 1861, on "The Babes in the Wood."

But if minstrels were excluded from the opera house, they could still play at the Vauxhall Theater, across the street, which they did intermittently at a general admission of 12½ cents. In its last two years performances were few, but the place was always open as refreshment saloon, and there was a ball once a week. It was here that some of the first "calico balls," "barn dances," or "tacky parties" were seen. The buildings were torn down in 1855 and the name Vauxhall disappeared from New York life after an honorable reign of more than half a century.

It was almost coincidentally with the Astor Place riot that the Bowery suffered amputation. Until the survey of the new city plan the name had extended up the road far beyond Union Square. A fireworks and varnish factory which burned in 1838 was mentioned by some of the newspapers as being at the corner of the Bowery and Fifteenth Street. In the early years of the century there was a tendency for a time to refer to that part of the street between Eleventh and Thirteenth Street as Leyden Place; but that wore off. In 1845 the Council expended \$116,000 in making a beautiful oval park in Union Square. Some handsome mansions were already being built around it, making it a sort of extension of the aristocratic quarter which centered in Lafayette Place and Bond Street. By this time Fourth Avenue had been designated as beginning at the southeast corner of Union Square; but so uneasy were the good people between there and Astor Place over the increasingly rowdy reputation of the Bowery that they begged to be divested of the contamination of the name. Accordingly, in 1849 the name Bowery was stricken from the stretch between Fourteenth Street and Cooper Square, and it became Fourth Avenue; a purely artificial designation, for the twisting, irregularly widening and

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narrowing thoroughfare up to Union Square is nothing but the old Bowery Road; it can't be made to resemble anything else, and if justice ruled in the world, it would still be the Bowery.

By 1850 the social glory of the Lafayette Place and Bond Street neighborhood was beginning to fade. Commerce and the slums were edging closer, and, though some families clung lovingly to the old streets until very recent years, the aristocrats were drifting farther westward and northward—to Washington Square, Stuyvesant Square, Union Square, even to Fifth Avenue. The Astors and their kin took part in the migration, but they left behind them on Lafayette Place the Astor Library, erected to the memory of old John Jacob, who died in 1848. And just below it—horror of horrors—a public bath house, the Lafayette Baths, was built, and is there yet.

In his old age, about 1860, Halleck remarked, momentarily forgetting the Stuyvesants, that in his youth his New Year's calls were all made below Canal Street. "Now," said he, "I suppose you young men would decline visiting anyone who did not live above Bleeker Street."

Great changes, indeed, were in progress around Astor Place. In 1853 the American Bible Society bought the block between that street and Ninth, between Third and Fourth Avenues, from the Stuyvesants for \$100,000, and there—though some of the directors were worried because they were going so far uptown—built its six-story publishing house, which was a wonder in its day. Even the view from its roof, from which both rivers could be seen, was considered to be well worth a trip to the building.

Immediately opposite it in 1854 Peter Cooper laid the cornerstone of his great Institute for the education of underprivileged youth, hoping to lure Bowery and East Side boys away from the saloon and the gang. The former grocer and traveling salesman, aged sixty-three, had become well-to-do through the manufacture of glue and iron products. He had

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cast some of the first iron water pipe used in New York and built one of the first American locomotives. He had organized the Free School Society in 1830 to combat the division of public school funds among sectarian schools, and he was now leading the fight for a salaried Fire Department.

When he began building Cooper Institute, he was manufacturing bridge iron, and it occurred to him that iron instead of wood might be used as a frame for the building, and thus make it nearly fireproof. This was the first structural use of iron to reënforce stone or brick buildings in America. Mr. Cooper designed the whole building himself. The auditorium, seating 1,900—one of the two most famous and historic public halls still standing in America, by the way—he placed slightly below the level of the street, to obviate loss of life by panic. He remarked that in buildings as tall as the Institute, there must in the near future be some sort of mechanical device to lift people to the upper floors and save much stair-climbing. He was too busy with other things at the time to invent an elevator, but foreseeing its coming, he left a shaft through the building—a cylindrical shaft, by the way—for the device when it should come; and in that shaft a round car now functions and has carried many thousands of students up and down.

Mr. Cooper spent \$634,000 on the project before the building was completed. The panic of 1857 interrupted the work and came near breaking him, but business revived and he pulled through. The building was dedicated in 1859; and a few months later, on February 27, 1860, a gaunt, middle-aged lawyer and congressman from Illinois named Abraham Lincoln was introduced in its auditorium by William Cullen Bryant to an audience packed to the doors and then and there made perhaps the greatest speech that had yet been uttered against slavery. "His manner was, to a New York audience, a very strange one, but it was captivating," wrote an auditor. "He held the vast meeting spellbound, and as one by one his oddly expressed but trenchant and convincing arguments

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confirmed the soundness of his political conclusions, the house broke out in wild and prolonged enthusiasm. I think I never saw an audience more thoroughly carried away by an orator." That speech perhaps more than any other single utterance, was responsible for Abraham Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BOWERY AND THE CIVIL WAR

THE call to arms in 1861 found New York with a considerable hodgepodge of militia and of unofficial military and target companies, in various stages of drill and equipment. Back in the forties the Hussars, the Light Guard, the City Guard, the Kosciuskos, Lafayettes, Tompkins Blues, and Washington Greys were among the crack militia companies—for they were none of them large enough to claim the title of regiments. They were to a certain extent under state direction, and in addition to their evening and holiday drills, had "June training" for three days each year—later reduced to one day—when they camped in Tompkins Square or some other open space and went through the manual of arms. The only ones uniformed were the Light Guard, City Guard (in the garb of the English Coldstreams), Washington Greys, Washington Horse troop, and a battery of artillery. The other yeomanry appeared in every imaginable dress—frock coats, roundabouts, pea-jackets, blouses, and firemen's red shirts; in plug hats, slouch hats, caps, or bare-headed. Some had guns, others went through the manual with sapling poles, canes, fishing rods, broomsticks, or umbrellas—which they did not scruple to use otherwise in case of rain or hot sunshine. As late as 1860 a Negro with a pail of water and a tin dipper walked in the rear of each company in warm weather, even on dress parade, to refresh the famishing warriors.

Conditions improved somewhat by 1850 and afterwards. Several organizations had been recruited up to regimental peace strength and been given numbers. The old Twenty-

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seventh, rechristened the Seventh, was the dean of them all, with an honorable record extending back through all the riots and disturbances of three decades past. After many years in cramped quarters with other regiments on the upper floor of Centre Market, it moved to a new armory in 1857 which was the envy of all the other militia. A handsome new market building was completed that year on the site of the old



TOMPKINS MARKET, COOPER SQUARE

one at Sixth and Bowery (Cooper Square) and christened Tompkins Market in honor of Governor Daniel D. Tompkins, whose home had been close by. On its upper floor was a fine, commodious drill hall which became the home of the Seventh; so that the Bowery has some claim on the regiment, though its members, including merchants, bankers, professional men, clerks and some of wealthy families, were mostly from other parts of the city.

The Ninth militia, which in Civil War time became the

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Eighty-third, had its origin in a meeting of expatriated Irishmen at the Shakespeare Hotel in the Bowery in 1848. The organization of the native-born regiment, the American Guards—later the Seventy-first—which has already been described, was followed in 1851 by the gathering of several Irish military companies into a regiment which was designated the Sixty-ninth. The Washington Greys had now become the Eighth Regiment. The system of numbering the various units is past finding out.

When war was seen to be imminent in 1861, a wave of patriotism swept over not only native but immigrant, and when numbers of foreign-born residents pressed forward to offer themselves in defense of the Union, differences in blood became minor considerations. German citizens assembled in mass meetings and pledged their support to the Government. The fall of Sumter was followed by an enthusiastic gathering of British residents, and this a few days later by a French meeting. A Scotch regiment was raised and went forward under the command of a Cameron. The militiamen of the various nationalities stood ready, with but few exceptions, to be mustered in the United States service; and among them the Irish were unsurpassed in enthusiasm. New organizations were coagulating everywhere; there were whole columns of short advertisements in the newspapers, asking for recruits for new and old regiments. Colonel Wesley Merritt was enlisting the Imperial Zouaves—later merged in the Forty-seventh Regiment—at 35 Bowery. The Hungarians were signing up at 27 New Bowery. Hundreds, yes, thousands of men who were now being enrolled had fought in European wars, and many had fled or been expelled from that continent after the revolutionary uprisings of 1848.

No street in New York met the call with greater enthusiasm than the Bowery; no street sent more of its men into the army. Politics and religion were subordinated to patriotism. The Bowery was dotted with recruiting stations and thronged with men in every imaginable color and pattern of

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uniform; for the all-embracing blue had not yet been adopted. Bowery tailors and clothiers were ransacking the cloth market for materials and working all night to keep apace with orders. On a shoemaker's doorpost a sign read, "Volunteers Fited Out at Short Notice." Tyler, at 284 Bowery, was furnishing hundreds of tents. Bowery photographers were fretting because there were not more hours of sunlight to print the thousands of pictures they were taking of new soldiers in their "regimentals."

The newspapers record a huge meeting of German citizens at the Steuben House, 291 and 293 Bowery, on April seventeen. Scrolls for the registry of names of those who wished to enlist were kept there and at 87 Walker (Canal) Street; at 24 Allen Street, 219 Broome, 135 Sixth Street, and three or four other places, and men stood in line, waiting to sign them. Humboldt Hall on Forsyth Street was a favorite meeting place. A cartoon of the day pictured an indignant citizen meeting his German grocer on the street and demanding to know why those potatoes had not been delivered—an embarrassing question, as Schnauzenwasser was now a gorgeously uniformed lieutenant-colonel on horseback.

All of "Little Germany," east of the Bowery, was aflame with war spirit. Of the numerous German regiments, Colonel A. von Steinwehr's Twenty-ninth (which fought all through the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac) had its headquarters at Pythagoras Hall, 134 Canal Street; Colonel Maidhoff's Eleventh (all German save two officers, Ferrero, a dancing master, and Major Raymond) were quartered at the Eagle Drill Room, Delancey and Chrystie streets; the Seventh Volunteer Regiment (Steuben Guard), Colonel John E. Bendix, were drilling and recruiting at Lindemann's Hall on Third Avenue. Among its officers were several exiled German noblemen, they as well as many privates veterans of the troubles of 1848 in Germany, Hungary and Italy. Colonel Louis Blenker's German Rifles were recruiting at 174 Grand Street, 55 and 59 Forsyth, 279 Broome and on Green-

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wich Street, and were drilling at the Palace Garden on Fourteenth Street. Blenker, himself a revolutionary and soldier of fortune, said that two-thirds of his men had seen service in European wars. Colonel Christian Schwarzwälder's veteran Fifth Regiment was being brought up to war strength (in peace, Colonel Schwarzwälder was a Chatham Square cabinet-maker who lived on Bond Street just off the Bowery); and the United Turner Rifles (later the Twentieth New York) were organizing enthusiastically under Colonel Max Weber at the Turn Halle on Orchard Street.

Fernando Wood had quarreled with Tammany and organized a club of his own, Mozart Hall, which had attained considerable power among Democrats. Wood saw that it was advisable to profess patriotism, so set about organizing the Mozart Regiment; and Tammany, not to be outdone, organized its own regiment, which left New York in June as the Forty-second. There were few real Tammany politicians in it, but the Wigwam long boasted of that regiment as proof of its patriotism. Privately, Wood's sentiments and that of the bulk of Tammany were far different, and both did much to hamper and embarrass Lincoln's administration. Wood, again Mayor, had in 1861 actually suggested the separation of New York City from the Union, and the establishment of it as a free city something like Hamburg. In November, in a speech to his Mozart Hall followers at the Volks Garten in the Bowery, he charged the national administration with having provoked the war, and said that it would prolong the contest as long as there was a dollar to be stolen from the national treasury or a drop of Southern blood to be shed. Tammany's denunciations of the "imbecility of the administration of Abraham Lincoln," its "ruinous financial policy," its usurpation of powers not granted by the Constitution, had an unfortunate effect upon its more ignorant followers.

It was fitting that the old Seventh should be first to go to the front. It had offered its services as early as January, when conflict was thought to be inevitable. It had been

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sworn into the United States service for ninety days in March. Citizens raised \$6,140 by subscription for its equipment, and at 3 P.M. on April 19, only four days after the President's call for troops, it left its Tompkins Market armory headed by Colonel Duryea, formed in Lafayette Place, and then by Great Jones Street and Broadway marched to the Jersey City ferry amid scenes of excitement and emotion such as New York had never before witnessed.

Two days later the Sixth, Colonel Pinckney (mostly Germans), the Twelfth, Colonel Butterfield, and the Seventy-first, Colonel Vosburgh, left their Centre Market armory, formed in Centre and Bond streets, and amid another great ovation, marched to the wharf and departed for Washington. In the midst of the clatter of swords and muskets, the thud of marching feet, the tumult and the shouting, a pretty note was struck when the newspapers reported that the old Stuyvesant pear tree was in bloom for almost the two hundredth time.

The Sixty-ninth had been in a peculiar position. It had proven its mettle by its service in the "Quarantine War" on Staten Island in 1858. Its Colonel, Ryan, resigned in 1859 and was succeeded by the gallant, dashing Michael Corcoran, an Irishman of the Irish, whose home was at 5 Prince Street, just around the corner from the Bowery and within a stone's throw of regimental headquarters at 42 Prince Street. When the Prince of Wales visited New York in 1860 the various militia regiments were ordered to turn out in the parade which did him honor; but Colonel Corcoran startled the city by refusing, in behalf of his regiment, to offer any courtesy to the heir of the Crown which he regarded as the tyrannical oppressor of his ancestral country.

This stirred anew old racial and religious rancors. Corcoran was placed under suspension, to await a court-martial action. But the times were so parlous that his trial was delayed and had not yet taken place when Fort Sumter was fired upon in the following April. Many in the regiment, in



"Lodge & Weekly," New York Public Library

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT MARCHING UP THE BOWERY UPON ITS RETURN
FROM THE FRONT, JULY 27, 1861

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fact, the majority, saw eye to eye with him in the matter of the Prince, and when President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to put down the rebellion, they were sorely torn between two loyalties. A considerable faction urged that the regiment make no move to offer itself until the Colonel's trial took place, and refuse to serve if he were demoted or otherwise punished.

But on April 19, four days after the call, the regiment assembled at the summons of Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent, and listened to the reading of a manly letter from Corcoran, in which he "earnestly hoped and entreated" that his friends would drop the idea of reprisal, "obliterating all other considerations but that of duty and patriotism, and . . . arrive at such a conclusion as will be creditable to you alike as soldiers and as Irish adopted citizens." Reminding them that a great responsibility rested on them as representatives of the Irish people, he assured them of his determination "to throw myself into the ranks for the maintenance and protection of the Stars and Stripes as soon as the decision in my case may be announced, no matter what that may result in."

No sooner had the letter been read than the regiment voted unanimously to enlist. Upon hearing of Corcoran's action, the War Department promptly dismissed the charge against him and he was restored to command. So eager were the Irish to serve under him that 6,500 names were offered within two or three days, many begging with tears to be allowed to go. Corcoran could have made up a brigade had he had the authority.

On April 23 the regiment, massed around St. Patrick's Cathedral, was blessed by Archbishop Hughes, and then marched to the ferry amid another scene of wild excitement, Colonel Corcoran, who had just arisen from a sick bed, riding in a carriage. As the ferry boats pushed off, the Napper Tandy Light Artillery fired a salute at the water's edge.

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Another in which many Bowery and East Side men served was the Fire Department Zouave Regiment, popularly known as Ellsworth's Zouaves in honor of its debonair young Colonel who was slain at Alexandria before the war had fairly begun.

The next few weeks were almost a continuous pageant of ceremonies in honor of departing regiments. On June 13 Colonel Weber's United Turner Rifles (with Otto Hoym, theatrical manager, as one of the officers), escorted by the Sngerbund, the Social Reform Gesang Verein, Fidelio, Mozart Mnnerchor, and Helvetia Mnnerchor, marched from the Turn Halle on Orchard Street to Union Square, where flags were presented. Mrs. Stapps, a tall, middle-aged Amazon who had fought in male disguise in the ranks in the revolution of 1848 was one of the speakers.

Colonel Bendix's Seventh Volunteer (Steuben) Regiment on May 24 marched to the Steuben House in the Bowery, where a regimental banner was presented to them. They then moved on down to 189 Bowery, and there received a set of guide colors. Thence they marched to the City Hall to receive an American flag from a group of ladies descended from Germans who had come to this country before the American revolution. The regiment then embarked for Fortress Monroe.

The Garibaldi Guard was given its regimental flag at Humboldt Hall on Forsyth Street. Blenker's Regiment on May 17 received a flag at the City Hall from Mrs. August Belmont through the hands of her husband. The men then paraded up Chatham Street, the Bowery and Fourth Avenue to the Academy of Music, where an entertainment was given for them. Later this regiment and the Garibaldis were feasted at the Atlantic Garden on the Bowery, where they consumed in one evening 2,340 pounds of frankfurters and bologna sausage, and untold quantities of dark bread, beer, and wine.

The Garibaldi Guard, when it formed in Lafayette Place

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under Colonel Frederick d'Utassy for its departure on May 28, presented an interesting and significant picture. There were in it three companies of Germans, three of Hungarians, one of French, one of Italians, one of Swiss, and one of Spaniards! In the true European manner, the regiment had *vivandières*, one or more to each company, all wives of privates or noncommissioned officers. One girl had on the previous day married a man she never saw before in order to go. The *vivandières* were dressed in red flannel basques and blue skirts. The Teutonic and Germania societies escorted the regiment to the dock. Here was a hint of what the American melting pot was to be. The regiment was not a great success; its members were too fresh from different and frequently hostile peoples, they were still too full of their own nationalism, knew too little of America and had too little of the American spirit to fuse well together and to form a good fighting unit. Even so has the raw, undigested immigrant constituted a perplexing problem down to the present moment.

One of the most entertaining spectacles of 1861 was the organization and departure of "General" Billy Wilson's Zouaves, made up largely of crooks, gangsters, and the scourgings of the worst slums in New York, including a sprinkling of worthies from the dives of the Bowery. Wilson himself was "a doughty champion of the toughs," a pugilist in youth, later an immigrant runner and ward heeler, usually with Tammany, but for a time with Mozart Hall, and was feared even by some of the hardest of the gangsters. There was a melodramatic scene when the regiment "took the oath" in Tammany Hall. Wilson, lowering gloomily at his men, assured them that if they followed him, three-fourths of them would be in their graves in three weeks; that they would doubtless leave a monument of their bones in Baltimore, which had just given such a hot reception to the Sixth Massachusetts; that he himself would be the first to fall, but all he asked was that they avenge his blood.

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"Good! Good! We'll go with you!" came from the desperate men before him.

Their commander made them kneel and swear to support the flag and to go through Baltimore or die. He illustrated with his sword how they should carve their way through the Secessionist Plug Uglies. As he paraded around the hall with flag and bowie knife, the fire-eating heroes chanted "Blood! Blood! Blood! We swear!"

The regiment was encamped for training on Staten Island, whence complaints quickly began to come, not only of theft from gardens and hen roosts, but of burglary, robbery, and extortion by force. Wilson protested that his officers were all gentlemen and his privates honest, hard-working men; which did not consort with his reported private remark upon embarking for the South that the city might as well disband its police force, as he hadn't left a crook nor a blackguard behind him; nor with the rumor that on parade or march every officer took care to keep more than arm's length from his company, lest his pockets be picked. Evidently the War Department had its doubts regarding the bloodthirst of the regiment, for the organization spent the greater part of the war in garrison duty at isolated posts in Florida and Louisiana, where it "lived off the country" in the most approved manner.

Many of the New York regiments received their baptism of fire at Bull Run, and most of them sustained their honor well. The Seventy-first's three months' term of enlistment had expired on the day before the battle, but it chose to stay and fight. It stood firm under the charges of the enemy, made a charge in return, and finally retired from the field in good order at the command of General Burnside.

Of the Sixty-ninth it need only be said that they fought like Irishmen. To their infinite grief, the impetuous Corcoran's horse was shot under him, he was wounded and taken prisoner. The Germans fought with the solid, sturdy precision which characterizes their race. Blenker was by that

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time in command of a brigade. When the Southern Army was pressing hard after the shattered Federal host at dusk, a Confederate commander reported that near the Stone Bridge his hitherto rapid advance was checked by a "division of regulars." But he was in error; they were not regulars, but Blenker's New York East Side German veterans of foreign wars (the Eighth and Twenty-ninth, backed up by the Garibaldi Guard. So the Germans fought all through the four years' conflict, even down to Appomattox; and the names of Blenker, von Steinwehr, Heintzelmann, Schurz, Sigel, von Schaack, Weitzel, and Weber are written high in the annals of army operations in the East. Neither should it be forgotten that there were generals from New York in the Army of the Potomac with such names as Vladimir Krzyzanowski and Philippe Regis de Trobriand.

It must be remembered that all these regiments enrolled in the spring of 1861 were enlisted for ninety days only, and at the end of that time must be returned to the place of enlistment. All the returning regiments were warmly greeted, but probably the reception to the Sixty-ninth was most uproarious of all. The Eighth, with George Fox, the actor, in its ranks, had returned the day before and been given an ovation; but when the Sixty-ninth landed at the Battery on July 27 amid a terrific din, it found the Seventh Regiment, the Phoenix Guard, and several Irish fire companies awaiting it as escorts, likewise Father Matthew and the Total Abstinence Benevolent Society, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Sons of Erin and other societies, and several bands. With Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent and Chaplain O'Reilly at its head, the regiment, amid the crash and blare of bands playing "The Cruiskeen Lawn," "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched" marched up Broadway to Union Square and down the Bowery, where the demonstration was most delirious of all; and finally to the new armory at Essex Market.

The majority of the men of this, as well as most other

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regiments, reënlisted, and it went back as the Sixty-ninth Veterans. Colonel Corcoran, in Libby Prison, had refused to accept parole. President Lincoln took up his case and succeeded—after he had been imprisoned more than a year—in having him exchanged in August, 1862. He was immediately made a brigadier-general with full pay dating from the Battle of Bull Run. He returned to New York, made many speeches in behalf of the Union Defense Committee, and organized four new regiments for a brigade, the Corcoran Legion. On December 22, 1863, while riding with General Meagher at Fairfax Court House, his horse fell on him and killed him.

All through the great battles and marches of the Army of the Potomac, the New York East Siders, whether Anglo-Saxon, German, Irish, or of other nationality, fought as courageously as any men under the flag. In Couch's Second Army Corps at Fredericksburg, a portion of which assailed the dreadful stone-walled sunken lane at the foot of Marye's Heights, there were fifteen New York regiments. Of those which charged directly at the wall, Meagher's Irish Brigade of five regiments had three, the Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth, from New York; and there were also the Seventh (Colonel von Schaack) and Tenth (Colonel Bendix) German regiments. Colonels Nugent and Bendix were wounded, and Colonel von Schaack was called to the command of the brigade when General Caldwell was wounded during the battle. Of that attempt on the stone wall, as gallant as Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and more hopeless, the *London Times* correspondent wrote :

Never at Fontenoy, Albuera or Waterloo was more undoubted courage displayed than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. That any mortal man could have carried the position, defended as it was, it seems idle for a moment to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty-eight yards of the muzzles of the guns are the best evidence of what manner of

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men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battlefields. . . .

Lieutenant Owen of the Confederate artillery believed that Meagher's Brigade pushed its charge farther than any other, some of the bodies of the slain being only twenty-five yards from the wall. The Union Colonel Brooke said that those found nearest the wall were of the Sixty-ninth New York, Fifth New Hampshire, and Fifty-third Pennsylvania.

The Sixty-ninth in the course of the war suffered the heaviest losses of any New York regiment.

Meanwhile there were foreign-born citizens at home in New York, most of them slum-dwellers of the lowest class, who had been so embittered by the Native American agitation against them and so influenced by the political attacks on Lincoln and his administration that they refused to have any part in the defense of the Union. The Irish and the Catholics, in general, were under suspicion all through the war period. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet says that every letter he received during those four years had first been cut open and read by the police or secret service. When the draft was proposed in 1863 there were Irishmen in the Five Points, the upper East Side, and Hell's Kitchen who muttered that they were not going to be sent away and shot for a lot of dirty Naygers; and when the draft offices were opened in July, those terrible riots ensued, when for four days the city was given over to anarchy, arson, and slaughter. This chronicle has little to do with the Draft Riots, as there was no serious disorder on the Bowery, and few Bowery residents had anything to do with the trouble. Its nearest approach to the street, was when several Negro families in Pell, Park, and Baxter streets were attacked and driven from their homes, some of the buildings were fired and two or three Negroes killed. A mob sacked Brooks Brothers' clothing store on Catherine Street, for no other reason save than an opportunity was seen of getting new clothing for nothing. On the

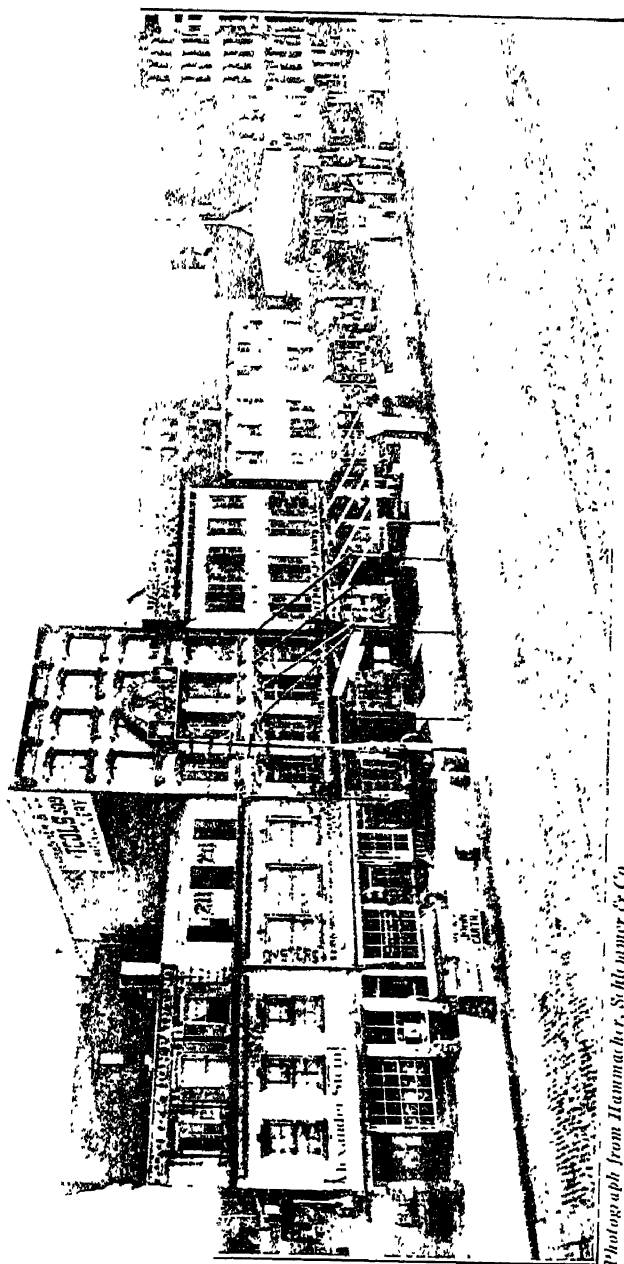
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whole, the Bowery has reason to be satisfied with its war record.

It was during the Civil War that a Bowery tragedy, one of the most pitiful because of the genius of its victim, occurred almost unnoticed, partly because of the more colossal tragedy then being enacted on Southern battlefields. Stephen Collins Foster, composer of America's best-loved songs, had passed the zenith of his brief career when he drifted to New York in 1860, leaving his wife and little daughter in Pittsburgh. He was then only thirty-four, but he had done his best work and his genius was declining. Behind him lay those songs which touch the heart not only of America but of the world to this day—"Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's In the Cold Ground," "Old Uncle Ned," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Oh, Susanna!" "Old Black Joe," "Old Dog Tray," "Camptown Races," and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"; but so ill paid was the song writer then that he was still poor. His married life had not been entirely happy, he was drinking and losing his grip on his art. But he remained to the last a singularly delicate and sensitive soul; he was no *roué* and he did not indulge in debauches.

John Mahon told in the *New York Clipper* in 1877 of meeting Foster at Windust's restaurant in Park Row in 1861. He was then "very neatly dressed in a blue swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat. . . . I found him most social and conversational. . . . At that time he boarded at 83 Green Street"—which was even then becoming a somewhat shady neighborhood. Mahon had first heard Foster's songs, "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh, Susanna!" in 1852 at Patras, Greece. Later he heard these and others played by British military bands in Malta, and during the voyage from Malta to New York he heard the sailors sing a number of them, "The Old Folks at Home" being their favorite.

Foster and Mahon were friends for a time, and at the latter's rooms in Henry Street Foster composed several songs.



Photograph from Hammacher, Schlumber & Co.

THE BOWERY BETWEEN DELANCEY AND RIVINGTON STREETS IN 1867: HAMMACHER'S
HARDWARE STORE IN THE CENTER, TONY PASTOR'S THEATER AT THE RIGHT

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came in and leaned against the counter near the door. A clerk laughed and said, 'Steve looks down and out.' "

The others snickered, and the man saw them laughing at him. Mrs. Duer's heart stood still when she learned that this "vagabond," as they called him, was none other than the writer of her best-beloved songs. Swallowing the lump in her throat, she went towards him and putting out her hand, said, "Is this Mr. Foster?"

"Yes," he replied. "The wreck of Stephen Foster."

"Oh, no!" she protested. "Not a wreck, but whatever you call yourself, I feel it an honor to take by the hand the writer of 'The Old Folks at Home.' "

Tears came to his eyes, and in the ensuing conversation he confessed to her his pitiful circumstances. He told her that he was living in a basement on Elizabeth Street with an old couple who charged him no rent. He was sometimes reduced to the necessity of writing his songs on wrapping paper.

Mrs. Duer did not see him again. A short time afterward his luck must have suffered a slight, a very slight improvement, for he was living in a lodging house at 15 Bowery (the building still remains), where he paid twenty-five cents per night. One morning early in January, 1864, Cooper received word from the lodging house that his friend had met with an accident. Hastening to the place, he found Foster lying on the floor with a dreadful gash in his neck which was bleeding horribly, and a bruise on his forehead. A quack doctor who had been summoned was starting to sew up the throat wound with common black thread. Cooper protested, but the doctor explained that it was the only thread he had. "I'm done for!" was all Foster could whisper. How he had received his injury remains more or less of a mystery to this day, though there is a story that the water pitcher in his room was broken and that he had been cut on one of the shards.

Cooper had him removed to Bellevue Hospital and went

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next day to see him, finding him very low and unable to eat. On the following day, January 13, when the faithful friend came at the visiting hour, he learned that the patient was dead. Because of his unkempt appearance, the hospital had registered him as a laborer, and his body had been placed in the morgue with the friendless dead. Cooper searched it out and notified the family. Foster's brother and his widow came to New York immediately, and the truth as to the identity of the shabby man of thirty-eight who had died in Bellevue having now reached the newspapers, the Adams Express Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad vied with each other for the honor of carrying his body to Pittsburgh free of charge. There he was given a fitting funeral from Trinity Church and there his grave lay for more than half a century, marked only by a stone almost as simple as his latter life in New York.

CHAPTER XIX

POST-BELLUM DAYS AND THE CHICANE ERA

IF you were asked," said George G. Foster in 1855, "through what street in New York at a given time the greatest number of dirty shirts passed, we think the chances are ten to one you would name Chatham; and yet strangely enough, this very street has been selected as the stronghold and entrenchment of linen-drapers." It was also the street of cheap clothiers and of second-hand or "old clo'" shops. For dirt, tawdriness, cheating, swindling, and thievery, it was far worse than the Bowery; yet to the latter's tripping, mellifluous, easily-remembered name has clung all the odium. The Bowery has the debit in the ledger of human memory of being the original and only seat of the most bloodthirsty pawnbrokers, of all the fake auctions, all the envelope games and "green goods" operators in the metropolis. Park Row—or Chatham Street, as it was then—where in truth these all first began, and where they flourished at their worst, before and shortly after the Civil War, has escaped without a smudge on its skirts.

Chatham Street was a thoroughfare of cheapness, the Avenue de Shoddy. Even soda water was only three cents a glass there in 1845, though Mike Walsh claimed to have had some of it analyzed, and found that it contained corrosive sublimate and soft soap. There were pawnbrokers on Park Row as early as 1822 when the first of that remarkable dynasty, the Simpsons, came from England and opened a shop near the Park Theatre. Later there came others to Chatham Street who were not so merciful as the Simpsons. If you want a picture of a slum pawnshop of those days,

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read Dickens's description of one in London's East Side in his Boz Sketches. We have seen some Chatham Street pawn tickets of the 1840's and 1850's, and the pitiful story they tell is clearly the same as that of Dickens's Whitechapel drama; "Pr. boots, \$1.00;" "Overcoat, \$2.00;" "Umbrella, 35c;" "Napkin ring, 50c;" "Shears, 25c;" "Chemise, 25c;" "Handkerchief, 18c;" "Carpenter's plane, 30c;" "Spectacles, 50c;" "Hdkf, 12c;" such is the tale of desperation of the unfortunate, sacrificing even bodily covering and the tools and utensils which were perhaps their only hope of obtaining a living for the few pennies which would buy only a day's food or supply of drink.

The fad for selling all the necessities as well as luxuries of life to the highest bidder had its start in New York on Chatham Street. An observer remarked in 1850 that Chatham Square on auction day, with red flags flying, with furniture and utensils strewn the sidewalk on every hand, gave the effect of a city under pillage in revolutionary times. When the yells of the auctioneers at last were silenced, lines of successful buyers streamed out along all the streets radiating from the square, laden with teakettles, tinware, flatirons, back-bending loads of bedding, and what not.

But there were dishonest auctions, too, designed to chouse the unwary, and particularly the rustic or small-town visitor to the metropolis. Chatham Street's cheap clothing stores had become a favorite place for the "Rube" to buy ready-made clothing, under the impression, artfully conveyed by the dealers, that he found there the most *recherché* articles at bargain prices. It was probably there that the assurance, "It fits like der paper on der vall," was first given a customer while the clothier gently held the slack in the back of the coat gathered in his hand. With such guileless victims wandering up and down the pavements with money in their pockets, it was to be expected that human spiders would weave other webs for them. An auction sale has a fascination even for the sophisticated; and the "mock auctions" or

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"Peter Funk auctions," as they were called, of the East Side found hordes of gulls eager to be cozened. How the name Peter Funk, as applied to these fake auctioneers, originated, the present deponent cannot discover, but it was long a by-word in New York. These sharpers were working the same species of tricks as that described in the song, "The Bowery," forty or fifty years later, when the greenhorn tells how he paid three dollars for what he supposed was a box of socks, but instead, got only the empty box; which proves that it takes the human race a long time to learn anything—as if we did not have the shell game, three-card monte, and the stock exchange still with us to prove that.

A Mr. Reed from Ohio wandered into an auction room at Pearl and Chatham streets in 1851 and bought—as he believed—a dozen neckties for a dollar. But when he came to settle, he found that the auctioneer meant a dollar apiece or \$12 for the lot. Reed objected, and after a gentle intimation that he would be held to his bargain, a compromise was proposed; he could bid on something else and turn in the ties at \$12 as part payment. So he bought a box containing a "fine gold watch" and some "solid silver spoons" for \$18, and then a piece of black cloth for \$2.90, as he supposed; but was disabused of the latter notion when he was presented with the following bill:

Black cloth, 6 yards at \$2.90 yd.	\$17.40
1 Box and contents	18.00
	<hr/>
	\$35.40
Cr. by 12 cravats	12.00
	<hr/>
Bal. due	\$23.40

He angrily refused to pay, and was threatened with arrest and prosecution in Federal court. Cowed by the sharpers' bluff, he yielded and paid; but when he found that evening that the watch and spoons were the cheapest of pinchbeck stuff, he himself went to court next day with his troubles.



"Harper's Weekly," New York Public Library

A CATHAM SQUARE CLOTHING STORE IN 1875

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But the law, which for trickiness need not take lessons from a Peter Funk auctioneer or any other fakir, informed him that he had compromised the matter and lost his rights by accepting the ties and turning them in for other goods; he had no other recourse.

The devices of the auctioneers were too multifarious to describe. Mayor Havemeyer in the latter forties sent boys along Chatham Street and the Bowery with banners reading, "Beware of Mock Auctions," hoping to put the unwary stranger on guard against the snares. Finally, the boys were ordered to parade to and fro directly in front of certain of the worst places. Naturally, the proprietors were highly indignant at this official meddling. The boys were maltreated and their banners destroyed, and at length policemen had to be sent to protect them. But did they save the fool from his folly? Not always. Many a stranger, seeing one of these warnings before an auction house, would be stricken by curiosity to see for himself just how bad it was. Once inside, he would be overcome by the auctioneer's eloquence, by his piteous protests that a tyrannical administration was trying to prevent his making an honest living. The visitor would decide that the poor devil had been misrepresented, and with his eyes open he would walk right into the same old trap.

In the seventies, when there were more and more auction rooms appearing on the Bowery, the articles sold were supposed to be "pawnbrokers' unredeemed pledges" or a "bankrupt stock" being closed out. When some reputable business vacated a storeroom, Peter Funk would hasten to rent it if possible for a few days immediately following the firm's departure, and put on a "closing-out sale," his placards giving the impression that it was the departed firm which was selling its stock. At a Saturday night sale in 1879 described by an anonymous writer in *The Snares of New York*, there were piles of second-hand furniture in the rear of the room, and hanging along the wall were perhaps fifty dresses. In a temporary show case were thirty or forty old gold and silver

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A "PETER FUNK" AUCTION SALE

watches of doubtful quality, some gilt jewelry, two opera glasses, two dirk knives, and two pistols.

The auctioneer put up a pair of sleeve buttons set with "rose diamonds." Some one bid a dollar. The auctioneer called that figure a few times and then, as no one made another bid, he tossed the buttons back in the show case and said with a fine show of indignation:

"Do you know why I didn't get another bid on them buttons? And why I won't sell 'em at all now? I'll tell you. A man in the crowd said they wasn't diamonds. Now, I'll bet that man twenty dollars to one dollar that they are rose diamonds."

He pulled some currency from his pocket and with a dramatic gesture put it in the hands of his partner, a man with Semitic countenance, supposed to be the pawnbroker whose stock was being sold.

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"I want it understood that any man that comes in here and says anything I sell ain't as represented is a liar and a thief! That's plain enough, ain't it? If the shoe fits that feller that said these weren't rose diamonds, he can wear it." Then raising himself on his toes and yelling: "And if that don't suit him, I'll get down there and take him by the neck and run him out of the store!" The doubter did not show himself and could not be identified; he was doubtless a myth.

There were others of the Yankee type, "Cheap Johns," who made their profit by selling shoddy goods. Hassell tells of one on the Bowery who jested with his customers about their bad bargains:

"Walk in, gentlemen!" he cried with swift and easy hospitality; "walk in and see the only truly American and great Cheap John, the benefactor of his country, the George Peabody of New York." . . . He was a short, stout fellow, unmistakably, "truly American"; as unmistakably of the "bummer" class; with a great quantity of studied stock expressions, some vulgar, but all droll, besides not a little ready wit of the flash sort. "Now, gentlemen," said the new Peabody, "the sacrifice will proceed. Who gives two dollars for a superb, eight-bladed pocket-knife, the handle made of true father-of-pearl with ends of solid silver an inch long? Show me the man who gives it, and I will show you a damn fool. Why, we only ask a dollar and a half; examine the finish closely—" here he made a feint to throw the opened knife among the crowd, whereupon some dodged. "Why, you needn't dodge," he said; "these knives are regular life-preservers, couldn't kill a man with them in the most savage and bloodthirsty fury; no chance of cutting your fingers with these knives; nice, reliable family article—who'll buy? Who'll buy a knife with all the merits of a knife and none of the failin's, such as accidentally cuttin' people? How much?" I offered fifty cents. "Sold again!" cried the Cheap John with dire emphasis, and everybody laughed.

An invoice of wonderful stockings followed, "made in England for the Emperor of Siam, and stolen from his caravan at great risk" by agents of the Cheap John. They were started at two

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dollars for four pairs, and sold in great quantities at the rate of four pairs for fifty cents. Then came a sale of "changeable tarpaulin"; there seemed to me to be genius in the idea of a changeable tarpaulin. . . . "You wonder how we can sell so low," said the Cheap John. "Why, exceptin' rent, nothin' costs us anything besides paper. Paper costs enormous, 'cause that's cash, and we use up lots of it for wrappers. But the things we wrap up, them we never buy on less than four months, and when the four months have passed, so have we; we have passed on. That's how we can sell so low, and save your money—be your best benefactors—do good by stealth, as the poet says. Don't go, gentlemen, going to have a free lunch at half-past ten (it was about half-past seven); just brought in another dog for the soup. Look out for your watches and pass your money right in here for safe-keepin'. There's a pickpocket just come in."

So there was, sure enough, and a policeman led him away. When we left, the orator was assuring his public that his was a "great charitable enterprise, the entire proceeds to be given to the poor."

The envelope game was a favorite trick on the Bowery in the latter seventies. If two or three greenhorns were seen standing in front of the place, a capper would come out of it with joyous countenance, carrying perhaps a silver teapot or a gold watch and exclaiming over the wonderful bargain he had found inside. In his naïve joy he would stop to show his purchase to the strangers, and they almost invariably took the bait and stepped inside to see for themselves. They would find a small stock of goods at supposedly cut prices, but after looking around a bit and perhaps buying nothing, they would learn that the really amazing bargains were in a rear room.

In they went, like mice after cheese, and were confronted with a lot of articles "taken in exchange" or "pawnbrokers' pledges" at an astounding figure—only one dollar each for watches, silver dishes, gold brooches; but when the prospective customer chose an article and produced his dollar, the parry would be, "Oh, but we don't sell these things in

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THE ENVELOPE GAME IN OPERATION

just that way. You see the articles are all numbered. Here is a drawer full of envelopes. You pay your dollar and choose an envelope, and get whatever the card in the envelope calls for." If they still hesitate, he says, smilingly, "Draw once, just for fun and see what you get. But remember, this time don't count."

One man draws, and finds that his card calls for the handsomest silver pitcher in the stock.

"See there, what you'd have won if only you'd paid your dollar in advance," chides the merchant. If the visitors then put up their dollars and draw, they get something which proves when tested to be the thinnest of plated stuff. But this is not the sharper's main play. He presently shows them a card which calls for two hundred dollars in cash; he draws that amount of money from his pocket and slaps it on the counter; then carelessly flips the envelope back among the others in the drawer.

"Now keep your eyes on that envelope," he says, "and I'll

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give you a chance to make four dollars for one. Put up fifty dollars and see if you can pick it out."

Nine times out of ten the dupe makes the bet—and of course fails to draw the order for the two hundred dollars, though perhaps he bets again and again. His friends may try their hands at it, too. If they have five hundred dollars among them, the sharks are apt to get it all before the session is over.

But as for public gambling houses, where faro and other so-called games of chance were purveyed to a sap-headed public, the Bowery had very few such then—in fact, it has never been noted for them. In the middle nineteenth century they were found mostly on Park Place, Barclay, Vesey, and Chatham streets. As to the green goods man, however, or seller of shoddy counterfeit money, who began to flourish in the seventies, there is evidence to show that he sometimes operated on the Bowery. There were then many grangers and villagers who were credulous and unscrupulous enough to believe that they could find their way to wealth by buying thick pads of spurious money from the counterfeiters and just passing it around the home neighborhood in payment of all the daily costs of life. One of the carefully distributed letters sent to such people about 1880 gives a Bowery hotel as the rendezvous where the prospect may meet the vendor of the illicit currency. "Register your name at the Hotel whose card is enclosed," directs the letter. "Go to your room, and I will call for you within one hour after you arrive, bringing the goods with me."

The card read:

BOWERY HOTEL

CORNER OF SIXTH ST. AND BOWERY
THIRD AVE. CARS PASS THE DOOR

Between 1870 and 1880 the majority of pawnbrokers in New York were in Chatham Street, the Bowery, East Broad-

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way, Oliver, Division, Catherine, Grand, Canal, and Broome streets—all concentrated in one small area, which was now a curious mixture of slum, Bohemia, decent residence district, and both high- and low-class shopping district. There were already strict laws governing pawnbrokers, which most of them airily ignored. They could not legally charge more than twenty-five per cent *per annum* on any loan not exceeding twenty-five dollars, or seven per cent on a loan of more than twenty-five dollars, a fine of one hundred dollars being the penalty for violation. And then they sold an unredeemed article, the law specified that the excess they received over the amount advanced the borrower, must be returned to the borrower. But no one ever heard of a pawnbroker obeying those laws, or being punished for their violation. On diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, opera glasses, and articles of *vertu* they seldom charged less than ten per cent a *month* for the loan, and in many cases added other charges. For example, McCabe, in *New York by Sunlight and Gaslight* describes a pawnshop scene wherein a young man with a really valuable gold watch is unable to obtain more than fifteen dollars on it. "I dell you vat I do," says the pawnbroker. "I let you haf fifteen tollars for von mont'. You pays me von tollar for de loan and fifty cents to put de vatch in de safe. It might git stole if I leaf it out here."

That extra charge for storage was worked even more mercilessly on the cheaper articles. On coats, vests, trousers, dresses, cloaks, skirts, or basques, there was a charge of twenty-five cents to one dollar for "hanging up." On shawls, scarves, laces, silks, etc., from twenty-five cents to a dollar was the fee for laying them away in drawers. And at many shops, all of these things must be put in wrappers, for which you paid from fifteen to fifty cents more. The wrapper was merely a cover or bag of dirty muslin, and one of them had been known to earn five dollars in the course of a year. Persons offering goods done up in paper were compelled to rent a wrapper, or the pawnbroker would refuse to make an

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vendors. It was nothing but a cheap steel pen with a morsel of paste shoe blacking smeared on it. When the blacking had all been washed away, the pen's magic was ended. Rough sweet gum twigs from near-by woods were offered as "the



TOOTH POWDER HAWKER GIVING A
DEMONSTRATION

wonderful alligator plant from Florida," and buyers kept them in water for weeks, waiting for the strange, exotic bloom to appear. Vendors of cleaning compound pretended to wrap paper money in an occasional package and offered persons with the gambling spirit a chance at the low rate of

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ten cents a package or three for a quarter. Sellers of cheap perfumery used the inducement.

The Sunday closing law was a dead letter on the Bowery as early as 1870, and many shops of all sorts were open all day. Saloons and places of entertainment remained open as a matter of course. But Saturday night, when the week's wages were jingling in the workingman's pocket, was carnival time on the street. Then it blazed with light—all gaslight in the seventies; as brilliant a scene as Broadway and more naïve, more joyous, more interesting. Every saloon, dive, and amusement place, every cigar store and shooting gallery, even the better advertisers among the jewelers, hatters, haberdashers, and what not, had whole rows and clusters of gaslights in front of their buildings, all encased in glass globes—white, red, blue, green. There were illuminated signs, too, many of them reading "Lager Bier Saloon," "Weinstube," "Grosses Konzert, Eintritt Frei." Another frequent one was "Money Exchange." The "exchanges" were simply lottery offices, many of them the worst of swindling concerns. They kept open Saturday nights and did a heavy business with the fatuous. But the savings banks, of which there were some strong ones on the Bowery, were open, too, and stowing away many a hard-earned dollar.

The shooting galleries, with fronts open to the street in summer, attracted crowds of idlers. Only five cents a shot, and a pocketbook given to the marksman who hit a certain difficult bull's-eye. One proprietor even offered twenty dollars to any one who hit a particular bulls-eye three times in succession. There were animated and vocal targets, too. Hit a lion in the eye and he roared. Hit a trumpeter in the heart, and he lifted his horn jerkily to his lips and sent forth a blast.

You might have any sort of entertainment on the Bowery on Saturday night you liked, from Tony Pastor's clean concert and variety or perhaps a classic at the Old Bowery or the Stadt, across the way from it, down to the grossest inde-

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cency in some of the concert dives and dime museums. In the beer gardens, and especially the big Atlantic Garden, respectable German burghers sat with their families, placidly sipping beer, smoking big pipes, singing old songs of the Fatherland or listening as the orchestra played Strauss and Wagner and Beethoven. There appeared the first "ladies' orchestra," as Al Smith calls it, ever seen in these parts; not a man in it save the cornetist, and it was whispered that he was married to the trombone player and they couldn't get rid of him.

Occasionally the door of a basement concert saloon opens and a whiff of hot, foul, booze-tainted air, the clatter of a spavined piano and the sound of revelry gush forth. The sidewalks are jammed with carefree crowds. Little German bands of three or four pieces are tootling, museum barkers are bellowing, hawkers are extolling their wares under flickering turpentine torches: "Hot corn!" "Fresh oysters!"—these are the favorite pick-me-ups for clerks tired from eighteen or twenty hours' work when the store closes, around 10 or 11 P. M. In those sturdier days, no one tried to stay his stomach with anything so anæmic as near-orange juice, chocolate, or an ice cream cone. Ice cream was for women and children. A grown-up man must have real belly-timber; hence the fragrance of hot corn and the click of oyster knives on the evening air. The oysters—raw—were sprinkled with pepper sauce that would have eaten the sole off a cowhide boot, and inhaled directly from the shell. One cent apiece was the price, and a gentleman in funds thought nothing of lapping up three or four dozen.

Hot corn—often sold from a baby's perambulator or a toy wagon—was forked out of the boiling water by the dealer, given a swipe from end to end with a rag-wrapped stick dipped in melted butter, often rancid, or oleo, and the buyer went away holding it by the tips and nibbling gingerly. A bevy of three or four young men, each with an ear of corn held harmonica-wise at his mouth, was an interesting sight. When stripped, the cob was tossed into the street, along with



"The Christian Weekly," 1874

A RELIGIOUS PAPER'S PICTURE OF A SUNDAY SCENE IN A BOWERY BEER
GARDEN IN 1874

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the discarded oyster shells and pigs' knuckles, where they made excellent ammunition for the Tent' and Fourteent' Ward boys in their battles across their frontier, which ran down the middle of the street.

Now and then a dog fight or a fight between human beings, male or female, drew a curious crowd; or there was a cry of "Stop thief!" and a chase swept down the street, knocking down pedestrians, overturning stands, spilling kettles of hot corn water. Beggars haunted the sidewalk; some "blind" or "crippled" impostors, it is true, but many genuine. The Civil War left a wake of shattered bodies behind it, and many a blind or legless East Side veteran begged on the street, while many a one-armed man filled some city or Government job such as letter-carrying or lighting street lamps. And, incidentally, it is interesting to note that although the torch for lighting street lamps was brought to this country from Europe about 1868, some of the various gas companies which served portions of New York and particularly those on the lower East Side, continued to light the street lamps with matches until they were supplanted by electric arc lights in the eighties.

Election and political rally nights were pandemonia on the Bowery. Merchants had to hide everything movable and inflammable, even their wagons, to save them from the bonfires, and despite their efforts an occasional one was sacrificed, along with window stands, news stands, packing cases, push-carts, signs, even store porches. Pistols, rifles, shotguns, yes, and cannon, too, added to the infernal uproar; and more than once the street cars and busses were stopped because of huge bonfires on the tracks or cannon planted in the middle of the street and firing like mad.

In the crowds on the street German dialect was still predominant over the Irish brogue in the early seventies. Nearly half the signs displayed were in German or both German and English. Jews were rapidly becoming more numerous—clothiers, milliners, dry goods merchants, pawnbrokers. They

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had not yet invaded the amusement business. Most of them were from Germany and Austria, but there were enough French Jews to support a synagogue of their own on Fifth Street just east of the Bowery as early as 1860.

The Italian fruit merchant and the organ grinder with his monkey were now becoming more familiar sights, and there was an occasional Italian harper or a man with a dancing bear. French, Italian, Spanish, and Slavic dialects might be heard in the Saturday night crowds, and now and then a stolid Mongolian shuffled around the corner from the little Chinatown which was germinating down in Mott and Pell streets. But the Germans clung tenaciously to the old street for another twenty years. In the neighborhood was a hospital with German nuns and nurses, and militia regiments, such as the Civil War veteran Fifth and Eleventh, remained predominantly German. A favorite social center was the Fifth Regiment armory, on Hester Street near Centre.

"Little Germany," east of the Bowery, had something of a boom after the Civil War, and many new places of amusement were opened. Walhalla Hall, at Orchard and Grand streets, was built in 1868 as a ball and assembly house—with the usual beer and wine concessions, of course—and stood for thirty years. Orchard was then mostly a quiet, comfortable residence street. Beethoven Hall, on Fifth Street, just off the Bowery, erected by the Beethoven Männerchor in 1870, still stands; while just across the block on Fourth Street the new Turn Halle, built in 1871 and now known as the Manhattan Lyceum, should be marked with a tablet, telling how Weber and Fields first appeared in public there at the age of nine or thereabouts. Other similar places opened a few years later were the Harmony Rooms on Essex Street, Concordia Hall on Avenue A, Little Beethoven Hall on Sixth Street, and the Astoria, opened in 1889 next door to Big Beethoven, and now a motion picture house. The Germania Assembly Rooms on the Bowery were right in the heart of things, and played host to many affairs not German.

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For example, there was the annual ball of the *Société Culinnaire Philanthropique* in 1868, described in *The Voice*, a Boston labor paper, by the New York correspondent, whose sprightly letters often dealt with matters far removed from labor problems. He told how, upon arriving in the lobby, he checked his coat and hat, paying a quarter for the privilege:

A big nigger immediately grabs you by the nape of the neck and mauls you with a whisk-broom until in sheer defense you are compelled to give him another quarter. A second nigger dives at your boots, and a third makes a dandruff-scratching motion at your head. And now we will go upstairs. We are met at the top by a French *cuisinier* got up in the most gorgeous array, with a diamond as big as a door plate on his scarf and another as large as a ten-cent piece on his finger. Our tickets are taken and we are ushered into a room jammed with Frenchmen in swallow-tails, white kids and cravats, all prancing like chevaliers. . . . These gentlemen have the *cancan* in their eyes, in the cut of their noses, in their lips, their feet. And their ladies—Lord bless us, did you ever see a more charming set, with volumes of black hair, finely developed bosoms, exquisite hands and feet, eyes sparkling like diamond prisms. . . .

But these gentry get up a table that would tickle the palate of an Aladdin. Come upstairs to the gallery. Look at that table! That *pate de foie gras* is the work of works. That globe of boned turkey *magnifique* is the result of a brilliant idea from the brain of Mr. John Ludin of the Metropolitan Hotel, an *artist culinaire* . . . There is not a cook-book extant which is not in Mr. Ludin's library. He is the Napoleon of cookery in this city. . . .

Whang! Whang! They are at it. There is a rush from the table to the gallery. Hang on to your napkin and let us follow . . . See the delicious but scarcely perceptible swim to the bodies of the couple at the head of the set. Whang! Whang! The swimming motion increases in velocity and the bodies sway from hips up like buoys in a storm. The electrical spirits of the music is tingling their veins. The lady whirls the trail of her dress in various directions with the ease and grace of an *artiste*, and yet with a significant charmingness. And now the pivotal motion

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begins. The hands are crossed behind the back and butterfly each other, while the faces of their owners glow and burn within two inches of each other. The eyes are illumined with a mellow fire. Whang! Whang! Modesty is flung to the winds; lips are pursed for kisses; love flashes from eye to eye like sheet lightning from a thunder cloud; delicate feet quiver in the air, while white skirts expose glimpses of well-rounded limbs; and finally so excited becomes their fair wearer that she seizes her left toe in her hand and whirls about her partner like the inner vortex of the maelstrom. He, poor devil, is in the last stages of infatuation. The rich music, the cheers and waving of napkins from the gallery has intoxicated him. He stretches his arm over her bare shoulders, draws a cytherian dew from her lips, makes spasmodic gestures of delirium, and finally drops on his knees in an agony of transport.

"*Bis! Bis! Bis!*" from all parts of the room. These infernal Frenchmen are never satisfied! . . . Come, let's go home.

Those years immediately following the Civil War constituted one of the two "flash periods" of our history (we have had the other since the World War) when a moral upset and a more or less specious prosperity ran their course, hand in hand. By the close of the war Tweed was firmly in the saddle in Tammany Hall, and the carnival of graft which had been swelling, growing more riotous for a quarter century and more, now became an orgy. Any indecency or any swindle could operate, provided it paid sufficiently well for protection. Street cleaning was done by contract, and when the contractors' employes went on strike in 1865 the streets lay for two months untouched and New York became, in the words of one editor, "a colossal stink-bag." The condition of the streets (some still unpaved) in the crowded East Side slums was too terrible to be imagined. The strike was settled, but in the following January the mud was said to be knee-deep on some of the best streets, though contractors were receiving half a million a year to keep the city clean.

Cholera broke out in Mulberry Street in 1866 and made

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some havoc among the tenements before it was checked. The slums and red light districts were becoming an increasingly interesting problem for sociologists and humanitarians, an increasingly fat harvest field for the politicians. Before the Civil War a preacher had declared that there were 12,000 children at large in New York, "as utter heathen as any on the plains of India, who live by petty pilfering, by bold robbery, by acts of incredible debasement and vice." This was a mere excited guess. There were some as degraded as he claimed, but their number was much exaggerated. And by the way, it is interesting to note that Charles Loring Brace, who wrote on *The Dangerous Classes of New York*—the children—in 1872, did not mention the Bowery, although he found many of his subjects in slums closely adjacent to it.

In 1865 Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church shouted in public that there were in New York 30,000 professional thieves, 20,000 lewd women and harlots, 3,000 grog shops, and 2,000 gaming establishments—another wild guess. There was, of course, no way of counting the thieves, but his estimate was excessive. Superintendent Kennedy of the police made his yearly census in January, 1866, and reported that he found 621 houses of prostitution, 99 assignation houses, and 2,670 public prostitutes in the city. There were 75 concert saloons of ill repute, in which were employed 747 waitresses whose decency might logically be questioned. He admitted that there were other women rooming alone who could not be counted, but their number was probably not greater than those in the public houses. The true figures were probably nearer Kennedy's than the Bishop's. A policeman, for the honor of his office, will nearly always minimize the crime in his district, while a preacher will exaggerate it. But Kennedy's figures came nearer to being logical.

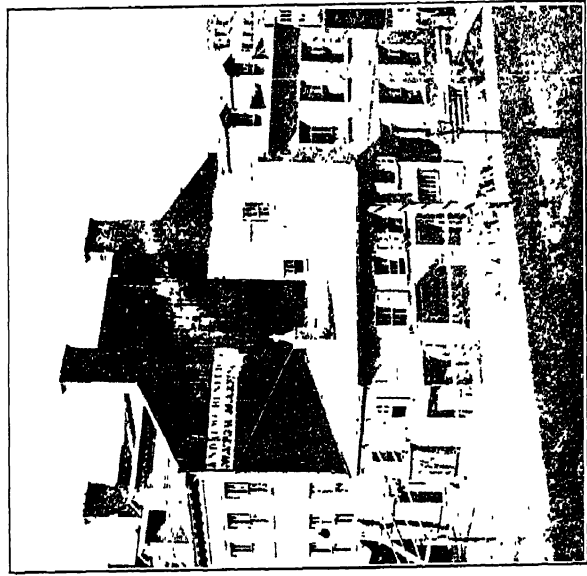
Of the brothels, the vast majority were not on or adjacent to the Bowery, as might be supposed, but in the streets parallel and contiguous to Broadway on both sides—the worst section being west of it, centering in Greene and Wooster

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streets. Of the concert saloons, the Bowery had its share and more, mostly on the lower end of the street. They ran all night, and many of them were in basements. Sailors were the favorite prey, and these and the straight liquor saloons adopted names calculated to cajole the salt—"Sailor's Welcome Home," "Flowing Sea Inn," "The Jolly Tar," "The Sailor's Retreat," etc. Painted women often approaching the hag stage lured the stranger into them. He stumbled against the cheaply-red-curtained door, it flicked open and in the yellow glow of gaslight, through clouds of tobacco smoke and liquor fumes you saw, first and always, a cheap, clanking piano pounded—with one foot firmly on the pedal—by a pasty-faced man in a red necktie, then bare wooden tables, served perhaps by waitresses in boots with little bells or tassels on them—or perhaps "a monstrous, bloated woman behind a bar and five or six bedizened females in Turkish costume, making love to as many drunken men."

"A concert saloon is a gin mill on an improved plan, that's all, my friend," explained the proprietor of one such place to a reporter. "I don't pay the girls any wages. They get a percentage on the drinks they sell. Some saloonkeepers pays the girls wages and a small percentage, but it don't go. The girls won't work unless they have to. Now my girls gets a third of whatever they sell. The liquor is cheap and I don't mind telling you it's damn nasty; and we charge double price for it. I charge twenty cents for drinks that a regular gin mill would sell for ten." Often there was keno or some other crooked gambling game in an adjoining room, and it was part of the girls' job to shepherd the lambs in there for the fleecing. Some of these places were notorious criminal hangouts, as for example, Paddy Quinn's "Island No. 10," on Catherine Street just off the Bowery, and another in a basement at Bowery and Hester Street.

It was to be expected that the Bowery would have its share in the witches' sabbath of graft then in progress under the



CORNER BOWERY AND BAYARD STREET,
1859. NOTE SIGN OF BENEDICTS, JEW-
ELERS, WHO REMAINED IN THAT SPOT
FOR 113 YEARS



PALACE STREET CAR WHICH TRAVERSED
THIRD AVENUE AND THE BOWERY IN THE
EARLY '70'S. FARE 20 CENTS

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auspices of the Tweed Ring. Alderman Edward Cuddy's hotel at 44 Bowery was a headquarters for election repeaters in 1868 and 1870, as was the dive of Bill Varley, otherwise known as Reddy the Blacksmith, at Chatham Square and Catherine Street. The latter place was in the basement under the big hardware store of W. N. Seymour & Co., an old and reputable house. Here was an instance of the fantastic neighborings that used to be common on the Bowery. Varley's "joint" was the resort of many well-known thieves, burglars, and general crooks; but the hardware concern remained on good terms with him and were, in a sense, under his protection. Although there were thousands of dollars' worth of cutlery, tableware, and fine tools upstairs which would have been rich plunder for a burglar of those days, it was well known that Reddy wouldn't stand for any such rough work, and the store's stock was never touched. They didn't even employ a watchman while Reddy was there.

Varley had registered a large number of repeaters in 1868 as from fifty-five other houses in the neighborhood, including a dive kept by his sister (?), Mary Varley, on James Street near by. When a number of these men were arrested through the efforts of Police Superintendent Walling, William F. Howe, afterwards notorious as the partner of Abe Hummel, made one of his first noteworthy appearances, and through a characteristic night transaction with a Supreme Court justice, had them all discharged.

The Bowery Boys, Dead Rabbits, and other gangs of their kind disappeared forever with the Civil War, and a more vicious type of gangster appeared. Small groups, such as the Rag Gang of the lower Bowery, the Booodle Gang around Centre Market, and the Dutch Mob, which operated between Fifth and Houston east of the Bowery, were thieves and robbers, the last named being clubbed out of the neighborhood by Police Captain Allaire in 1877. But the most notorious and most truculent of the mobs of post-bellum days was the

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Whyo Gang, which arose in the Five Points region in the latter seventies and was a nuisance to the city for fully twenty years.

The origin of their name is not definitely known, though it is said on good authority to be a reproduction of a call employed by them. The Whyos were not really a Bowery gang. They were Five Pointers, the toughest and most savage of their kind, living mostly in Baxter and Mulberry streets. In their earlier years their headquarters were in Mulberry Bend, though in summer months they liked to loaf, when "off duty," in the old churchyard at Park and Mott streets. Another favored hangout for them was a saloon at 71 Chrystie Street, kept by a young man named Tim, otherwise "Dry Dollar," Sullivan—of whom we shall hear again. Robbery, sneak thievery, and burglary were among their lines of business, though none of the most famous burglars of the period were among their members, and some of them owned dives and panel houses. One of their number, Big Josh Hines, originated the idea of holding up gambling houses; and they were probably the pioneers in America of the industry of mayhem and murder by contract. In the pocket of one of them, Piker Ryan, when taken into custody, was found a price list, whence it appeared that a mere knock-down with the fist would be given a designated person for a fee of two dollars; blacking both eyes done for four dollars; nose and jaw broken for ten dollars; leg or arm broken, twenty dollars; shot in leg or stab wound, twenty-five dollars; and "doing the big job" (murder), one hundred dollars and upwards.

Several of the Whyos met death on the scaffold, the first of them being Dandy Johnny Dolan, who killed a prominent merchant and was hanged in the Tombs in 1876. The gang prided themselves on their ferocity. "A guy ain't tough till he's knocked his man out," was the opinion of Mike McGloin, one of their braves, before he was hanged in 1883 for the murder of a saloon-keeper. Red and Bull Hurley, Googy

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Corcoran, Jim Reilly, Slops and Baboon Connelly, Mike Lloyd, Red Rocks Farrell, Fig McGerald, and Hoggy Walsh all strove earnestly to be worthy. The greatest leaders of the gang were Dan Driscoll and Danny Lyons, who were hanged in the Tombs within a few months of each other in 1888, the former for killing a girl with a bullet intended for his rival in her affections, the latter also for a murder of jealousy. Lyons, one of the most brutal of all gangsters of his time, had four women who walked the streets for him and gave him their earnings. Several years after his death, two of these, Gentle Maggie and Lizzie the Dove, met in a basement dive and exchanged reminiscences of old times, which ended with Maggie's stabbing the other in the throat with a cheese knife and killing her.

The Whyos and many other crooks of their time had dealings with a notorious fence named Rosenberg—Rosey for short—ostensibly a respectable jeweler on the lower Bowery, but in reality a veritable Fagin. Red Leary, Tom Pallister, Funeral Wells, Scotch Jack, Dave Bartlett, Tommy Maguire, Rory Sims, Sukey Backus, Scotch Jimmy, and other cracksmen of the seventies, as well as sneaks and pickpockets like Dutch Heinrichs, Sheeny Mike, Big Nose Bunker, the Doctor, Dublin George, and Joe Keyser supplied him with loot; likewise the Spaniard, a pickpocket who could take your diamond stud and stand a search immediately afterward, for he had the bauble concealed in his whiskers. There was a walking fence, John D. or Michael Grady, otherwise Travelling Mike, theoretically a peddler of needles and other household necessities, who went about with a box suspended from his shoulders, visiting the haunts of thieves and pickpockets and paying them about a third of the value of their swag. Some thieves were virtually in his employ and worked under his orders. Pearls, diamonds, and bonds were his favorite merchandise, and he might at times have ten thousand dollars' worth of such plunder in his box. Bill Johnson, who ran a dry goods store on the Bowery, and Old Unger

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of Eldridge Street were other prominent fences of the seventies.

Crowded street cars were supplying good opportunities for pickpockets by this time, and there were instances when two or more men held up cars at the pistol's point late at night and robbed the passengers. In summer, crowds of drunken roughs, male and female, coming down towards the East Side in the small hours from Jones's Woods or Harlem, sometimes took possession of the car, threw the crew off and maltreated or robbed the passengers.

There was amusement on the Bowery for every type of mind, as well as for the totally brainless. The story of the street cannot be told without description of the dime museums. There were museums, as we have seen, long before the Civil War, but not until afterward were they made available to everybody, even the poorest. Charles A. Bradenbaugh is credited with having originated the dime admission. He had a museum in Brooklyn in 1866 and opened one on Broadway, Manhattan, a year later. His exhibits then were wax figures, mechanical contrivances, and panoramic views.

One Bunnell, who opened a museum at 103-105 Bowery in 1876 is said to have been the first to give vaudeville or melodrama in connection with a museum, charging the visitor an additional nickel if he wished to see it. Bunnell's museum filled three floors. From this location he moved in 1879 to 298 Bowery, a new building replacing the old Gotham Cottage, which had just been torn down. Here he opened with a grand poultry show—which would not be considered a museum attraction nowadays; but he also had a Tattooed Man (one of those all-over, head-to-foot jobs) and a Double-Brained Child, the only evidence of the latter phenomenon being the youngster's abnormally large head.

Another feature of his Museum was a Dante's Inferno—a somewhat stodgy Hell in which wax-modeled sinners were menaced by red-and-green-shaded gaslights. It had been the original Dante's notion that no one went to Pluto's domain

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until he was dead; but Bunnell put into his inferno living persons then much in the public eye, without regard to character—Bill Tweed, Henry Ward Beecher, Jay Gould, Victoria Woodhull and others. He later sold this place to Uffner and Middleton, this being one of the earliest ventures of the man who, as a member of the firm of Kohl & Middleton, in later years owned dime museums all over America.

The idea of a dramatic annex to the collection of curiosities spread rapidly, and soon all dime museums had it—the additional performance usually being a crude but moral melodrama of the Old Cap Collier type. Some museums put on risqué shows, but things like that were more apt to be seen in shady little theaters of their own or concert halls such as the Sultan Divan at 241 Bowery, which in 1878 advertised a Grand Barmaids' Show every night from seven until one o'clock. Newspaper advertisements of other places of the type—rather more of them on Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Fourteenth Street than on the Bowery—offer such attractions as Mazeppa on Horseback; one hundred lovely formed young ladies in Charms of Love; The Sultan's Harem, or Secrets of the Seraglio; Beautiful Minuet Dancers from the Jardin Mabille, Paris, in something entirely new to this country; Bewitching Female Bathers in Real Water; the Artist's Models; On the Sly, or the Old Man from the Country; The only place where you can see all the spicy French Sensations.

There were boxing rings and boxing instructors on the Bowery, too; and Jem Ward, ex-champion of England, who had turned painter, and not a bad one, either, in middle age, visited New York in the sixties and was given a benefit at the Bowery Theater, where he sparred with Benicia Boy Heenan. There were two cockpits, too, which were known the country over; one in a subcellar at 12 Bowery, run by Dan Moos, the other on the top floor of a building opposite Prince Street, operated by Hiram Swift, who weighed four hundred pounds, and had an oyster bar on the ground floor.

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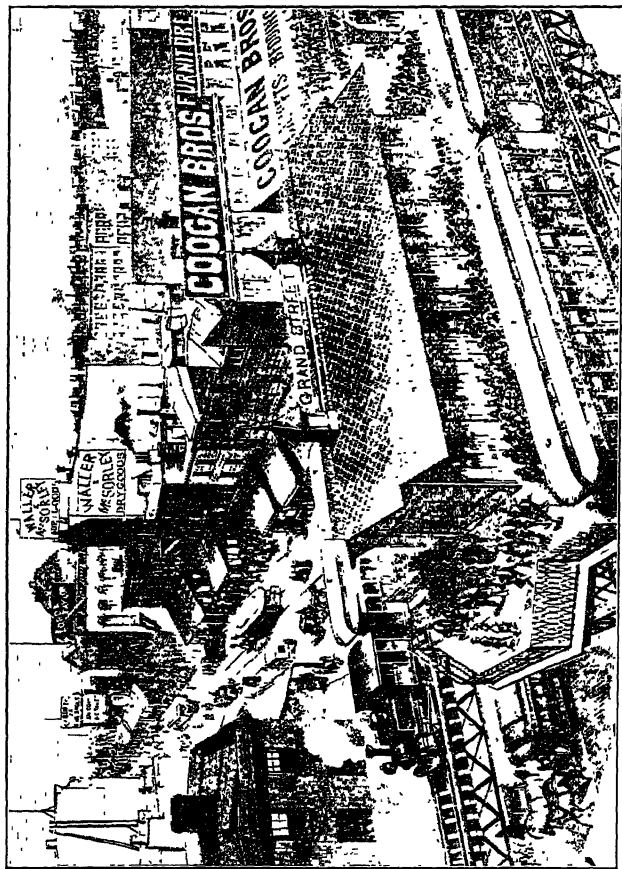
Even so degraded a sport as this has always found patrons among the theoretically cultured, and many evening dress shirts glistened around the rings at these places.

The theatrical center of the town had moved up to Union Square before 1875, and the English-speaking theaters of the Bowery were exhibiting a tendency towards vaudeville and melodrama. Some new theaters had been started just before or during the war. Otto von Hoym, already mentioned, had opened Hoym's, at 199-201 Bowery in August, 1858. J. W. Wallack, Jr., and other good players appeared there during its first brief career; but it was closed from 1860 on through the greater part of the war, finally reopening timidly in 1864 with Campbell's Minstrels. These did well and ran all winter, being replaced in the following June by Sharpley's Minstrels.

Sharpley and Tony Pastor now leased the house, but Sharpley soon retired, and Pastor continued to run the place for ten years thereafter. A sort of concert or *mélange*, given partly in blackface, was the favorite bill, and many famous minstrels were seen there—Billy Emerson, one of the most gifted of all, Johnny Wild, Billy Emmett, the Leon Brothers, Dan Hawley, Manning, and others. Pastor usually obliged with a song or two; "Buzz Again, Busy Bee!" and "Down in a Coal Mine" were two of his best numbers, sung until everybody knew them. "Now, folks, join in the chorus," he would exhort, and they did so until the rafters rang.

Harrigan and Hart made their first appearance at this house on September 16, 1872, in *The Little Fraud*, and continued in that and other plays for two months. It was then that they first began presenting idealized pictures of life on the lower East Side.

Tony's was a family house; he gave the sort of show—and don't forget that this was on the Bowery—to which you might take your maiden aunt with no fear of a blush. Moreover—this, too, on the Bowery!—he abolished the bar which had ever and always been an adjunct of the theater, and did



"Lestie's Weekly," New York Public Library

CORNER OF BOWERY AND GRAND STREET, 1879, WHEN GRAND WAS

ONE OF THE CITY'S LEADING SHOPPING STREETS

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not permit either drinking or smoking within its precincts. On Fridays ladies were admitted free, and on every Saturday night there was a raffle for a ham and a barrel of flour.

All the good folk of the East Side rallied to his support and Tony prospered mightily. But in 1875 he transferred his activities to Fourteenth Street, and when his old house was taken over by Paul Falk a new name, destined to great fame on the Bowery, appears on the bills as his business manager—Harry C. Miner. Coming back from the Civil War broke, jobless, and with a family on his hands, Miner first found work as a policeman in Brooklyn. Later he was successively special policeman at the new Volks Garten, 293 Bowery, and advertising agent in turn for a patent medicine lecturer, a magician, and a circus. Then he became a partner with Jim Donaldson in the London Theater, a variety house just erected at 235 Bowery. In 1878 he sold his interest to Donaldson for ten thousand dollars, remodeled an old building at 165-167 Bowery, and opened the famous Miner's Bowery Theater. In 1883 he demolished Hoym's and erected on its site the People's Theater—which is another story.

The old Volks Garten, also known as the German Winter Garden, at 45 Bowery—where pretty Josie Farren, dancer and ropewalker, was burned to death in 1860 when her filmy skirt caught fire from a gas jet—was replaced in 1864 by the New Stadt Theater, erected by a company of Germans. Otto Hoym, now a Civil War hero, was the first manager, and in his stock company, besides himself and his wife, Mme. Stieglich, were several other excellent German actors. Daniel Bandmann was among the foreign stars who came playing Shakespeare, Schiller, and romantic dramas. But the house found the going rough; Hoym gave it up and returned to his native Germany in 1868, dying in 1870 at Darmstadt.

In 1870 Marie Seebach, "the greatest foreign actress who has visited America since Rachel," played for several weeks. Then came Europe's greatest tenor, Theodore Wachtel. When he opened in "The Position of Longjumeau," notwith-

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standing the appallingly high price of four dollars for best seats, the house was packed to the roof. He followed this with "Lucia," "Der Freischutz," "Martha," "Il Trovatore" and others. In 1872 the house reverted to the English language and limped along for three years with some light opera, melodrama, and concerts, then it became German again. In 1878 as the City Theater, it once more spoke English. But not until it became the Windsor a few months later did it begin a career of prosperity.

When George L. Fox came back from the Civil War he took hold of the old Bowery, repaired it and opened it again in the autumn of 1862. For 150 consecutive nights he himself played in melodrama, farce, and pantomime. He continued as manager until 1867, presenting many old favorites, such as Fanny Herring, the Howards, Christy's and Sanford's Minstrels, and the Martinettis.

There was an epidemic of "horse" plays, too—Kate Fisher, for example, playing "The French Spy," "Mazeppa" and "Dick Turpin." Loew's bridge for pedestrians had been built—because of the heavy traffic—across Broadway at Fulton Street, and as a publicity stunt, Miss Fisher rode her horse over the bridge, skillfully negotiating the stairways at either end. "Humpty Dumpty" first appeared here in 1871. Boucicault's plays were popular, as were stories dramatized from the *New York Weekly*—"Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," "Wedded Yet No Wife," and "Heaven Defend the Right." James A. Herne's name first appears with Lucille Western in a benefit for the Chicago fire sufferers in October, 1871. There were myriads of melodramas, among which some striking titles were "The Beautiful Shoebinder of Lynn, or New York in 1850"; likewise "California, or the Heathen Chinee," and "The Three Fast Men, or New York by Daylight and Gaslight," which were much enjoyed. "The Turf-Digger's Doom" didn't take so well. "The McFadden Family of the Sixth Ward" had a strong local flavor in 1873 and presaged a long line of green-whiskered Irish farces.

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Haswell¹ after many years' absence revisited the old Bowery during its decline in the latter seventies and has left a delightful picture of an evening there. Of the first play of the evening, he says,

We were witnessing a version of the stock Irish play, in which a virtuous peasant girl and a high-minded patriot with knee-breeches, a brogue and an illicit whiskey-still, utterly expose and confound a number of designing dukes, lords, etc., who were assisted by a numerous family of murderers. . . .

The scene where the midnight murderers prepare a grave for their coming victim . . . and are affrighted at their noisome task by anguishing groans of the patriot, mourning the lady's unfaithfulness to him as he distils unlawful potteen among the rocks overhead, was chilling in its awful gloom; while nothing could be finer than the manner in which the patriot, disinterestedly suffering his pots to boil over, came flying to the rescue of innocence over frightful pasteboard precipices and down steep descents of lumber, engaging the whole band of felons at once . . . The wounded ruffians reel and fall and struggle up again . . . Those yet unhurt close in upon him, but only rip his machine-sewed shirt, receiving in return such fierce and telling blows that life departs from each in turn, till triumphant virtue takes one shuddering glance at success and faints in an agony of perspiration across the swooning body of the destined victim.

Summary of six corpses and quasi-corpses in painful attitudes—sudden effect of lime-light, and apparition of constabulary and red-coats (too late, as usual), as the curtain fell amid deafening shouts of "Hi!" "That's too thin!" and "Cheese it!" from pit to fourth tier.

The house was a study more interesting than the stage. We idled about behind the seats of the balcony, with audible steps among thick-strewn peanut-shells. In the front lobby we met a man whom somebody had just "gone through," the check-taker and usher calmly comparing guesses concerning the offender. . . . Steadily sloping upward from the footlights was lifted, row above row, the close-packed, stamping, shrieking, cat-calling, true Bowery crowd. The house contained a good num-

¹ *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.*

OLD BOWERY DAYS

ber of women, rough-clad but of decent looks, some mothers of families with the families small and great together, and a few children in arms, which the Bowery rules did not forbid. I saw but two gloved women in the audience; they, by force of their attire, I suppose, felt a certain application of the saying, *noblesse oblige*, since they went out of their way to be agreeable to us, and were very hospitably minded indeed.

Besides the proper and prevailing peanut, the spectators refreshed themselves with a great variety of bodily nutriment. Ham sandwich and sausage seemed to have precedence, but pork chops were also prominent, receiving the undivided attention of a large family party in the second tier, the members of which consumed chops with a noble persistence through all of the intermissions; holding the small end of the bone in the hand and working downward through the meaty portion. The denuded bones were most of them playfully shied at the heads of acquaintances in the pit; if you have never seen it done, you can hardly fancy how well you can telegraph with pork bones when the aim is true; and if you hit the wrong man, you have only to look innocent and unconscious.

The Bowery audience was by no means content with inarticulate noise; besides the time-honored modes of encouraging the players, there was full and free communication in speech, sometimes a set colloquy with the actors—which the audience counted on and waited for with great expectancy. This the actors well understood, and when the Irish patriot had a line of particularly overpowering moral import, his sure way to make a point with it was to come down front, declaim it vociferously and end by saying, "Is that so, boys?" or "Don't you, boys?" and then the acclaim and outcry were so loud and long that all babies in the house cried out, which caused another terrible din, with uncomplimentary remarks about the infants and "Cheese it!" again—a cry which, though a highly plastic expression, yet from the variety of its frequent application during the evening, must have come in sometimes with great irrelevance.

The second play was a burlesque of "Don Giovanni," with Leporello's part given to the clown, an amusing fellow and clever acrobat. . . . The orchestra never ceased its swift, lilting meas-



DEATH OF JOSEPHINE FARREN, TIGHT-ROPE WALKER, AT THE VOLKS GARTEN,
FEBURARY, 1860

POST-BELLUM DAYS AND THE CHICANE ERA

ures, as though for some endless, preternaturally quick quadrille, and the action of the stage was allowed no resting place. . . . The cream of the play was thought to be in the banqueting scene, where the clown and an absurd old Irishwoman wrangled over a wash-bowl full of macaroni. The by-play of this scene is not to be here reported, though it pleased the audience greatly. Scarce any of the humor was more relished by most of the spectators than the exquisite device of throwing macaroni at the orchestra-players, and finally at the "pay people" in the pit. It cannot be pleasant to be wiped across the face with a string of wet macaroni, and probably those who were thus distinguished did not enjoy it, but the others did, and the upper tiers howled approbation like demoniacs. . . . When we came away at a quarter before twelve, the third piece, "The Babes in the Wood," was just beginning, and the ridiculous heavy villains were just warming to their fiendish work.

In 1879 the life of Custer was presented at the old theater with justice, as the Bowery saw it, done at the close. Instead of Sitting Bull's being permitted to live and grow fat on a reservation, as in real life, he was in the play slain in a knife battle with an apocryphal character who bore the ingenuous nickname of Daring Bill. That year saw the passing forever of the old name of the theater. On September 11 the house opened as the Thalia, with performances in German. It stood for half a century longer by that name, not always German, but seldom hearing again a word of English.

How many important events took place on the street in those years 1878 and 1879—the passing of the old Bowery, the opening of Miner's, the building of the elevated railroad, and not least among them the retirement of Mrs. W. G. Jones, who had during thirty-seven years past been found for long periods at the Bowery as its leading lady, and was with it at the last!

Frank Chanfrau, still popular but gradually dropping the outmoded character of Mose for another which he made famous, "Kit, the Arkansaw Traveler," came back occa-

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sionally during the last years of the old house name. He died at Taylor's Hotel in Jersey City on October 2, 1884, and with him died many of the traditions of the 'ante-bellum Bowery.

CHAPTER XX

THE NEW BABEL

YES, there should be a milestone placed somewhere around New Year's Day, 1879, for that was a period of beginnings and endings on the Bowery. Within a few months before that date Miner's Bowery and the elevated railroad had begun their career, and a few months afterward the Bowery Mission was opened and the old Bowery Theater went German.

Surface horse cars, with straw-covered floors in winter weather, dimly oil-lighted, infested by pickpockets, had become inadequate to carry the traffic of the city of a million inhabitants. They were slow and feeble, and in snowy weather the S. P. C. A. made trouble by demanding four horses to a car; once in 1871 even unhooking a team and blockading the Bowery tracks all the way from Spring Street to Chatham Square with stalled cars. When the seats were filled, said the *Herald*, "The passengers are placed in rows down the middle, where they hang on by straps like smoked hams in a corner grocery. . . . The foul, close air is poisonous. A healthy person cannot ride a dozen blocks without a headache."

Probably few people know that subways were originally proposed in New York in 1867, but rejected as impracticable. The first line was intended to run up Chatham Street and the Bowery. In 1868 the first of all elevated railroads was opened through Greenwich Street and Ninth Avenue. Not until ten years later were the lines up Second, Third, and Sixth avenues put in operation, the first two crossing at Chatham Square. The Bowery and Third Avenue line was

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opened as far as Forty-second Street on August 26, 1878. Two years later it began operating to Harlem.

Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field were among the backers of the Third Avenue line, and George M. Pullman and Commodore Garrison of the Second. The fare was ten cents, but for that you were entitled to a seat, and if you had to stand, you paid nothing. But during rush hours (5.30 to 7.30 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.) the fare was five cents, standing or sitting. There were palace cars, however, in which you might ride for twenty cents. The surface carlines had had them—with curtained windows and plush-upholstered seats—as far back as 1868. In 1886 the elevated fare for the entire day was reduced to five cents, and business immediately increased so greatly as to cover the reduction and more.

Instead of the expected blessing, the new railroad proved a curse to the Bowery. There were then four horse-car tracks—two lines in each direction, which frequently brought on races almost as reckless as the old bus contests used to be—and erecting elevated structures over them seemed at first to be unthinkable. Moreover, it appeared logical for all stations to be situated between the tracks. So the two lines were erected at the sides, overhanging the sidewalks, shutting out as much light from the buildings as possible and giving them the maximum of noise. How any one sleeps upstairs on such a street on a summer night with windows open and those rambling earthquakes roaring by almost within arm's length every three or four minutes, belching smoke, and cinders into the room, is beyond the comprehension of any one who has not become inured to it. A Bowery-dweller, removed to the country, would be apt to suffer a nervous cataclysm because of the dreadful stillness.

But there were other disadvantages. Those early L trains were all pulled by small steam locomotives—which were all named, by the way; some for the promoters, some for classic characters. You were just as apt to be hauled downtown by Aristotle or Pericles as by Jay Gould or Chauncey M.

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Depew. But they all burned soft coal and showered the neighborhood with cinders and soot. Women tried to protect their faces with veils, but upon reaching the end of the journey, found the pattern of the veil marked upon their faces with soot. New hats, coats, and dresses on the sidewalks suffered fearfully from oil drippings, from hot coals occasionally falling from the ashpans and from the dirty, greasy washings of the structure when it rained. Well-dressed folk shrank into doorways whenever a train came along.

Electricity was tried as early as 1885, and electric roads began to be common in the nineties, but notwithstanding bitter complaints and lawsuits by Bowery business men, the Manhattan elevated railroads continued to run by steam for thirty-three years, changing to electricity in 1901, long after such roads in Chicago, Liverpool, and even in Brooklyn had been electrified; and not until 1911 were the tracks moved nearer the middle of the street.

The surface cars were much distressed at the coming of the elevated lines, and have never been the same since. The old Harlem Railroad Company's franchise, by the way, still endured. It now had a freight depot at White and Centre streets, on the site of the present Criminal Courts Building, and freight cars pulled by six or eight horses apiece came from Twenty-seventh Street down through Fourth Avenue and the Bowery to Broome, thence over to Centre. So many men and boys stole rides on the cars that the company employed guards with clubs to whack the trespassers' shins, which sometimes brought on lively scrimmages.

Despite the shadow of the L, the Bowery was probably at its gayest between 1880 and 1900. "The liveliest mile on the face of the earth," H. C. Bunner called it. More and more saloons, museums, dance halls, and dives came to crowd out legitimate business. Yet some of the businesses stuck at their posts all through the rowdy period, and some of them are there yet. Julian Ralph said in the *Century Magazine* in 1891:

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It is the opinion of the most observant traveler I ever knew that no other city in Christendom possesses a street comparable with the Bowery. His comment was that it is the only noble and important thoroughfare which is foreign to the city and country that possesses it.

This traveler supposed the street to be largely German because a majority of the buildings then still bore German signs; but it was much else besides. Fascinated investigators tried time and again to analyze it. Almost every nation on the globe was represented among its business men and its shoppers, its entertainers and entertained. To the immigrant it was the great spectacle and vortex of the city. Many tenement dwellers lived and died without ever seeing Broadway or Fifth Avenue. Sailors just off the ship hurried to the Bowery like iron filings towards a magnet, and saw little else of New York. It was the Main Street for a polyglot population of nearly half a million; "the grand avenue of the respectable lower classes," one writer called it—but the respectable had to mingle on its pavements and in its shops with many who were far from respectable.

A short alley in the Fourth Ward in 1885 had 140 families living on it, of whom 100 were Irish, 38 Italian, and 2 German. There was not a native-born individual in the court. It was a characteristic manifestation of cosmopolitan lower New York. Veteran Washington Market butchers and race-track habitués mournfully told a reporter that they could remember the time when all the greatest pugilists, thugs, and shoulder-hitters were true Americans. But in 1890 (and ever since, for that matter) you might find an Italian, a German, French, African, Spanish, Bohemian, Russian, Scandinavian, Jewish, and a Chinese colony, even an Arab colony in New York, said Jacob A. Riis,² but

The one thing you shall vainly ask for in the chief city of America is a distinctively American community. There is none;

² *How the Other Half Lives.*

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certainly not among the tenements. Where have they gone, the old inhabitants? I put the question to one who might fairly be presumed to be of the number, since I had found him sighing for the "good old days" when the legend, "No Irish need apply," was familiar in the advertising columns. He looked at me with a puzzled air. "I don't know," he said, "I wish I did. Some went to California in '49, some to the war and never came back. The rest, I expect, have gone to Heaven or somewhere. I don't see them around here."

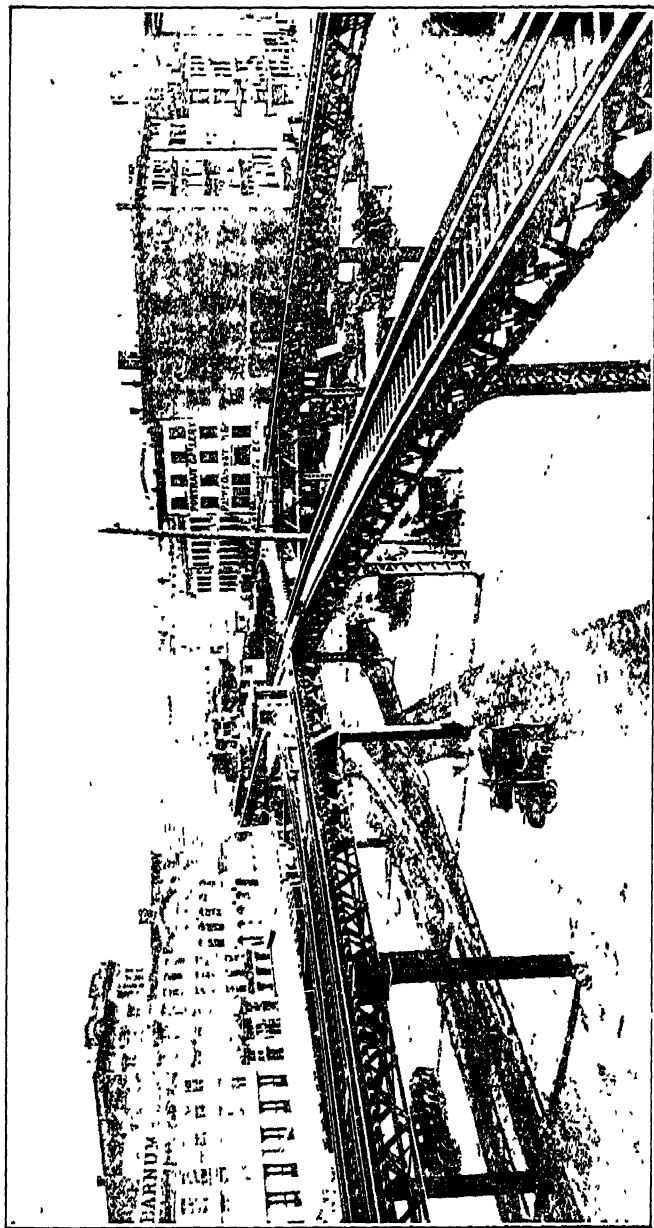
Whatever the merit of the good man's conjectures, his eyes did not deceive him. They are not here. In their places has come this queer conglomerate mass of heterogeneous elements, ever striving and working like whiskey and water in one glass, and with the like result; final union and a prevailing taint of whiskey. The once unwelcome Irishman has been followed in his turn by the Italian, the Russian Jew and the Chinaman, and has himself taken a hand at opposition, quite as bitter and ineffectual, against these later hordes. Wherever these have gone, they have crowded him out, possessing the block, the street, the ward with their denser swarms. But the Irishman's revenge is complete. Victorious in defeat over his recent as over his more ancient foe, the one who opposed his coming no less than the one who drove him out, he dictates to both their politics and, secure in possession of the offices, returns the native his greeting with interest, while collecting the rents of the Italian whose house he has bought with the profits of his saloon.

A huge Italian quarter was growing up west of the Bowery, along Mulberry and Mott streets. Mulberry Bend was the center of Little Italy. The Jews were dotting the Bowery, Baxter, Division, Grand, and other streets with their favorite business—clothing, dry goods, jewelry, pawnbroking, auctioneering, and the like; coming in increasing numbers from Russia, Poland, and Galicia, they were filling the tenements of Bayard and Hester (which latter, with its pushcarts, its Yiddish signs, its utterly exotic atmosphere, might have been a street in Odessa or Kovno); stocking every tenement back yard with chickens, which, spasmodically cleared out by

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indignant police, promptly came back again; they were surging eastward, an irresistible wave, past Chrystie, Forsyth, Eldridge, yes, even past Essex Street, slowly crowding out the old German and Anglo-Saxon inhabitants. A few of the latter still clung to private residences in Delancey and Livingston streets, in Henry and other streets far over towards the East River; and from Houston Street north they held on grimly.

Crowded in between the Italians and Chatham Square that strange, exotic community, Chinatown, was growing rapidly. It is said that a Cantonese native, Ah Ken by name, was the first Chinese resident of New York, settling here in 1858. Probably he was one of those Chinese mentioned in gossip of the sixties as peddling "awful" cigars at three cents apiece from little stands along the City Hall Park fence—offering a paper spill and a tiny oil lamp as a lighter. Anyhow, Ah Ken eventually opened a little cigar store on Chatham Street and established his home on Mott Street. A few years later Wah Kee opened a shop at 13 Pell Street, where he sold groceries, dried fish, fruits, and curios—also operating a gambling and opium den upstairs, which, with an increasing white trade, prospered mightily. Then another Cantonese launched a gambling and opium business on Mott Street. In 1872 there were twelve Chinamen in the neighborhood, and by 1880 a Chinese village of seven hundred had almost taken possession of the two short streets, Pell and Doyers, and of two blocks of Mott Street. It was a more interesting sight then than now, for most of the inhabitants still wore the pigtail, silken blouse, baggy trousers, and thick-soled shoes of the old country. There were scarce a dozen women in the colony, and white women and girls took their places and became slaves of the opium pipe, furnishing a problem which police, missions, and rescue agencies sought in vain for years to correct. Some of the most hideous and hopeless of female derelicts have been those who cowered in the shad-



New York Historical Society

CHATHAM SQUARE, LOOKING UP THE BOWERY IN 1880

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ows of Chinatown and were found dead now and then in its doorways or attics.

More immigrants were coming than our industry could decently support, and in the crowded slums many of them were driven to desperate, heart-breaking toil to keep soul and body together; Jews laboring day and night on trousers at a dollar a dozen pairs; Bohemians rolling cigars in their attic tenements at \$3.75 per thousand; and a man and wife, by working from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. might turn out three thousand—\$11.75 worth—in a week. The children of such families began working as soon as their little fingers could master a detail; or they became newsboys, or bootblacks, or vagabonds of the streets, living by begging, thievery or—in the case of the girls—by prostitution. All this inevitably colored the Bowery picture. No wonder a few of the East Side tenement folk inclined an ear to the sinister preaching of anarchism in the eighties—to anything that promised a change from life as it was. The Haymarket Riot in Chicago in 1886, when seven policemen were killed and sixty persons injured by a bomb, had some of its roots in New York's East Side. Johann Most, high priest of the cult, was arrested after the riot at his home at 198 Allen Street. Emma Goldman lived on First Street then, Justus Schwab's Liberty Hall, a notorious anarchist headquarters, was on First Street, and Clarendon Music Hall on Thirteenth Street was a popular place for their meetings. *Die Freiheit*, their newspaper, was published on William Street.

The Germans, with their peculiar static stolidity, still clung to their old love, the Bowery. The East Side had become like a bit of the Fatherland to them, and they gave it up slowly and reluctantly. For thirty years and more after the Civil War the great bal masques of the Liederkranz, Arion, and other societies at the Academy of Music and half a dozen other halls, the turnfests, sängerfests, the dances and merry-makings of smaller groups were a species of social activity which survivors to-day look back upon as Arcadian. There

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were clubs and associations composed of folk all from the same German province or city, and at their parties the richest and the poorest sang and danced together and exchanged memories.

In Loesling's Kaffee Haus, next door to the Windsor Theater (successor to the Stadt und Volks Garten), the crowds which sat nibbling *kuchen* and drinking coffee for an hour or so after the play were mostly German. At Feser Brothers' wine room, at 269 Bowery, leisured ones would sit all afternoon, playing skat or pinochle, taking a sip now and then of some favored drink, often May wine (a mixture of Rhine wine, champagne, and seasonal fruit juices), served at ten cents per *halb schoppen*. The waiter brought drinks as ordered and entered them on a slate on the wall; and at the end of a session, each man paid his score and a wet rag was passed over the slate.

At the newer Volks Garten, farther up the street, Jake Aberle, the host, and his buxom daughter Lena—sometime prima donna in the show, sometime ticket-seller in the box office—helped to entertain their guests at the tables when not busy elsewhere. In those genial days, one spoke to one's neighbor at table without introduction, and not only the host but the actors—the latter often in their stage costumes—sat drinking, lunching, and smoking with the guests. It was the traditional spirit of *gemüthlichkeit*. Aberle left the Volks Garten and opened the Tivoli, a little theater adjoining the old Astor Place Opera House, about 1880. James L. Ford records that his daughter Lena weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, loved moonlight effects and always insisted on playing Camille at her annual benefit. It was at the Tivoli that two East Side boys, Peter F. Dailey and James T. Powers, made their first impressions on the public. It was Ned Harrigan who saw Powers there and gave him a better chance.

When the Thalia Theater went Jewish in 1891, it was a sign that the Germans were losing their grip on the Bowery

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—though the Atlantic Garden, next door, retained its German custom for more than ten years longer.

From Houston Street northward, the Nordic element was still at bay as late as 1900—old Dutch-Anglo-Saxon families in Bowery Village, the Germans mostly nearer the East River. Second Avenue from Houston northward through the village was still a handsome residence street, though dotted here and there with German coffee houses and reading rooms. Along it and around St. Mark's Church and Stuyvesant Square were still many of the old families—Fish, Stuyvesant, Rutherford, Livingston, Keteltas, and so on. Senator William M. Evarts lived for many years and died at 231 Second Avenue. A favorite Sunday afternoon walk for East Side lovers was up the Avenue to Stuyvesant Square and back, perhaps stopping at one of the little German places for chocolate, tea, or coffee and cakes.

The Village was a bit of a literary center, too. Within a stone's throw of the old Stuyvesant pear tree Bayard Taylor and Richard Henry Stoddard had lived together in the sixties. Twenty years later Stoddard and his wife were boarding at "The Deanery," the humorously affectionate nickname of Miss Annie Swift's boarding house at Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street; and there Taylor, Stedman, and Howells were frequent visitors. Richard Grant White, Brander Matthews, and H. C. Bunner also lived in the Village then.

And over on Lafayette Place, even after 1900, a few families remained, some of whose elders recalled the gay days of the Astor régime, the Macready riot, and the end of Vauxhall. The opening of Lafayette to the City Hall and the digging of the subway through it finally drove the last of them away. But from 1875 on, they were almost within sound of the revelry of some of New York's worst dives. Who would have believed in 1835 that fifty years later aristocratic Bond Street would house a resort as disreputable as Fatty Flynn's? And Bleecker Street, how it had fallen! By 1870 it was a sort of shabby Bohemia, though still not vi-

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cious; but in the eighties three of the most noisome of dives disgraced it—Frank Stephenson's Black and Tan and The Slide, and The. Allen's American Mabilie at the corner of Broadway.

That was an era of resorts so scandalous that they acquired a national reputation. It is interesting to note that the great majority of them were *not* on the Bowery. To mention only a few, John Allen's, Kit Burns's Rat Pit, and The Hole in the Wall, all of an earlier day, were on Water Street; and in the eighties, beside the ones already mentioned, Harry Hill's was on Houston near Broadway, Billy McGlory's Armory Hall, perhaps the worst in New York's history, was at 158 Hester Street, the House of Lords and the Bunch of Grapes were at Crosby and Houston, the Haymarket and a score of others were in "Satan's Circus," up along Sixth Avenue. During Abram S. Hewitt's administration as Mayor in 1887-88, the most notorious of these were closed, and Stephenson and some other of the hosts and hostesses went to prison; but under the following Mayor the dance went on again, as unrefined as ever.

And yet, when a robot of Tin Pan Alley sat down to dash off one of those woe-begone "such-is-life-in-a-great-city" threnodies, he couldn't keep the Bowery out of it. What gray-templed citizen does not recall the opening lines of that gem of the nineties, "She is More to Be Pitied than Censured"?

At the old concert hall on the Bowery,
'Round the table were seated one night
A crowd of young fellows, carousing;
With them life seemed cheerful and bright.

He might just as well have laid the scene on Broadway or Sixth Avenue, but their names wouldn't have fitted into his meter so sweetly, nor would they have been so readily recognized as maelstroms of sin. "At the old concert hall on Sixth Avenue" would have had a dreadfully flat sound—

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though the plain truth of the matter is that Sixth Avenue then was probably worse than the Bowery. The very name of the latter lent itself to picaresque romance and sob balladry. If the street had had the luck of some of its equally disreputable neighbors and borne some colorless cognomen such as Centre or Division or First Street its evildoing would probably have been long since forgotten.

Observe how many of these disorderly dance halls named above were in the immediate vicinity of the Tombs and of Police Headquarters at 300 Mulberry Street. There were in that neighborhood, some within a biscuit's toss of Headquarters, scores, perhaps hundreds, of other dives and saloons which swarmed with thieves, thugs, pickpockets, swindlers, panel workers, gold brick and green goods merchants, and manipulators of knockout drops and the blackjack. Had the police force been honestly conducted, they could have been swept out of existence in two days. But under the reigns of those indulgent Tammany monarchs, "Honest John" Kelly and Richard Croker, they flourished like green bay trees.

Old settlers of the Bowery, with that unflagging loyalty which characterizes them to the last man, point to these other instances as evidence that the Bowery has been grossly maligned. "It wasn't a circumstance to Broadway," declares one of them. "Why, it used to be a saying that at Broadway and Houston you could fire a shotgun in any direction without fear of hitting an honest man. And at Broadway and Forty-second one day around 1890 a voice from a passing bus cried out, 'There's the man who stole my watch!' at which about a dozen men on the sidewalk broke and ran in various directions."

Nevertheless, the Bowery had much to blush for. It had some dives, too, the most notorious in the eighties being Owney Geoghegan's—pronounced Gagan, if the reader doesn't happen to know. Owney, in his youth, around the beginning of the Civil War, had been chief of the Gas House

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Gang, which had its headquarters in his saloon at First Avenue and Twenty-first Street. He prided himself on his ability with the gloves, though he had a playful way of concealing horseshoes in them at times. He was an active worker for Tammany Hall and a pugilistic rival of young Dick Croker. A fight was once arranged between the two, but (*puisque* the horseshoes, perhaps luckily for Croker) did not come off. Once when fighting with Con Orem, Geoghegan shouted indignantly, "He's got brass knucks on!" and when



OWNEY GEOGHEGAN

Orem opened his hands to show that the accusation was false, Owney, before he could guard, knocked him senseless with a blow to the jaw.

Geoghegan opened his dive at 105 Bowery in the seventies, and it became noted as a resort for some of the toughest characters in America. There was a "free-and-easy" every night in a small ring in the center of the room. Raw whisky was sold at ten cents the drink, and pickpockets and lush workers were always there, ready to rob the guest who passed into torpor. The gorilla-like waiters were necessary to the clientele, and for a purse of five dollars any two of them would put on a bare-knuckle fight in the house ring. If two

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of the customers quarreled, Owney suggested the same method of settling the dispute; such a bout, properly refereed, would save his furniture and entertain his other guests. The place was likewise a rendezvous for professional mendicants. There the blind man recovered his sight, the cripple laid aside his crutches and straightened his twisted leg, the one-armed man released the arm which had been tightly bound to his body all day, the coal mine or boiler explosion victim took off his bandages.

Geoghegan was a smooth-shaven, bright-eyed fellow who might, if dressed in clerical black, have passed for a clergyman; and he was a pleasant man to meet unless he had a score to settle with you. He stood well at Tammany Hall and was never in danger of being closed up. Police Captain Foley once quarreled with him and tried to shut his doors, but the dive-keeper was more powerful at Headquarters than the Captain, and instead of Owney's losing his license, Foley was sent to a lonely precinct in the suburbs. On the night after his enemy was "broke," Owney held a wake, with a coffin supposed to be Foley's, mockingly decorated, in the center of the prize ring, and the habitués all about, led by the host in a wailing chorus, "Why did he die? Why did he die?"

But the time came only a few years after that for Owney's own wake. His funeral, says James L. Ford, was a noteworthy function. "Two wives attended, and the drivers of their respective hacks fought all the way to Calvary for the place of precedence directly behind the hearse, each widow hoping that in this fashion she could establish conjugal rights."

Next door to Geoghegan's (No. 103) was a similar but not so famous dive, the Windsor Palace, kept by an Englishman, as were several other vicious resorts of the time. No one can say just how many murders were committed in these two places, as some of them were undoubtedly kept secret. Notwithstanding the character of the patrons of such places

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as this, it is a fact that if the stranger who visited them was not too flashily dressed, made no display of diamonds or a roll of money, kept sober and attended to his own business, he ran no risk of being robbed or harmed. It was the drunkard and the fool who were in danger. If one tendered a five- or ten-dollar bill in payment for drinks, one might find one's change short when it was returned, and too strenuous a complaint about that was apt to bring on trouble. Wise men carried small change with them when they went slumming.

Gombossy's Crystal Palace at 294 Bowery was a lively place, too, and noted for the artistry of its star pianist, Will H. Fox, who sometimes created a diversion by playing the piano with boxing gloves on. Fox was too good even for the Bowery; and finally, when young Ignace Jan Paderewski first created a furor in this country Fox, wearing a huge and riotous caricature of the virtuoso's then ample shock of hair, and a real horseshoe for a scarfpin, appeared in vaudeville as "Paddywhiskey" and did a clever burlesque. Gombossy's place and Louie Aressler's music hall at 27 Bowery, both crook resorts where there were many fights and sluggings, were discussed before the Fassett Committee, which was investigating the city's vice in 1890, and Gombossy's license was revoked.

Billy McGlory had the Alhambra Hall on the Bowery near Canal Street, but it was never as noisome nor as notorious a cesspool as his Armory Hall on Hester Street. John McGurk, a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, who first settled and operated a saloon in Boston, had perhaps the most evil fame of any of the dive-keepers of the Bowery. He came to New York in 1883 and opened a saloon with feminine attractions at Elizabeth and Houston streets. He prospered, and a year later opened the Mug, at 267 Bowery. This was known as a "schooner house," and it was said that waiters carried knockout drops in their pockets to slip into the drinks of patrons who looked easy and worth robbing.



A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST'S IDEA OF OWNEY
GEOGHEGAN'S DIVE AND THE WINDSOR PALACE

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When Hewitt was elected Mayor in 1887, McGurk's place was one of those closed up, but he opened a new one shortly at 253 Bowery, which he called the Sailors' Snug Harbor, catering to seafaring men and always with women to help the tars spend their money. McGurk many times declared vehemently, however, that no sailor was ever robbed in one of his resorts. He expanded in 1892, starting the Merrimac at 110 Third Avenue; was swept out of business in the reform wave following the Lexow investigation, but came back in 1895 and opened the place at 295 Bowery, which, first known merely as McGurk's, later brought great notoriety as Suicide Hall. More will be heard of it later.

Gunther's Pavilion was a widely known dive, as were those of Philadelphia Mike Cleary, just above Hester, a second-rate pugilist who was touted, however, as a mighty champion, and Sandy Spencer, a jovial redhead who could do his own bouncing if necessary. At Spencer's place Lew Brimmer, famous minstrel comedian and banjoist, but already declining, though only a little past forty, played his last engagements in 1882-83. In connection with some resorts, as in the basement of Paddy Martin's saloon at 9 Bowery, opium dens were appearing since the Chinese introduced the drug.

Bismarck Hall, at Pearl and Chatham streets, was noted for a series of cubicles extending under the sidewalk which were in effect a bagnio. The Hall and the neighboring House of Commons were the haunt of a strange character known as Ludwig the Bloodsucker—a stocky, swarthy German of the Neanderthal type, with a shock of stiff black hair covering his head and most of his face, thickets of it even growing from his ears and nostrils. It may have been his Pleistocene appearance which gave rise to the report that blood from the slaughterhouses was his favorite beverage—that is, when he couldn't conveniently get the human life-fluid. The Fleabag—the haunt of women so worn, raddled, and hideous that their appeal to men was inconceivable—the Doctor's, the Plague, the Hell Hole, the Harp House, Cripples' Home, and

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the Billygoat were all highly scented resorts on Chatham Street, or, as it must now be called, Park Row, the new name given it in the hope of improving its tone, or at least obliterating the bad odor of the old one.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ERA OF PERSONALITIES

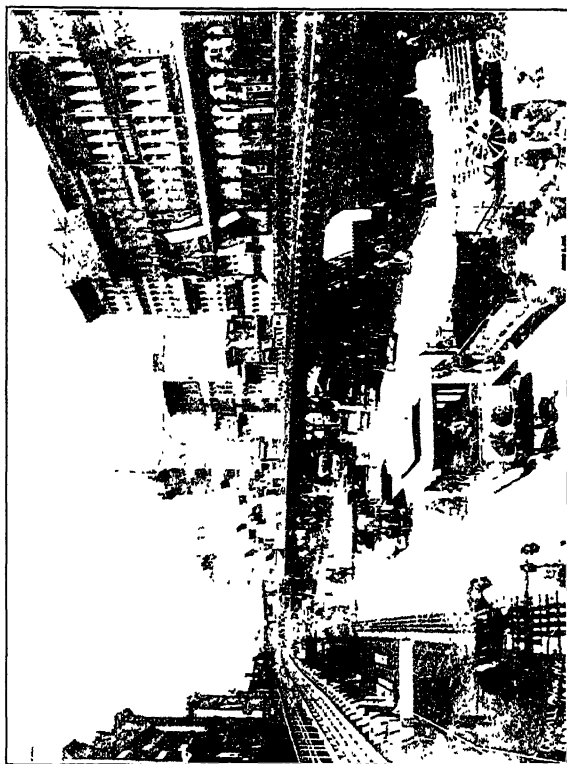
IT was the opinion of some of its friends that the introduction of electric arc lights—those big ones with two sticks of carbon in them which used to knock and clatter so loudly, especially at the pianissimo moments in orchestra concerts—had raised the tone of the Bowery, too, but unprejudiced observers were unable to detect it. True, the nights were brighter as electricity supplanted the gas globes. In 1884 there were 218 arc lights in front of stores and amusement places. “No tailor is too poor, no gimcrack store so impecunious that it cannot afford one,” wrote a traveler. In 1891 Julian Ralph patiently counted 263 such lights—189 on the west side of the street and 74 on the east. The west side was the gayer; Ralph counted the saloons and places where liquor was sold on the ground floor alone, and found 65 on the west side and 17 on the east—a total of 82, or an average of nearly 6 to the block. As there were five blocks on the west side on which no drinking places occurred, they were necessarily pretty thickly sprinkled through the other blocks. Often there were four or five of them in a row. Along Park Row and the Bowery between the City Hall and Cooper Union there were then one-fifth of all the pawnshops in the city and one-sixth of the saloons. Twenty-seven per cent of the arrests on the police books were then being debited to the Bowery district—that is to say, the Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth Wards. More than half of the city’s pawnshops, more than half of its saloons, were south of Fourteenth Street. These are figures pretty difficult for the Bowery apologist to explain away. But even in drawing the indictment we must concede

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that there were mitigating circumstances; poverty and ignorance were more to blame than innate human depravity.

As dreadful an agency for evil as was the old-time saloon, it had its good points. As has often been said, it was the poor man's club, and the only one he had in the great cities. There, for the price of a nickel glass of beer, he could smoke and chat with his cronies, there in the back room he held his political and labor union meetings, there often he could play cards, billiards, or pool. The saloon-keeper was his business adviser, his political mentor, his agreeable gossip, sometimes his banker. In the saloon the homeless man for a nickel could get not only shelter from the storm, not only the "Largest Glass of Beer in the City"—pictured on the window or on a signboard outside as about of the proportions of a wash-bowl—but a free lunch of meats, salt and pickled fish, kraut, cheeses, pickles, rye bread, and what not, sufficient to sustain him for the day; likewise a choice of newspapers which he could not afford to buy, and an hour or so in a warm, jovial atmosphere. It is true that everybody used the same fork at the free lunch table, just as everybody used the big towel steel-clamped to the railing of the bar to wipe the foam from the flowing walrus mustaches of the period; but germs had not been heard of then, and therefore were not so deadly.

The saloon-keeper, a clever business man—who seldom drank much himself and sometimes not at all—and usually a politician, knew that favors extended to men in his district brought good will and steady customers; but many a saloon-keeper was really a kindly man, lending a ready ear to the sorrows of widows and children and casting much bread upon the waters which he never hoped to see return. It is on the records of the Bowery Mission that one of its converts once sat, a homeless boy of seventeen, in a Bowery saloon, hungry, weak, pale, and discouraged. The bartender, touched by his plight, disapproving of a customer so young, glanced at him from time to time, and finally said, "Say, kid, why don't you go over to the Bowery Mission? They'll take care



New York Historical Society

THE BOWERY, LOOKING NORTH FROM CANAL STREET, 1885

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of you there." The youth went, embraced religion and became a respected citizen; and thus the saloons lost a customer because of a bartender's kind heart.

The Salvation Army girl who appeared on the Bowery in the eighties made her biggest money collections in the saloons; and woe be unto the man who jeered at or "got fresh" with an Army lassie in a barroom; he would be cast forth as rubbish to the dump, and not gently, either. One hears a kindly word for certain liquor dealers from Commandant Carrie Joy Lovett who, as a young worker on the Bowery early in the present century, made a specialty of rescuing stray girls, sometimes haling them bodily out of saloons and dance halls while they were stupid from drink or drugs and fighting off men who tried to prevent the salvage. Once the husky and determined woman skirmished for more than a block with a squad of pursuers intent on taking a girl away from her. Her clothing was torn and her arm painfully injured, but she triumphed, reaching an elevated station with her charge and boarding a train whose guard slammed the gate against the pursuers. There were many saloon-keepers and bartenders who aided her in her work; men who apparently disliked to see a girl take the first step downward, and who would privately call her attention to such a one, saying, "There's a new one, Joy. See what you can do for her." When she revisited the Bowery in 1924, after many years' absence, she went around to call upon some of the old bartenders and hosts who still remained, and they shook hands as old friends and exchanged reminiscences of the past.

Not every Bowery saloon was a dive forty years ago. There were some old-fashioned places, usually German, which did not countenance women customers, or at least, only respectable women who came by the family entrance into a back room with their husbands. There were even a few where a woman must stand outside the side door while her "growler" (beer bucket) was being filled inside. But it must

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be admitted that most Bowery saloons were of the free-and-easy type. Even if they did not have women entertainers or waitresses, there were women drinkers at the bar or the tables. A formal introduction to these was usually unnecessary. "What's yours, sis?" was all that was required to break the ice. If the inviter was a stranger, she usually took sherry, which was twenty-five cents a glass. Fake champagne, really "champagne cider" was sold to "easy marks" at three dollars per bottle, of which the girl got a dollar. Her commission on other wines and liquors was twenty per cent, on beer nothing. If a man ordered two beers without asking the girl to name her drink, it was a sign that he knew his way about. And not every woman in such a place was necessarily a trull. Perhaps even the dashing young person in sealskin sacque and painted face who sank wearily into a chair, put her feet on another one and called loudly for a scuttle of suds might be an honest working woman; the knife-thrower's target, say, from a neighboring "Theater and Musee" who was momentarily off duty while her marksman took part in the melodrama.

The still persisting German influence and the cheapness of beer made it the commonest tippie of the Bowery. In some places, when you sat down at a table a waiter plumped a thick, dingy mug of beer down before you as a matter of course, without asking for your order. On Sunday mornings the air would be heavy with the fragrance of stale beer from the kegs emptied the night before and set out on the sidewalks. Stale beer purveyors went around, draining through the bungholes the lees from these kegs, which they touched up with drugs to make it froth and sold in foul basement doggeries, such as Mulberry Bend, at one and two cents a glass. In some of these a round of drinks brought the privilege of staying the rest of the night—in a chair, on a stool, slumped forward on a table or on the unspeakably filthy floor, where one was in danger of being eaten by rats. Said Jacob Riis,

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Generally an Italian, sometimes a negro, occasionally a woman, runs the dive. Their customers, alike homeless and hopeless in their utter wretchedness, are the professional tramps and these only. The meanest thief is infinitely above the stale beer level. Once upon that plane, there is no escape. To sink below it is impossible; no one ever rose from it. One night spent in a stale beer dive is like the traditional putting on of the uniform of the caste, the discarded rags of an old tramp. That stile once crossed, the lane has no longer a turn.

"But that wasn't on the Bowery!" complain the old settlers. No, but it was within calling distance; so close that the bums infested the street and continue to do so yet, to its great detriment. More than half of the "bums' roosts" in the city—the cheap lodging houses which increased by scores and hundreds during the seventies and eighties—were in the Bowery district, that is, the Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth Wards. They housed not only the professional tramps and the unlucky down-and-outs, but also hordes of young men who had come to the city vaguely seeking fortune or drawn by its false glitter, as the moth by the flame. Here the crook or the fence, looking for allies, found them more readily than did the missionary, and the lodging houses became nurseries of crime. It was calculated in 1890 that nine thousand homeless young men lodged nightly along Park Row and the Bowery, between the City Hall and Cooper Union.

The places charging twenty-five cents per night haughtily insisted upon the title of hotels, and gave the lodger a so-called separate room, though it might have no window, was divided from others only by a head-high partition and had barely room for a cot and a chair. Their signs usually read, "For Gents Only." Competition between them was so keen in 1890 that some were advertising "Baths Free of Charge," or "A Cup of Good Coffee Served Mornings to Each Guest." The fifteen cent houses were better patronized. There the bed, its sheets and blankets foul from much using, stood in a large dormitory with many other bunks. Even this place

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furnished a locker for one's clothes ; but in the ten-cent lodging the locker disappeared. "There is no longer need of it," explained Riis. "The tramp stage is reached, and there is nothing to lock up." In 1885 for seven cents one might sleep on a strip of canvas stretched hammock-wise between heavy timbers. Riis knew a proprietor of three such places who cleared eight thousand dollars a year from them and lived in the aristocratic precincts of Murray Hill.

And finally, there were the "flop houses," where for a nickel you might sleep on the floor ; your space, but scantily larger than your body, marked off with chalk or white paint, so that you slept with arms touching your neighbors on either side. In later years the price of a flop rose to ten cents. Of course the cheap lodging houses swarmed with vermin, though some half-hearted gestures at cleanliness were made. In some of the flop houses a hose was turned on the floor ten minutes after the rising signal was given at daybreak, and it behooved all lodgers to make hasty exit at the word of warning. "In some of them places," Jeff Davis, "King of the Hoboes," recalled in recent years, "they used to burn a coupla pounds of sulphur every few days to kill off the weaklings among the cooties. Gee, the soldiers in France didn't know what real cooties were ! Why, the 'boes on the Bowery would catch cold without 'em."

Of course there must be eating houses to supply these impecunious lodgers. In the side streets south and west of Chatham Square in 1900 one could get a small steak (very small) or two fried eggs (not as old as the Chinese like them, but almost) or fried liver with rice pudding, coffee and rolls for a dime. In some a considerable portion of meat, with bread and potatoes, was served for eight cents. You might even enjoy an à la carte dinner in some higher class cafés, including alleged chicken stew, for thirteen cents. "Of course the chow in some of them places don't smell so good on a hot day," admitted the somewhat fastidious Jeff Davis. "But the strong grease they fry the eggs in sorta kills the taste



*From "How the Other Half Lives" by Jacob A. Riis.
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BUNKS IN A SEVEN-CENT LODGING HOUSE

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of the eggs." There were houses which supplied coffee and rolls for two cents, and at the bottom of the scale in cheapness was the Mariners' Temple on Henry Street near Chatham Square, where if you had only one solitary penny to your name, you could exchange it for a slice of stale bread and a bowl of pea soup *or* chicory-coffee. As high as fourteen hundred persons were sometimes served there in a day.

Less putrid than the stale beer dives but rather more deadly were the places frankly announced as distilleries, some of them on the Bowery, where fresh, raw whisky, made on the spot and much of it frightfully adulterated, was sold, often as low as three and five cents a glass. In some of the three-cent places, a veritable bowl of the chain lightning was served for a nickel or a dime, and the customer drank it in a rear apartment called the velvet room, where he promptly fell insensible and was allowed to remain until he recovered—if he ever did. The room was sometimes heaped and crisscrossed with the fallen, male and female, like dead and wounded on a battlefield. If one of them passed out, his body was covertly removed in the small hours of the night and dumped on the sidewalk at a distance.

There were other bodies stealthily deposited thus, too—in-sensible or defunct victims of knockout drops. The practice of drugging with chloral hydrate the drink of an intended victim of robbery began around 1870, and was often employed in low resorts for forty years or more thereafter. At one time a specialist known as Diamond Charlie because of his lavish display of gems had a sort of monopoly on the business of supplying the drug to crooks, and ran the price from two dollars up to five dollars per half-dram vial containing twenty grains of the chloral, though the cost to him was less than a dime. But Charlie's monopoly was at length broken and the price dropped to a quarter per dose. Many streetwalkers and dance hall women when arrested were found to have chloral hydrate in their muffs or purses. The pungent taste of the stuff in a glass of liquor could readily

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be detected by any one in his senses, and it was usually administered when the victim was already partly drunk. Thirty or forty grains were sometimes used when the peter players—as the administrators of the drug were called by the underworld—mixed the dose themselves, and if stertorous breathing indicated that the victim was in a serious condition, no time was lost in hustling him out by a side or back door to some remote spot, preferably in front of a competitor's door.

The largest rendezvous of peter players in the city was for a time in Worth Street, near Chatham Square. The *Sun* charged in 1892—and was not sued for libel—that a gang of peter players had their headquarters in the Old Tree House, then a low hotel and saloon, at Bowery and Pell Street and in the World Poolroom, across the street at 19 Bowery. They were known as the Pretzel Gang, because they were mostly Germans, and when arrested, represented themselves as bakers. The Old Tree House was a fifteen-cent hotel, and many crooks who worked "on the single" lodged there. A curious item is that some of them made a specialty of robbing suburban post offices.

Crooks learned to mix other drugs for the obliteration of consciousness, some of their compounds being more dangerous even than chloral. There was one lethal dose called the Mickey Finn, which some old-timers still believe was the cause of Chuck Connors' death. Knockout drops made a delightfully sinister motif which has been much overworked by wild-eyed writers of underworld stories and newspaper articles. Many an alleged knockout drops case was really one of robbery while the victim was drunk. In most dance halls and saloons, however, the stranger ran no risk whatsoever of being either drugged or robbed. The better class of places were content with the enormous profits accruing from their legitimate trade.

In 1900 there were saloons or rooms where saloons had been in continuous operation for fifty years and more—a testimonial to their importance in the Bowery scene. Some

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of these were on the former Chatham Street, to which the name Park Row (originally applied early in the nineteenth century only to its lower end, between Ann and Frankfort streets) had been officially extended in 1886. Park Row continued for years thereafter to be as disreputable as Chatham Street had been, but outside of New York its name was scarcely known. Many an outlander when in a Park Row dive thought he was on the Bowery.

Thompson's saloon at 166 Park Row, had been famous since Isaiah Rynders' days; and the Columbian, the original Tom and Jerry house, had been opened by "Uncle Harrison" at 227 in the days when Pierce Egan's heroes were the mode among the sports. Billy McKeon in 1900 had been at 18 Bowery for thirty years, keeping the place run by Polly Hopkins in the fifties when it was a favorite of the Bowery Boys. White-headed Harry Cooper had been host at his saloon at Bowery and Houston for more than half a century. "Old Man Flood's at 27 Third Avenue had been founded about 1850, when the site of the Bible House was a stoneyard. McSorley's Old House at Home in Seventh Street, just around the corner from Cooper Square, a quiet place seldom seen by strangers, continued as late as 1910 to be just what it had begun to be sixty years before—an alehouse with sanded floor, timbered ceiling, massive tables and chairs, pewter mugs, musty old ale, ancient lithographs, and pictures on the wall, including some Currier & Ives items which collectors would fight for now, and a clay pipe and tobacco supplied free to every patron if desired.

Some of these were considered respectable places—as respectable as a saloon can ever be. Other genteel resorts were the Cafe Loesling, already mentioned, and Harry Johnson's Little Jumbo at 119 Bowery; Johnson, the inventor of piquant, ambrosial drinks whose formulæ were all in his *Bartender's Manual*, magician whose liquid rainbow in air from shaker to glass enthralled the beholder, and who could

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mix a drink for five persons so that it filled five glasses to the brim without a drop left over. Beside his door a famous signboard more than four feet high listed some one hundred of his mixed drinks in pyramidal form, beginning at the top with the shortest name, Gin Fizz, and so proceeding downward, gradually flaring through names of increasing length, such as Egg Nog, Alabazam, Shandygaff, Tom Collins, Brain Duster, Happy Moment, Hannibal Hamlin, Sitting Bull Fizz, and New Orleans Punch to the base of the cone.

A noteworthy place, both saloon and restaurant, was that of Pat Farley, the politician. "Pat Farley!" repeated an old Boweryite fondly, when we mentioned his name. "Ah, there was a faine mon! He was one of the boodle Aldermen, ye know." The reference was to the famous Aldermanic Council of 1884, twenty-one of whose members were bribed by Jacob Sharp to grant his Broadway street car franchise, receiving \$22,000 each for the favor. Some, in fear of justice, fled to Canada, but Farley, though under suspicion, stood pat and bluffed it out; and in the following year he bought the Hauser beer garden at 133 Bowery, possibly with his traction "boodle." He put a bar in every room, served excellent food and prospered apace—though a free spender—for nearly thirty years thereafter. There latterly used to gather the old settlers of the Bowery, some of whose memories went back to the palmy days of Tom Hyer and the volunteer Fire Department. When Farley died in 1914, having no heirs, he bequeathed his effects to friends and employees—his watch to one friend, his diamond scarfpin to another; a thousand to this man, three thousand to that. His café he turned over to four old bartenders and waiters, one of whom, Joe Brady, had been in his employ for thirty-three years.

Most famous of all Bowery food and drink houses was Mike Lyons's, at 259 and 261, between Stanton and Houston, which for thirty-five years—from 1872 to 1907—was the center of the East Side Bohemia. During the last thirty years of its existence the doors were never closed, day or

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night. There was a bar, but it was subordinate to the restaurant, which grew until it occupied two floors in the double building and would seat perhaps three hundred diners. Mike's was to the Bowery what Jack's used to be to Broadway; the place where all-night revelers went, perhaps from a ball at Everett, Webster, or Tammany Hall to eat breakfast just as the sun was rising over the East River. There everybody that was anybody on the East Side, honest or dishonest, was seen sooner or later. Night slumming parties from uptown never failed to drop in, not only to eat good food in an interesting atmosphere, but because it was whispered that you might see all classes, from priest to crook, from millionaire to clerk; from Chauncey M. Depew, who enjoyed a meal at Mike's so often that he was nicknamed the Bowery Peach down to Schuyler Van Ness, the nabob of panhandlers. Solemn reformers, studying the Bowery cosmos as a drop of water under a microscope, might be sitting unconsciously elbow to elbow with some famous dive-keeper or courtesan; Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt at this table, Red Leary, the burglar, at that; Police Chief Devery perhaps cheek-by-jowl with Ike Vail, the confidence man. General Chester A. Arthur was seen there often before he became President. Many a veteran East Sider cherishes the memory of having sat at table with President Roosevelt or President Arthur. "Yes, sir, just as close as I am to you now! And he passed me the bread, and—" Oh, yes, and near by on Forsyth Street was the saloon of Barney Rourke, to whose back room General Arthur made that secret call one Sunday morning when he was President, because Barney, a district boss, would not come to him for a conference concerning a knotty point in state politics; an incident probably unique in our annals.

Jiggs, the cartoon hero, would have loved Mike Lyons's, for corned-beef-and-cabbage was an item on the menu every day in the year. As for tips, many a patron had a regular table and paid his waiter, not by the meal, but by the month.

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A dollar a month was considered fair enough. It was one of the events of campaign year to see Mike after the election, parceling out to the winners the money—sometimes as much as \$100,000, all told—which had been placed in his hands as stakeholder of election bets, often without the formality of a receipt.

At Lyons's, too, and in a lesser degree at Farley's and the dining room of the Occidental (old Westchester) Hotel, one saw all the actors, the pugilists, the gamblers, the sports; all the politicians—the Sullivans, from Big Tim on down, the O'Briens, the O'Rourkes, Tom Foley, Paddy Divver, Jimmy White, John F. Ahearn, John C. Sheehan, Silver Dollar Smith, Julius Harberger and lesser lights such as Fiddle Finkelstein, Handsome Tom Kearney, Recorder Goff's body-guard, shadow and pantata; Slippery Johnny Leipziger, who earned his sobriquet when he made his way to a Democratic convention in Kansas City without paying any railroad fare; Mustache Ike Witkoski, President of the Bowery Business Men's Association; Chesterfield Sam Levy; Big Feet Louie Gordon; Blinky Conroy; Uncle Charlie Morlath; Jimmy Oliver, the Pride of Paradise Park; Schatchen Max Hahn, the marriage broker; Cross-eyed Murphy; Thomas J. McManus, "The McManus," who wavered back and forth between Tammany and the Republicans every few years, and whose seven brothers followed his every shift and voted just as he directed; Sarsaparilla Reilly, so dubbed because of his favorite drink which he preferred even to champagne; Harry Oxford the Beaut., divekeeper and dandy, much in demand as a leader of the grand march at political balls, and a promoter of balls himself; Stitch McCarthy (real name Samuel Rothberg), "Mayor of Grand Street," a strong Republican who for years after he became a successful politician continued to drive a wagon, delivering papers for an afternoon daily.

The Occidental, a political hive for the better part of a century, still the boast of the Bowery for its cuisine and serv-

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ice, famous from 1900 to 1913 as the headquarters and most of that time the home of Big Tim Sullivan, prided itself on having fed other great men in its dining room; Mayors Hugh Grant, Robert A. Van Wyck and—in his bright-eyed and exuberant youth—James J. Walker; Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, Big Boss Charlie Murphy, a prominent lawyer named Charles E. Hughes who was being talked of for the governorship and that rising young politician, Al Smith, Alderman, Sheriff, and Assemblyman. The elegant Colonel Mickey Padden was married in the drawing room. The hotel was likewise for many years a haunt of sporting men. Its old registers have been destroyed, worse luck! but if extant they would show among others the names of famous pugilists—John L. Sullivan, Terry McGovern, Joe Bernstein, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jake Kilrain, Tom Sharkey, Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil (the original Jack), Charley Mitchell, George Dixon, and many more. There among them was young William A. Brady, Jim Corbett's dramatic manager and as much interested in boxing as in theatricals; and his friend, the glittering Diamond Dan O'Rourke, "Mayor of Park Row," saloon-keeper, politician, boxing promotor, who first brought Jim Jeffries east and gave him his chance; O'Rourke in whose saloon were for a time seen the only barmaids—his two daughters, actually drawing and mixing drinks as in English "pubs"—in New York's history. O'Rourke's place was long a rendezvous of the Bohemians, male and female, of Newspaper Row, including the famous Nellie Bly, who made that spectacular dash around the world to surpass Jules Verne's fictional record.

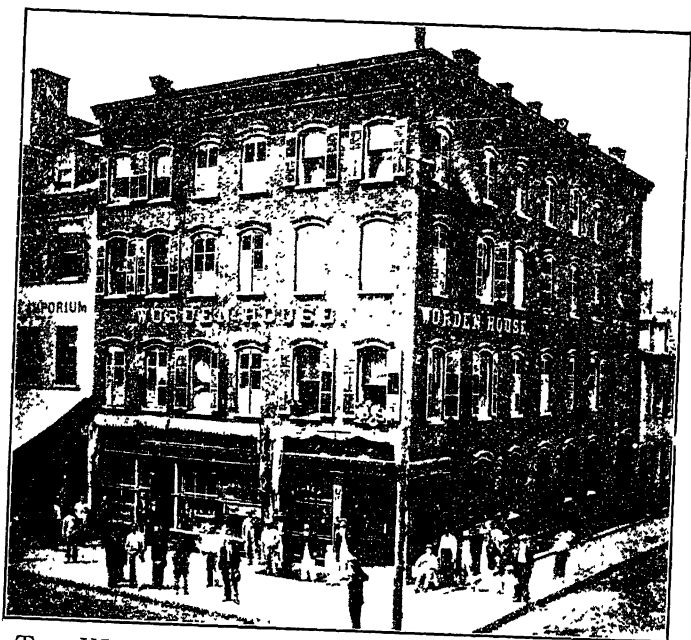
The ceiling of the Occidental's big barroom was one vast painting whose fame spread even to the Pacific, and which is still spoken of with awe by the old-timers as a work of high art. The subject was—yes, any one could guess it—a bathing scene; "Diana Surprised," perhaps, though no one seems to remember any title. The barroom of the Worden, down at the southwest corner of Bayard Street, had a ceiling, too,

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this one of carved black walnut, which people went miles to see. The Bowery swarmed with hotels; there were hotels on all the four corners of Bayard Street, although the shabby, quarter-a-night Cob Dock on the southeast corner was sometimes called a dive or a crooks' hangout by the reform element.

The Worden bar was noted not only for its ceiling but for its bartender, Paul Bauer, in later years operator of fine cafés at Coney Island. Corbet, a Belgian gentleman of distinguished mien and faultless attire who owned the hotel from about 1880 to 1895 changed the name to the Van Dyke—but not in honor of his own gray beard, so regularly groomed by Poujol, "the learned French barber," for it was of the typically Parisian spade cut. Corbet was one of the several fathers-in-law of the cornetist, Jules Levy, who attained fame in a day when cornet solos were more highly regarded than now; and Levy spent many an hour in practice on his horn in an upper room of the hotel, no doubt to the great pleasure of other lodgers. Corbet was a chicken fancier, one of the first to use an incubator in this country, and announced himself on his business cards as Professor of Gallinoculture.

The Kenmore, on the northeastern corner of Bayard, was run by John Howard, whose honesty was proverbial. Many a sailor or reveler left hundreds of dollars, watches, or jewelry in Howard's hands; perhaps was shanghaied or strayed away and didn't call for the treasure until months or years had elapsed—but always found it there intact when he appeared again. On the northwest corner the old New England, the former North American, was still considered one of the good hotels of the city; but after an existence of sixty-five years it was demolished in 1891 to be replaced by the power house of the Third Avenue street car line, which was just turning from horses to electricity, and Professor Corbet appropriated its name for his Van Dyke Hotel, across the street.



THE WORDEN HOUSE, BOWERY AND BAYARD STREET,
1865



LOOKING INTO DOYERS STREET FROM CHATHAM
SQUARE: CHATHAM CLUB IN RIGHT DISTANCE
AND CALLAHAN'S BAR

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And down at the corner of Mott Street and Chatham Square in the seventies and eighties, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, Hibernian patriot and exile, fomenter of Fenian invasions of Canada and publisher of the *United Irishmen*, conducted a hostelry whose atmosphere seethed with hatred of Britain and plots against Queen Victoria's crown. There were other hotels, too numerous to be catalogued.

Pugilists and sports who visited the Bowery were usually found at some time or other spinning yarns in the back room of Steve Brodie's saloon. Steve was one of the most renowned of Bowery characters, simply because he was a clever and tireless seeker of publicity. A native of the Five Points, a stocky, dark-haired, bright-eyed Irish boy, he blacked boots in front of French's Hotel, where the Brooklyn Bridge now ends, and later sold papers along Park Row and the Bowery. Isaac Myers, an old curio dealer at 205 Bowery, claimed to have given Steve the idea which made him famous and wealthy. The Brooklyn Bridge had been completed in 1883 and was one of the wonders of America. One R. E. Odium of Brooklyn sought fame by jumping from it in 1885, but struck the water on his side and was killed. Myers said that Steve, then in his early twenties, remarked to him one day several months later that he wished he knew how to make a name for himself.

"Jump off the Brooklyn Bridge," remarked Myers, carelessly.

"I'll do it," said Steve, after a moment's thought. He secured the interest of some sporting friends, and publicity was devised by a fake bet of one hundred dollars that Brodie would not dare the leap. Oddly enough, the date of the function was kept secret. But suddenly on July 23, 1886, it was announced that the leap had been made. An air of mystery surrounds the affair, and the facts probably still elude the historian. Steve's friends and backers claimed to have been present when he climbed over the rail, hurtled downward, and was picked out of the water by the crew of a

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barge which just happened to be passing. Then one or two persons, cudgeling their memories, seemed to remember having seen a body shooting downward. Scoffers assert that if anything fell, it was a dummy, and that Steve, a good swimmer, dived from concealment under a dock near by, swam under water and came up near the boat at the proper moment.

That brought him an engagement at Alexander's Museum, 317 Bowery, where he talked and danced, and then at other museums. Two years later he made a tactical error when he essayed to swim the Niagara rapids in winter, clad in a rubber suit. He was daunted by the wild, white, icy water; he would not release his hold of the rope which was to give him his start, and finally screamed to be drawn out. "I was kilt wit' the cold or I'd 'a' done it!" he sobbed as he lay on the bank. He did not make another mistake like that.

For such a famous character it was easy to find a brewery who would set him up in the saloon business. His place at 114 Bowery became a mecca for sports and slumming parties. Brodie saw to that. There were three rooms in a row, the two rear ones being the snuggery where Corbett, Sharkey, McGovern, and other boxers and sporting characters sometimes gathered to swap yarns and discuss congenial topics. If they weren't there when sight-seers came in, other loungers must impersonate them. Owen Kildare tells of playing Jake Kilrain on one such occasion at Brodie's whispered request.

The barroom was a museum of oddities, souvenirs, and wise-cracking wall mottoes. The main feature was a large East River landscape in oil, showing Brodie half way in air from bridge to water. This was considered proof of the feat, even had there not been a framed affidavit from the barge captain who claimed to have pulled Steve out of the tide. When he was asked, as he frequently was, why he did not repeat the jump in the presence of witnesses, Steve's answer always was, "I done it oncet."

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On the wall hung belts and trophies of various kinds, some presented to the hero, some picked up in pawnshops. One professed to be the diamond-studded belt for which Sullivan and Kilrain fought. The framed cards were mostly designed to forestall bromidic questioners and deadbeats:—"The Clock is Never Right"; "We Cash Checks for Everyone"; "If you don't See What You Want, Steal It"; "If you Haven't any Money, the Hydrant is in the Rear"; "When the Bartender is Awfully Busy, then is the Time to Bother Him"; "\$10,000 in the Safe to be Given Away to the Poor; ask the Bartender for What you Want"; "If You Ain't Got any Money, Steal a Watch." A battered bugle hung near the ceiling and on it a card reading, "If You don't Blow Yourself, Blow This." Beside the clock was another card, "The Clock Ticks, but We Don't." Hanging over the door to the back room was, for undistinguished loafers, the familiar harbor warning: "Cable Crossing; Don't Anchor."

Swipes the Newsboy, pugilist and pride of the New York Dime Museum, was to be starred in a melodrama, but suffered eclipse when he inadvertently killed an opponent in the ring. The producers bethought them of the famous Brodie and diffidently approached him: Would he act? Would he! Did Steve ever miss an opportunity to bask in the spotlight? He demanded a share in the show and a salary which momentarily stunned the promoters, but they rallied and signed a contract.

The play—its modest title was "On the Bowery"—was rewritten so as to bring in Steve's leap from the bridge, but this time "to save the girl." The company opened at Philadelphia in August, 1894, and came via Brooklyn to the People's Theater—for of course Steve could not think of playing anywhere else in Manhattan than on the Bowery. The day of the opening, October 22, was like Inauguration Day in Washington. The theater was gorgeously decorated, and a big banner with "WELCOME HOME—STEVE BRODIE"

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swung across the street. All day long, wagons and trucks were unloading floral tributes at the door. A huge model of the Brooklyn Bridge in flowers (an opus of Le Moulton, the Bowery florist, who hauled it around town on a truck for two or three hours as an advertisement) was tagged, "From your friend, Jim Shannon." Police Magistrate Paddy Divver, Fourth Ward boss, with characteristic modesty, sent a Gargantuan pillow of roses and chrysanthemums, with letters ten inches high worked into it, "WELCOME BRODIE—P. DIVVER."

The jam that night was terrific. Harry Miner, owner of the theater, then a candidate for Congress, stood smiling in the lobby, pinkly barbered and flower-budded, while portraits of him were sprinkled on the walls, all cut low enough to show the *boutonnière*. To say that the play was a success is an absurd understatement. The setting of Act II, the interior of Brodie's saloon, was considered a triumph of realism—a real bar and fixtures, including that up-to-date device, a cash register, real painted women drinking real beer; and when Steve came on, the applause stopped the show. Bowery folk were evidently a musical lot, for they burst into song on the slightest provocation. In that act there was an aria in Bowery Italian, the Bridge Sweeper sang a moral ballad, Delaney the bum did a series of parodies and Brodie crowned the occasion by singing "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl." If memory fails not, his rendition of it ran, in part, something like this:

Of course ev'ry boy has a sweetheart,
An' some boys dey have two or t'ree.
Of all de goils in dis great city,
Dere is only one in it wit' me.
She lives wit' her folks on de Bow'ry,
A few doors away from Canal,
An' helps to support her old mother,
Does my little Bowery gal.

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CHORUS

My Poil is a Bowery goil,
She's all de woild to me.
She's in it wit' any de goils 'round de town,
An' a corkin' good looker. See?
At Walhaller Hall she kills dem all,
As waltzing togedder we twoil.
She sets dem all crazy, a spieler, a daisy,
My Poil's a Bowery goil.

In that act Steve saved Hobart, the young aristocrat hero—hero only technically, for Brodie's was all the heroism—from arrest with the modest statement that the man who dared oppose the process of the law was "Steve Brodie, the King of the Bowery." But it was in Act III that the great climax arrived—first on the walkway of the bridge, whence Steve sees the caitiff tools of the villain Thurlow Bleeckman hurl the heroine Blanche into the river. Other horrified witnesses naturally turn to Steve as the only hope in the crisis. "There's one chance in a thousand that you can save her. Will you take it, Brodie?" "You bet your life I will!" the brave fellow answers elegantly, and over he goes. Quick change to the river level—not a tank, as it should have been, but a partially darkened, perfectly dry stage, with Steve plunging down through a trap, alighting with a muffled bump and eyes closed against the showers of rock salt thrown upward by stage hands from below to simulate spray. As the curtain fell, the house tottered with enthusiasm. A procession of ushers came down the aisles bearing floral offerings, which banked the whole front of the stage; and Steve appeared, astonishingly dry, considering the fact that he had just emerged from the river, and made a speech, "Friends and neighbors—I won't call you ladies and gents; everybody's that—I thank you. I feel proud of my reception on the old street."

Brodie was quite at ease, and justified his boast of histrionic talent, at least of a melodramatic sort. When he sang

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"My Pearl" in the second act, the audience would not let him go without an encore; so he finally obliged with a ballad which had been popular for some two years past, and over which the Bowery was inclined at that time to chuckle as a tribute to its own smartness and "toughness." It was called "The Bowery," and the comedian Harry Conor had first sung it in Charles M. Hoyt's comedy, "A Trip to Chinatown," in 1892. Elderly folk will remember well how its popularity swept across the country in their youth.

Oh, the night that I struck New York, I went out for a little walk.

Folks who are onto the city say, better far that I took Broadway. But I was out to enjoy the sights: there was the Bowery ablaze with lights;

I had one of the Devil's own nights, I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS

The Bowery, the Bowery!
They say such things and they do strange things
On the Bowery, the Bowery!
I'll never go there any more!

I had walked but a block or two, when up came a fellow and me he knew.

Then a policeman came walking by, chased him away and I asked him why.

"Wasn't he pulling your leg?" said he. Said I, "He never laid hands on me."

"Get off the Bowery, you yap!" said he. I'll never go there any more.

I went into an auction store; I never saw any thieves before. First he sold me a pair of socks. Then he said, "How much for the box?"

Someone said two dollars and I said three. He emptied the box and gave it to me.

"I sold you the box, not the socks," said he. I'll never go there any more.



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STEVE BRODIE'S SALOON, 114 BOWERY. NOTE PICTURE OF THE
BROOKLYN BRIDGE LEAP ABOVE

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I went into a concert hall. I didn't have a good time at all. Just the minute that I sat down, girls began singing "A New Coon in Town."

I got up mad and spoke out free. "Somebody put that man out," said she.

A man called a bouncer attended to me. I'll never go there any more.

I struck a place that they called a dive. I was lucky to get out alive.

When the policeman heard my woes, saw my black eyes and my battered nose,

"You've been held up," said the copper fly. "No, sir, but I've been knocked down," said I.

Then he laughed, but I couldn't see why. I'll never go there any more.

When Brodie warbled it in 1894, the Bowery hadn't yet discovered that the song was detrimental to the street's prosperity. Ten years later complaints were arising that it had worked an injury, and to-day, veteran East Siders will swear that it was nothing else than that slanderous lampoon that "killed" the street. Poor Charlie Hoyt, before he lost his reason and died, was actually called upon to deny that he had harbored any animus against the Bowery, and that he wrote the thing only to provoke a laugh. And the fact was that he put into the doggerel only what was already common gossip in New York and in many places else beside. It is true that this immensely popular song spread the story of the Bowery's foibles more widely than ever. But for that matter, so did Steve Brodie and his play when they toured the country after their New York run, picturing low-browed Bowery thugs at their nefarious work and introducing to many who had never heard it before a pronunciation with which the language of most New Yorkers is generously tinged, together with a vocabulary which from that day to this has borne irremediably the categorical name of "Bowery dialect."

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As Brodie became prosperous, he tried in vain to induce his old mother to move into a better lodging, one more worthy his own station in life. But she was as stubborn as flint and refused to leave the three little rooms where her old man had died and Steve had been born, and finally her son, in despair went to the extremity of having her evicted. As she sat dolefully on the sidewalk amid her pathetic little household gods, with the neighbors around, commiserating her, Steve came opportunely along, hoping to find her in a more complaisant humor. But both the old lady and the neighbors fell upon him and berated him so soundly that he was glad to move back into her old rooms again, light a fire, and boil a pot of tea for her.

"And may the Divil fly away wid you, Steve," she grumbled, "but I'll niver go away from here until I'm waked and carried out."

Brodie knew the value of publicity—any kind of publicity—as well as Barnum had known it. "Say something about me," he begged McCardell and the other reporters whose beat was the Bowery. "Say I'm a crook, a faker, that I never jumped off a curbstone; anything, so you print my name"—for every time they did so, "the hayseeds and suckers" came in hordes, and the clang of the cash register made music in his ears.

He was a bright-faced, personable chap, always well groomed in his prosperity and with shirt front and plump fingers glittering with diamonds. Hero-worshippers were flattered if he would drink with them, and so he stood in front of his bar by the hour and drank little whisky glasses of beer, mostly foam, so small that he thought they could not injure his health. His assertion that these tiny drinks for which the customers paid at five cents each brought him in an average of thirty dollars a day is rather fantastic; but they were enough to bring on diabetes, and he died in 1901, aged somewhere from thirty-five to thirty-eight.

It was in Brodie's time that the latter-day Bowery Boy

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type was at its zenith—not in beaver hat, fireman's shirt and boots and with soaped hair as in ante-bellum days, but in pearl-gray or brown derby tilted over one ear, loud-checked Baxter Street suit with tight coat, pink-striped shirt, perhaps a flaring box overcoat. This figure, "me steady," was inevitably accompanied by another, "me rag" or "me bundle," in a tight-fitting jacket over a corseted waist, somewhat be-draggled skirt reaching to the ground as became the period, and a nondescript hat whose feather was frequently broken. The extreme of this type rather gloried in its crudity. On Saturday night, still a big night on the Bowery, when pianos were tinkling in the saloons and panel houses, hurdy-gurdies wheezing on the streets, rifles popping in the shooting galleries, women tapping on windows as men passed by, L trains thundering overhead, fire wagons clanging past with clatter of galloping hoofs, fiddles and pipes whining and squealing in Chinatown, street vendors crying fruit, peanuts, hot corn—yes, hot corn still!—trinkets, fake devices, solid gold collar buttons ("proving" with acid a sample button which was coated with vaseline), barkers bawling at the dime museums—on Saturday night, in the crowds that thronged the sidewalks might be seen the American coster, the Bowery "mug" with his "rag" on one arm and the other squared aggressively, ready to defend his honor if impugned by too vigorous a shove. And on Sunday, speling (dancing) on the Coney Island boats, the male with head bent over his gum-chewing partner's shoulder so that they two were ear to ear; he mayhap smoking a cigarette, of which there was only one brand of any consequence then, Sweet Caporal, with a picture of an actress or a baseball player in every package.

The honest fellow is pictured in such songs as "Only a Bowery Boy," written by Charles B. Ward, "the Original Bowery Boy"—how he earned the title is not explained—"and sung with great success"—such ballads were invariably sung with great success—"in John Kernell's 'McFadden's Elopement Co.'"

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I was born down on the Bowery,
Between Spring Street and Prince.
My old man and my mother,
Has lived there ever since.
I has a pretty sister
I works hard to support;
But when we knocks off Saturdays,
Till Monday I can sport.
My mother goes out washing,
My sister minds the place.
The old man he ain't working,
But the can he likes to chase.
I makes my little eight a week,
I'm satisfied with dat.
On Saturday night I takes home six
And dumps it in Mother's lap.

CHORUS

Oh, I'm only a Bowery boy, won't take no bluffs nor call.
The gang all says I'm a hot spieler; I takes in every party and ball.
Down in the Fourteenth Ward, all the pleasures of life I enjoy.
And the roundsmen all says to the coppers, "He's all right, he's a Bowery boy."

The swagger of the Tough Guy and his girl on the street became a ballroom stunt—the Hard Walk. At the Sunday afternoon "swarrees" at New Irving Hall, at the balls of the Bowery Indians, the East Side Crashers, the Plug Hats, the Lady Flashers, the Jolly 48, the Lady Liberties of the Fourth Ward and the like at Walhalla or Webster Halls, there were prizes given for proficiency in the stunt. But realism, naturalness were demanded in it, not burlesque. "Do it on de level, now," the floor manager admonished. "No cake walk; de Hard Walk—de real thing! Walk it just like you was on de lane wit' yer bundle on yer arm." These contests did not always end happily. The ball of the Eothens, a "literary, dramatic, social and dancing club," at Walhalla broke up in a

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riot when President Reddy McDevitt awarded the prize for the best "spieling" to Jimmy Sullivan and Daisy Gorona.

The pridefully Tough Girl was an outstanding figure of the period. She, too, was made known to the country through the medium of the stage. Ned Harrigan discovered in California a pretty girl named Ada Lewis doing a bit in vaudeville houses, a sketch of a type of girl in Tar Flat, a slum district of San Francisco, and he thought it so clever that he took her to New York with him. When he opened his own theater on Thirty-fifth Street near Sixth Avenue in 1890—it still stands—with "Reilly and the 400," Ada Lewis displayed her Tough Girl to the eastern world. She was a bit tougher, more of a hoodlum than the average Bowery type; Tar Flat was reminiscent of the old Five Points and Hell's Kitchen; but she was a hit, and the Bowery "rag" actually showed a tendency to imitate her. The amazed modern who sees a photograph of Miss Lewis in this part, with shoulders hunched forward, arms dangling and comely face drawn into a sour sneer is apt to gain a confused impression that she is slightly deformed or suffering from some painful and wearing disease. But the disease was in the psyche, not in the body; and probably there were very few girls like that in all the world.

Nevertheless, the picture became known everywhere, and in America's mind it was connected not with Tar Flat but with that notorious street, the Bowery. Little girls in genteel parlors swaggered across the floor and sang,

You see in me a dead tough girl
Who's known to all de gang.

The craze spread to literature. In 1893 Stephen Crane's *Maggie* and in 1895 Edward W. Townsend's *Chimmie Fadden* made New York's gutter dialect in its most exaggerated "dese, dem and dose" form known to the whole continent. Conversation everywhere was punctuated with the supposed

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Bowery gesture, a lateral slicing motion with the hand held flat, palm down and almost at a right angle to the arm; and spiced with "youse guys," "dead game sport," "Hully chee!" "Chase yerself!" "Wot t'ell!" "See?" and the underworld technology, "come-on," "come-back," "easy mark," and "he trun a scare into him," with which George Appo, half-white, half-Chinese crook and pathetic plaything of fate, enriched the records of the Lexow Committee sittings in 1894.

It became more than ever the fad to visit the Bowery, especially on the part of hinterlanders—see Steve Brodie, maybe shake his hand and drink with him, sit in a real dive and shudder at tales of white slavery and underground opium dens in Chinatown. So great was the demand that it became necessary for Chinese and white promoters to equip special joss houses—invariably called josh houses on the Bowery—and opium dens for the tourist trade, as the Chinese were naturally a bit shy about displaying the genuine articles; and the fad also brought into prominence another character, unique yet typical of the Bowery and the times—Chuck Connors.

The newspaper lads will have it that George Washington Connors was a native of Mott Street; but Barney Flynn, who knew him for many years, insists that he was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and brought to New York very early in life. He seems to have been a childhood playmate of Blanche Walsh, the actress, who was born at 36 Mott Street—now the heart of Chinatown, though there were scarce a dozen Chinese in New York then—and who was the daughter of Thomas P., otherwise Fatty, Walsh, Sixth Ward Democratic boss and saloon-keeper intermittently at 7 Mulberry and 17 Center Street, likewise incumbent of various city jobs. The boy Georgie Connors came of honest Irish parents, who were much distressed in his early youth by his vagabond tendencies. He spent nights away from home and is said to have earned his nickname by cooking chuck steaks



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A TYPICAL BOWERY GROUP OF 1900—A BARTENDER, A
BUM, CHUCK CONNORS AND A POLITICIAN

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on the end of a stick over little campfires in the streets. As he grew up he was a newsboy, a boxer of sorts, and a singer and clog dancer in the Gaiety Museum on the Bowery.

For some obscure reason he was known for a time in his youthful days as the Insect. Like other boy neighbors of "the monks," as the East Side called the Celestials, Chuck loved to pull Chinese pigtails and bounce brickbats off of yellow skulls. He never went so far, however, as Big Mike Abrams, another white habitu   of Chinatown, who killed two or three of them and, as might have been expected, was found dead in his tenement room one morning, suffocated by gas which had been fed through his keyhole by a long, slender rubber tube leading from a gas jet in the hall. All the Chinese asked was to be let alone. They had their tong wars and slaughtered each other merrily, but they never raised a hand against a white person unless it seemed necessary, as in Big Mike's case.

Chuck Connors was never so vicious as that, though he greatly admired Scotchy Lavelle, the old river pirate and thug, and listened to his reminiscences by the hour. Lavelle, leaving the water front, became a bouncer at Callahan's dive, at Chatham Square and Doyers Street about 1890, and later opened his own resort at 14 Doyers, just across the way. The Chinese feared Lavelle and gave him a wide berth, but Chuck later became friendly with them, as was necessary to his business.

At about twenty-five Chuck fell in love with and married a gentle little East Side Girl, who taught him to read and write. For her sake he became a workingman, firing one of the buntzy locomotives on the elevated line. But the little wife died soon, and Chuck lost his grip on good citizenship for a time. While drunk in a waterside resort, he was shanghaied and went to England as a fireman on a freighter. In London's East End he saw and was much interested in the costermonger type of cockney dandy, with his costume covered with pearl buttons. Upon his return to New York

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Chuck found the rage for Bowery slumming on the increase, and along with other activities, he became a "lobbygow," or tourists' guide, making Chinatown his specialty.

His flair for distinctiveness was now exhibited in his invention of a garb all his own. He was confident that the Bowery would not tolerate a complete costermonger costume, with pearl buttons even down the trouser seams, so he compromised; trousers showing a tendency to flare at the bottom, sailor-fashion; a short, close-fitting coat like a sailor's pea jacket, double-breasted, and two rows of the largest pearl buttons obtainable; a blue shirt and a silk scarf, often of gorgeous hue. He had wished to top the outfit with a coster cap; but caps were not worn in this country then save by boys, baseball players, and bicycle riders; and the Bowery showed its displeasure so promptly and incisively that Chuck abandoned the idea and fell back on the derby. He had one, low-crowned and narrow-brimmed, fitted to his head by Spellman, the Park Row hatter, who also carried blocks for all the Sullivans, political and pugilistic, and thereafter the derby was as much his badge as his pearl buttons.

Chuck became famous as a wit, *raconteur*, and philosopher. Much that he is supposed to have said was invented for him by two bright young reporters, Roy L. McCardell of the *World* and Frank Ward O'Malley of the *Sun*, for whom he was an inexhaustible source of copy. He would stand for anything they put into his mouth, and he is said to have conned the papers assiduously to see what he was saying, so that he might act consistently. But he was a really original character with a quick, homely wit and gifts of repartee and narrative. It was a rare treat to find him at leisure in Barney Flynn's, where he made his headquarters at the height of his career and hear stories in German, Yiddish, Chinese, Cockney, or Irish—especially Irish-dialect, told with fine effect. He even burst into poetry occasionally. One of his first efforts was self-description:

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Pearlies on my shirt-front,
Pearlies on my coat,
Little bitta dicer stuck up on my nut,
If you don't think I'm de real t'ing,
Why, tut! tut! tut!

This he afterwards evolved into a love song, with a somewhat equivocal and embarrassing finish:

My Pearl she has a golden curl;
She has a stylish strut.
She wears the cutest bonnet
Upon her little nut.
Oh, Pearlie is my girlie,
But tut! tut! tut!

When Scotchy Lavelle passed out and Barney Flynn took over the Old Tree House in 1896, Chuck moved his "office" to the latter's saloon. Barney was a patriotic American. He had a full length painting of George Washington made to hang on his wall, and specified that two or three dead English soldiers were to be strewn about on the ground at the General's feet. From his door at the Bowery corner you could look right across narrow little Pell Street and see the renowned Professor O'Reilly, World's Champion Tattooer, engaged in his art. (But when he tattooed those two beautiful and shapely sisters "all over"—they later appeared in the museums as Burmese Princesses—it was done in the privacy of their home.) Barney, who became something of a political power in the ward, had a brother, Peg-Leg Flynn, who ran a noted lodging house at 100 Bowery. His dingy saloon was the gainer by many dollars because of Chuck's haunting it, for Chuck was sought by nearly every one who visited Chinatown and the Bowery. One of his first famous patrons was Della Fox in 1890. Just a few of the many other noted persons who demanded his services and were much interested in his dialect, his humor and his rugged, straight-

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forward character, were Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Israel Zangwill, Hall Caine, Richard Mansfield, Anna Held, Chauncey M. Depew, Thomas C. Platt, Sir Thomas Lipton, Prince William of Sweden, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the German Admiral Diederichs.

Of course the lobbygows told the tourists some fearful yarns—just what they wanted to hear—in those days, just as they do yet. Inoffensive Chinese merchants were pointed out as desperate hatchet men, and any feminine face looking from an upper window was a “slave wife,” white or yellow. Connors found it profitable to fit up a fake opium den for display purposes—and there were others. It would be interesting to know what thoughts flitted back of the inscrutable faces of the Chinese about all this. No doubt they wondered amazedly how so dumb and gullible a race as the white devils ever got anywhere.

In one synthetic opium den, it is recalled, a half-caste Chinese, Georgie Yee, and a woman known as Lulu regularly posed as addicts for the tourist trade. To be able to stand the daily grind, they smoked a much weakened grade of opium. Georgie Yee, pretending to be crazed by it, would dance around and sing in broken English, “Sweet Sixteen” and “Allee Samee Jimmie Doyle.”

“This ex-ibish-n cannot reelly be called immoral,” the guide would drone. “These pore people are slaves to the opium habit, and whether you come here to see them or not, they would’ve spent the night smoking opium just as you see them now.”

It was a blow to the lobbygows when Steve Brodie died; and though they could no longer take their tourists inside, they did the best they could. Brodie’s place was closed for some time afterward, and in the “haywagons” or “rubberneck wagons” which were now coming down from Times Square the lecture ran:

“Ladies and gents, to the left you see one of the most historical scenes of this great city. That, ladies and gents,

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is Steve Brodie's famous saloon. You have all heard of Steve Brodie, the man who made that terrible leap for life from the Brooklyn Bridge to the river below, and lived to tell the story. That's Steve there now—the fat man sitting on the doorstep."

The fat man on the doorstep was the watchman. Later, when George Burns, the crack marksman, took over the place, any man who happened to be standing about the door was utilized for Brodie.

Chuck Connors was too famous a character to be let alone by dramatic promoters, and he had various whirls upon the Rialto; once when he and Nellie Noonan, belle of the Seventh Ward, appeared at the American, again late in 1896, when he appeared at Hammerstein's and danced with Anna Held, and some time later in a sketch, "From Broadway to the Bowery." While he was playing at Hammerstein's, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, Parisian music hall star, visited Chinatown and was shown all the horrors by Chuck—the opium den, the dark courtyard into which the beautiful girl was thrown from an upper window, etc., Mr. Connors invited his guest to come around to the theater and see him perform.

"Do you intend to become an actor?" asked Mme. Guilbert.

"I am an actor," replied Chuck, firmly. "Don't I do a turn every night and git paid fer it? I'm goin' to have some guy write a play fer me soon. Steve Brodie thinks he's an actor, but say! he is—nit!" He added that the play, "On the Bowery," was originally intended for himself. Chuck was jealous of Brodie's fame.

When Mme. Guilbert offered him a bank note at parting, Chuck waved it away with one of the expressions which he made famous, "Ah, fergit it!" His entertainment had been merely the courtesy due from one professional to another.

Chuck was right to a degree; he was a born actor, but he was unsatisfactory as a trouper for several reasons; if there was a Bowery ball or a prize fight he wished to see, he might cut the show altogether, and he had a way of gagging—

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introducing impromptu lines and business which came into his head at the moment, which threw his fellow actors off their stride frightfully. Repetition bored him.

"Youse guys is a lot of cuckoos," was his opinion. "Sayin' de same t'ings and doin' de same t'ings all de time." He would also call greetings over the footlights to acquaintances he saw in the audience, and perhaps urge them to come up on the stage and take part in barroom or dance hall scenes.

The annual ball of the Chuck Connors Association (Chuck was the Association) at Tammany Hall was one of the scintillant events of the year. In advertising it, Chuck listed as honorary members some dozens of prominent New Yorkers, with sporting men predominating, but with not a few politicians, actors, artists, writers, a millionaire or two, and even poor old George Francis Train, eccentric ex-millionaire, promoter of the Union Pacific Railroad and the Credit Mobilier and liberal agitator, who in his last days had been reduced to rooming in the Mills Hotel on Bleecker Street and living principally on peanuts, which he shared with the squirrels in Madison Square. Chuck knew nobody would object to his name's being listed, and that many would even attend. Visiting "Mayors" promised might be H. Hannauer, Mayor of Avenue C; J. Burke, Mayor of the Bowery; Abe Sprung, Mayor of Poverty Hollow; and Tom Lee, Mayor of Chinatown. Old Tom, who was no more of a Mayor than the others mentioned, but head of the On Leong Tong, might actually look in on the ball, too, just to show his good will.

Here Chuck was at the zenith of his glory. At the appointed hour Professor Wolf's or Professor Yee Wah Lung's Chinese orchestra—for both might be in attendance at once—would strike up the grand march, and the host, coatless, wearing his bowler hat as he did all evening, perhaps with a cigar stub in his mouth, would step out, leading one of his three or four favorite lady friends—the Rummager (a character nickname), the Truck (because of her build), or the beautiful Chinatown Nellie, whom Jeff Davis rapturously remem-

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bered in after years as "the purtiest girl I ever saw; a reg'lar busted doll!"

This was an occasion when Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and the Bowery met socially. Among the organizations which Chuck's announcement predicted would send representatives (and usually they did) were such uptown and college groups as the Princeton, New York Athletic, Knickerbocker, Hasty Pudding, and Racquet and Tennis clubs, likewise the Knickerbocker Icemen, the Lady Truckdrivers, the Desperate Seven, the Bartenders' Club, the Lee Hung Fat Club, the Chatham (a Doyers Street dive), the Stuffed Club, the Sweet Sixteen Club, the French Cooks, the Girl Getters, and a dozen more.

Chuck's ball on December 18, 1903, was thrown into pandemonium when Carry Nation, anti-rum crusader, barged into it, snatching cigars and cigarettes from masculine and feminine lips and sweeping bottles and glasses off tables. Making her way to the musicians' rostrum, she began reading a letter which she said she had received from a worried mother whose daughter frequented such functions. She was interrupted by a red-haired East Side beauty known as Pickles, who hurled a bottle and an epithet at her—whereupon the doughty old lady drew her trusty hatchet from her handbag and chased Pickles around the hall. The uproar was terrific. Women screamed, men shouted, scuffled for safety and blew police whistles, and partisans in various quarters of the room, as if driven to fury, began fighting with each other. Finally Chuck succeeded in laying hands on Mrs. Nation and hustling her out, while his bouncers with great difficulty were subduing the crowd.

The East Side swarmed with clubs and associations, some social, some political, some with shady objectives—the East Side Dramatic and Pleasure Association, the Crescent Coterie, the Limburger Roarers, the Pete Hill Association were some typical names. One finds an announcement of a Sunday afternoon "Matinee Reception" of the Patsy Mauro Associa-

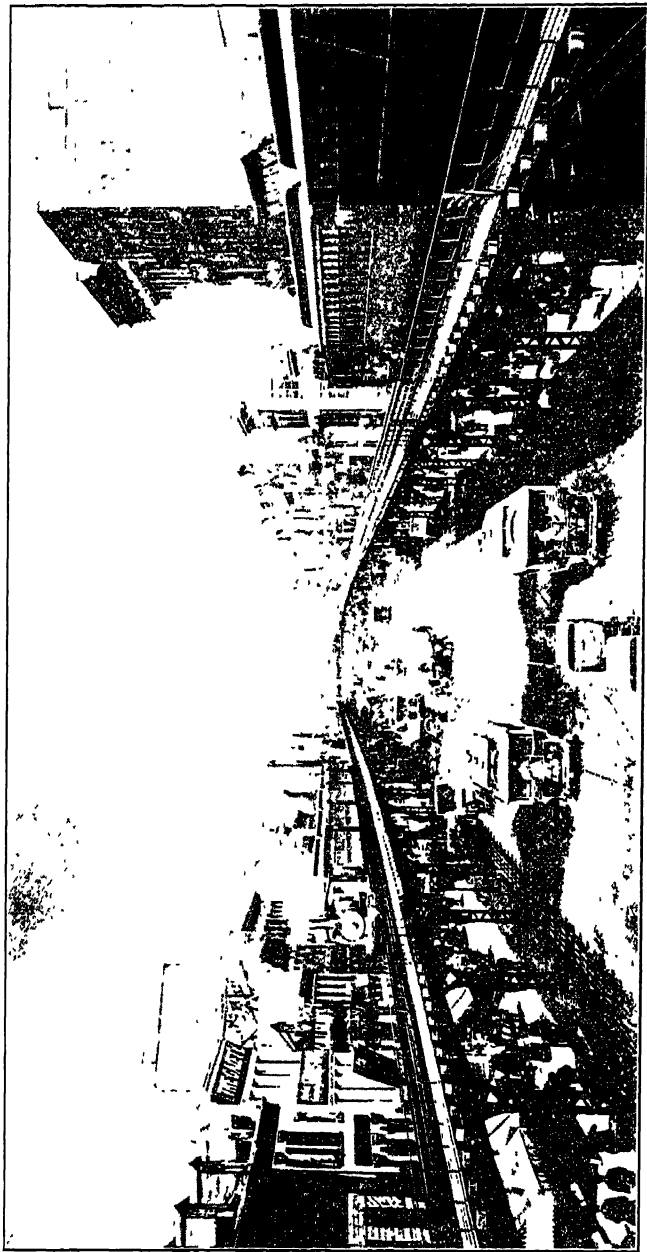
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tion (Italian) at New Irving Hall in May, 1896, admission twenty-five cents per couple, including gent's hat check, dancing to begin promptly at 1 P.M. and continue until well into the night. Among the prominent dancers at a ball of the Soup Greens at Walhalla Hall were President Molloney, Vice President Nolan, Limpy Farrell and Maggie Nolan, Bug Conners and Katie Riley, Mixed-Ale Marty Donahue and Mary Ellen Hogan, Slimmy Maher and Slob Cullen and some visiting members of the Lady Barkers' Association. And they might not have been such a bad lot, at that.

But hot tempers will play the deuce sometimes; as when the ball of the Lady Locusts at Walhalla was wrecked and thrown into the hands of the police by the rivalry of Sam Clark and Nigger Joe, an Italian pugilist, for the favors of Josie Irving, the belle of the club. "It was me love for Josephine," Clark told the judge, "dat drove me to bust up de ball."

There were ballrooms in which dances were held almost nightly during the winter months. At some of them, when business was slack, the manager hung out a sign, announcing that some imaginary club would give a ball there that evening or the next; admission to gents and as many ladies as each chose to bring, twenty-five cents. Streetwalkers would wait at the door until some man went in, and pass in as one of his ladies. An observer noted that although there might be less grace, there was often better decorum at such balls than some under more reputable auspices—though matters were arranged there which society frowns upon. Gradually there grew up a class of public dance halls which ran nightly, and where admission was five cents per person; and these became a serious problem to police and welfare organizations.

Truly, an era of colorful personalities and activities! We are glad it is past, but it is a pity that some of its color, its independence, its originality, its devil-may-careness could not have been preserved. Even many of the panhandlers



New York Historical Society

THE BOWERY, LOOKING NORTH FROM GRAND STREET, 1895

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were personalities then—as a few of them are yet. There was the Tennyson of the Bowery, for example, so called because his face and head were a sort of seedy, badly drawn caricature of the poet laureate's. "The wide world is my home, the birds of the air are my friends, and my own thoughts are my companions," he would inform any one who was interested. He gave encouragement to a legend that he was a graduate of an English university, and composed verse which would have thrown the original laureate into a delirium, but which won many a money contribution from the passers-by.

A foil for Tennyson, a more genuine scholar, was "Shakespeare," who quoted from the Bard when begging the price of a drink, perhaps mouthing Orlando's plea to the Duke in the Forest of Arden.

If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

When well liquored, he would recite whole scenes from the plays. Some one for years paid his bill for lodging in a cheap Bowery rooming house, and he begged for his food and whisky. His boon companion when drunk was Daddy Ward, who at such times showed a tendency to call him Professor. But when sober they avoided each other, and Ward alluded contemptuously to the other as a bum. Daddy always wore a threadbare frock coat buttoned to the neck, with a once-white collar and cuffs and perhaps no shirt or the mere ruin of one to give them countenance. He occasionally spoke knowingly of Wall Street and big bankers, cursing Jay Cooke and Sam Sloan with intimations that they were responsible for his ruin.

Doc Shuffield, said to have been a Fellow of an English

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Royal Medical Society, supported no one knew just how, for years went about in high hat and clean, though worn clothing, ministering to the ailing of the Bowery and vicinity, mending broken heads, setting arms fractured by bouncers, sewing up knife-cuts, and receiving no pay whatever for most of his work. He perished at last on a bitter winter day, sinking from cold and exhaustion in a snowdrift through which he was struggling towards another nonpaying patient.

CHAPTER XXII

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

BUT let it not be supposed that the Bowery of forty or fifty years ago was all saloons, dives, dime museums, and flop houses. There were sober, reputable, even high-class businesses there amongst the weeds and nettles. There were decent, pious folk growing up and marrying and rearing children there—"like lilies springing from muck," as some will have it; though the East Side was not all muck, at that. There are men and women—some still engaged in business on the Bowery, some elsewhere—who were born in upper rooms looking out on the roaring L, and who are not only not ashamed of it, but declare it with a certain measure of pride.

Yet one at a distance, contemplating mere damning facts and figures, is apt to think of that region as a sort of cess-pool. Frank Moss¹ in 1897 calculated that the district six blocks long from Hester to Houston Street, and seven short blocks wide from the Bowery to Essex Street then contained 49,359 inhabitants, and 237 saloons and dives where liquor was sold, or one rumshop for every 208 inhabitants, including the babies. In the same district there were just five churches—four Gentile and one synagogue—or one for every 9,872 inhabitants. Moss does not list the brothels and assignation houses, but they were many. Naturally, such a district would tend to foster vice and crime, to produce crooks, bums, and immoral citizens.

But strange as it may appear, there were respectable folk who lived amid these noxious agencies, within sight and sound of saloons and dives, sometimes next door to them or

¹ *The American Metropolis.*

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upstairs, yet maintained their integrity. There were Bowery tradesmen who lived over the store, as in the old countries—and in America in earlier times—as well as others who could not afford better lodgings, and some of these brought up their sons and daughters as strictly as any middle-class village family. The girls did their part of the housework, dressed simply, and their beaux and their comings and goings were under careful supervision. The boys carried no latchkeys, and must be in by 10 P.M. or give a reason. Such households shuddered when they heard of the goings-on up on Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive. It may be inconceivable to folk better circumstanced, but from among the dives and tenements there have come not a few ladies and gentlemen. Many a girl kept herself pure, and though the boys were harder to handle, though they were worldly-wise far beyond those in a gentler environment, a surprisingly small percentage of them went to the bad, and there is valid testimony that some of them, under watchful care of mothers and sometimes of Catholic nuns, even grew up and married without having known vice. There is a divinity in the human spirit which in some cases enables it to surmount all obstacles and temptations.

Some well-to-do parents used drastic measures. Corbet, owner of the Van Dyke Hotel already mentioned, had a stocky Irishman employed as bodyguard for his two daughters—an interesting comment on the Bowery as it was in the eighties. Whenever the girls walked forth, the guard strode along, three paces behind them, with a watchful eye for insults and attempted flirtations, and perhaps to see that the girls themselves trod the straight and narrow path of decorum. The political boss of the Eighth Ward for some years was Silver Dollar Smith, (real name Charles R. Solomon) who earned his sobriquet by imbedding a thousand silver dollars in the concrete floor of his Essex Street saloon. He was an active member, and his saloon was the headquarters of the Max Hochstim Association, known to non-

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members as the Essex Market Court Gang, whose chief object was the procuring of women for immoral purposes. Dreadful visions, born of his own experience, of his own daughter's possible future, led "Smith" to build a roof garden for her and her playmates on the top of the building where he lived, and as she grew up, she saw comparatively little of the cosmos about her. At her wedding, a gorgeous affair in an uptown hall, attended by "an extraordinary gathering, ranging in social status from Police Inspectors down to the deaf and dumb bootblack of the Essex Market Court . . . and a woman who kept a house of ill-fame and was a distinct power in East Side politics," the bride told James L. Ford of her roof garden and how she had been carefully kept off the streets since early childhood.

Among humbler folk, believe it or not, there was a family and neighborhood social life in the old East Side which those brought up down there would not willingly forget. It is sketched—just a bit too sweetly in many cases, it must be admitted—in numerous songs of the tenements written in the nineties; "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl," for example, and the story of that

Little Side Street, such as often you meet,
Where the boys of a Sunday night rally;
Tho' it's not very wide, and it's dismal beside
Yet they call the place Paradise Alley.
But a maiden so sweet lives in that little street,
She's the daughter of Widow McNally;
She has bright golden hair and the boys all declare
She's the sunshine of Paradise Alley.

A similar paragon was depicted in another song:

Down in Poverty Row you will find this girl;
Riches will not compare with this precious pearl.
Each boy loves her and wishes to be her beau;
So she's not to blame if she treats all the same, down in Poverty Row.

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But the picture in "The Sidewalks of New York" of that summer evening group of youngsters dancing "while the Ginnie played the organ," "down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop" is a true glimpse of the old East Side which is gone forever. And likewise that other song, written by Ned Harrigan and sung in "Reilly and the 400"—in which, by the way, the old Bowery minstrel and manager, Charley White, played at seventy his last part, a blackface feminine one, "Mrs. Jackson" (a pest on these divagations, how they interfere with the narrative!):

Behind a grammar schoolhouse, in a double tenement,
I live with my old mother, and always pay the rent.
A bedroom and a parlor is all we call our own,
And you're welcome every evening in Maggie Murphy's home.

CHORUS

On Sunday night, 'tis my delight, and pleasure, don't you see,
Meeting all the girls and all the boys, that work downtown
with me.
There's an organ in the parlor, just to give the house a tone,
And you're welcome ev'ry evening, in Maggie Murphy's home.

It will be observed that practically all these songs deal with the tenement life of those incurable sentimentalists, the Irish. Volatile and adaptable, they had been established here long enough to begin building up a new folklore, a new romantic background of their own. The German still clung to old songs of the Fatherland, while the Jew, the Italian, the Balkan immigrant had not yet become lyric; but they all had their part in a social life which, though a bit rough and crude, perhaps, and with its spots of ugliness here and there, yet had also its true love and romance, its strong family ties, its ideals and moments of beauty.

Yes, save among the poorest of the tenements, where life was so sordid that it became a mere selfish, feral struggle for individual existence, there were neighbors and kindness.

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Certain streets or blocks had their own neighborly spirit; it was a point of honor, even among the roughest of the boys, to be decent towards the neighbors' girls and to permit no one else to insult or harm them. One found also the sort of neighborliness of which Christ spoke. Charles Stelzle, himself a native of the East Side, tells in his autobiography² of how, when his mother was left a penniless widow with several children, a good-hearted milkman gave them a big can of milk every day, which the boy Charlie walked two miles, there and back, to get; a neighboring butcher now and then would give them a piece of meat, a genial old Jewish restaurant keeper, seeing the boy standing hungry-eyed in front of his window display, would invite him in to have a bowl of soup, and once when they were evicted, a compassionate saloon-keeper across the way gave the widow two dollars to pay for moving her little sticks of furniture to another room, though she and her family were total strangers to him.

Reversing the modern idea of values, Mr. Stelzle says that the first floor tenants, often scions of the old stocks, were the aristocrats.

The higher you lived, the poorer you were, and consequently the farther down the social scale. The church missionary went from house to house via the roofs, because most of the people of her church lived at the top of the tenements. The more prosperous the East Side family became, the less they attended church.

Life was real, but not always earnest for a boy of the Bowery in those days. It had its hard facets, but for most boys there were also alleviations. In many cases the boy had to go to work at an early age to help support a widowed mother, as did Stelzle, just mentioned, likewise Alfred E. Smith (born on South Street, under the Brooklyn Bridge and brought up mostly on Pearl and Dover streets) and Big Tim Sullivan and some of the great Jewish theatrical men who

² *A Son of the Bowery* (New York, 1926).

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have sprung from the East Side. But if not an orphan the boy might perchance get a few years of schooling.

In some neighborhoods boys went to and from school in parties, to insure safety against attack by gangs of enemies or roughs slightly older. Tenth and Fourteenth Warders on opposite sides of the Bowery were hereditary enemies. A boy from one ward ventured into the other only at the risk of black eyes, split lips, and ruined clothing. Pitched battles were fought across the frontier along the Bowery itself; and when word flashed up and down the street, "De Tent' and Fourteent' is fightin' agin!" loyal partisans joyously hastened from all quarters to the fray. Stones, brickbats, and oyster shells flew like hail, to the great menace of noncombatants—until at last came the crash of a merchant's window or a cry of "Cheese it, de cop!" and the armies vanished like fog before the sun.

Of course every boy who had the slightest excuse tried to be included in the outings occasionally given by politicians—as when Big Tim Sullivan entertained two thousand newsboys at Coney Island and when Big Chief Devery used to send whole flotillas up the Hudson laden with tenement women and children, ice cream, pop, and peanuts—the only outing, the only glimpse of the country that many of them had during the year.

There were still great bonfires and excitement on election nights, sometimes battles between opposing political forces. Campaign years were periods of glorious enthusiasm; 1884, for example, with thousands of marching men, often frock-coated, gloved, and plug-hatted—or else carrying torches—chanting jerkily as they stepped:

Blaine! Blaine!
Jay Gould's Blaine.
Continental liar from
The—State—of—Maine.

And opposing ones—perhaps a trifle less frequent on the

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Bowery—yowling in feline chorus, “Ma-ri-ah!” a scurvy reference to one Mrs. Maria Halpin, who was alleged to be the mother of two or three children by Grover Cleveland. The Bowery had its own moment of distinction in 1886 when James J. Coogan, furniture dealer at the corner of Grand Street, ran for Mayor on the Union Labor Ticket, striving to wheedle the German vote with the slogan, “Vas ist los mit Coogan?” Something was sadly “los” with him, for he polled only 9,809 votes out of a possible 270,000.

Additional zest was given to politics by Tammany’s downs and ups, as anti-vice societies and legislative committees threw it out of office and the inevitable popular lapse into vacuity brought it back again; and color was added in the nineties by the rise of that jovial idol, Big Tim Sullivan, and by the candidacies of Theodore Roosevelt, whom the Bowery had often seen and who had forced it to look prim during his two years as Police Commissioner, 1895-97. When he ran for Governor in 1898, one John Skelley, who for some reason chose to be known usually as J. Gusset, and was also described by his admirers as the Chauncey Depew of the Bowery, was employed by Tammany as a street corner stump speaker, his *chef d’œuvre* being a one-man burlesque of Roosevelt’s charge up San Juan Hill.

What great men and what thrilling episodes to be seen along the Bowery—perchance Steve Brodie pausing for a moment outside the door of his saloon; Big Tim Sullivan having his shoes shined in the Occidental barber shop, always with his pockets full of quarters to be showered about as tips for services rendered or as gratuities to panhandlers, newsboys, children, and what not; Bob Fitzsimmons with his actress wife strolling into Callahan’s hattery and crowning his lank, knobby figure with a tall silk tile; Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell concluding with their fists on the sidewalk a tiff begun in a neighboring bar, with Corbett unofficially the winner, furnishing the delighted Bowery a view of a battle which would have cost dollars to see under formal

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auspices; raids like that on the Palace of Illusions at 257 Bowery, when the Lady Mephistopheles in doublet and red tights walked right down the street in the November breeze alongside a policeman.

In front of a money exchange next door to the Atlantic Garden there was always a chair on the sidewalk on pleasant days in which no one was permitted to sit but Harry Howard, the aging ex-chief of the volunteer Fire Department. Many a passer-by paused for the honor of a word with the man who was said to have saved more than a hundred lives from the flames, and perchance to hear a reminiscence of the old, brave red-shirted days. Howard had held several city offices, but liked best the memory of the old department, and was seen limping in the parades of the volunteers each year until age and his neuritis forced him at last to give it up.

Howard had had a romantic and touching life-story. His parents deserted him when he was a baby, and he derived his surname from the kindly old woman, Mrs. Howard, who adopted him and brought him up. He loved a pretty neighbor girl and was beloved by her, but, as the story goes, because of the cloud on his ancestry, her parents forbade their engagement, and so neither of them was ever wed.

Many years passed, and they were both gray when the old sweethearts met again and began to renew old memories. For several years there had been a complimentary seat reserved for Howard in Row A, orchestra, at the London Theater. Now there were two seats, and once or twice a week he would come hobbling down the aisle with a little old lady beside him, and they would laugh with keen zest at the vaudevillians who moved and pranced on the stage. For some reason, no one knows what, the two did not marry; perhaps because they were so old and tired and seemed to have so little time left. But when Howard died in 1896 he bequeathed to Miss Mosher his all—a little more than eight thousand dollars' worth of property.

More than five thousand people filed past his bier for a last

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look at his face in the Exempt Firemen's Hall on Fourteenth Street. Says James L. Ford:

I was writing for the *New York Journal* at the time of Howard's death, and had some difficulty in persuading the city editor, who owed his job to his known familiarity with San Francisco, to let me prepare a suitable obituary. He objected that nobody had ever heard of him. On the day of Howard's funeral, which chanced to be a rainy Sunday, this editor, glancing out of his window, exclaimed, "Look at that big crowd waiting at the entrance of the bridge! What does it mean?"

To which I answered that it was merely the citizens waiting for the funeral procession of the man that nobody had ever heard of.

The open space caused by the intersection of Canal, Walker, Baxter, and Mulberry streets was christened Harry Howard Square in the old chief's honor, and little Howard Street was for a time officially renamed Harry Howard, but both of these designations have now become obsolete; Harry Howard is forgotten save by a few whose hair is white.

It was an era of originality in business methods and advertising on the Bowery; more so there than anywhere else in New York. Nowhere were there so many interesting things to see; Arnold's Cider Mill at 222 Bowery, where a big St. Bernard dog, walking on a treadmill, ground the apples, and the grandiloquently christened London and Liverpool Clothing Company, at the corner of Hester Street, whose proprietor, an Englishman, really ought to have been in the show business; it was his *métier*. His head buzzed with ideas; once he imported three or four strapping Irish constables right from the Ould Sod to catch the Irish trade; and they did it, too. Another idea was the live model—a gracile Adonis in each show window, dressed in the most ultra mode; perhaps a suit of acre-wide plaids, a pearl-gray or brown derby hat, patent leather shoes, and a cane. The model was rouged and pomaded and always had a lux-

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uriant, silken, well-groomed mustache. Sometimes he strolled to and fro in the window, sometimes he stood on a slowly revolving turntable. At intervals he would raise a slender, elegantly manicured and bediamonded hand and caress the mustache; and now and then he would turn his eyes towards the crowd outside and smile sweetly. And the Bowery, in modern parlance, ate it up.

It was that clothier's show window which gave the Bowery its first glimpse of the obtruncated-woman illusion: a woman cut in half, the lower part of her body plumb gone and the upper half resting in apparent comfort—even smiling and coquetting with the crowd—on a glass shelf suspended by wires. The manager put on a snow scene, too, one spring day, with a live black bear in the window and Rochelle salts for snow; but the bear decided that the salts were edible, ate them, and had to be removed from the window.

Up the street at No. 147 there was a sporting bulletin board, one of the first of its kind, in front of Nicoll the Tailor's. Nicoll, then the most prosperous sartorial artist in New York, was noted the country over for the loudness of his materials and the swagger of his cut. His shop was three storerooms wide before he quit the Bowery for Broadway. He was perhaps the first to do billboard advertising. Crowds gathered in front of his place at times, watching the bulletins, not of world's series baseball games, but of things which seem more humdrum to us—six-day walking matches at Madison Square Garden, for example. They used to have a merry quip sprung every two or three years at Miner's or the London: "A street car driver knocked down Nicoll the Tailor the other night."

"By gorry, I hope they gave him six months!"

"No, the Judge let him off."

"Let him off? How was that?"

"He said it was a street car driver's privilege to knock down nickels."

(Thud! as second comic kicks first comic in the stomach.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

It would surprise one who fancies the old Bowery as a street of roughnecks to discover how many prosperous businesses for the making and sale of elegant apparel there were on the street from thirty to fifty years ago. Wallach Brothers, now owners of a great chain of fine clothing stores, got their start on the Bowery. Marks Arnheim, the Broadway tailor, began on the Bowery in 1877 and was there until 1892. Paul Salvin earned so much money at his "Tailor Shop on the Square" (Chatham Square) that he was able to go uptown and buy Rector's restaurant and later open other gilded epicurean dispensaries. Did not the street boast of "Colonel" Mickey Padden, the Bowery Dude, a politician with a good job in the Water Department, who flourished around the turn of the century, and who was said to possess twenty-three suits of clothes at one and the same time?—and none of them bought on Baxter Street either. Some of them were made by the Six Little Tailors, all brothers named Jacobs, whose shop was on the Bowery at Broome Street.

Despite rumors to that effect, the "puller-in" was not characteristic of the Bowery. He was rather an adjunct of the cheap clothing stores, first of Chatham and later of Baxter Street, where there were at least a dozen claimants for the honor of being "the original Harris Cohen." Baxter Street, where the supreme achievement of the window-card writers was

LOOK HOW CHEEP THE GOODS

The Baxter pullers-in, by the way, struck in 1892 for higher pay and better living conditions. They received nine dollars a week salary, and their hours were from 5 A.M., when the stores opened, until they closed at night, be it 10 or 12. They must be out of doors in all weathers and able, if necessary, to hold their own in combat against an obstreperous prospect. In fact, it was the killing of one of the latter by

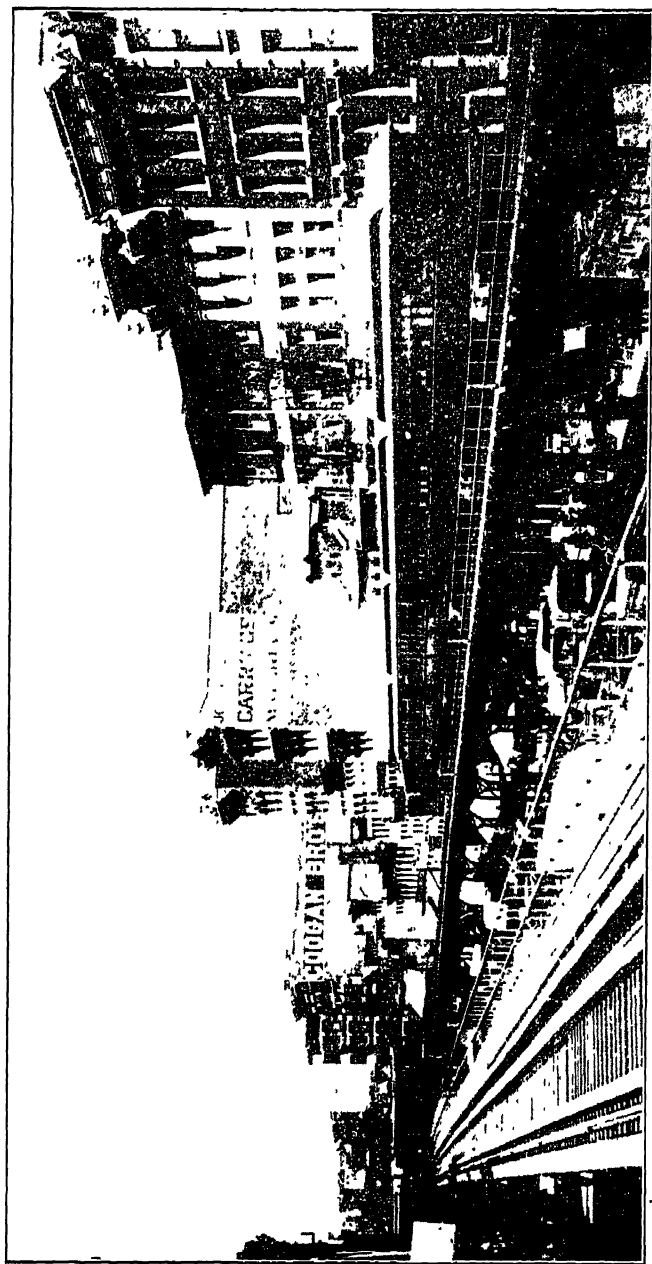
OLD BOWERY DAYS

a puller; in 1894 which brought about an easing up of the function to a mere invitation. Some of the pullers slept in the stores in order to be ready for duty at 5 A.M. One of these toiled along on his nine dollars a week until he had saved five hundred dollars, then went back to Poland and retired.

Meanwhile Division Street, which was lined with millinery shops, had female pullers; hard-boiled they were, too, and able to take care of themselves if a hot-tempered Irish or Italian lady resented their delicate attentions. Every now and then you might see a pair of them, puller and prospect, with their hair down, clawing faces and tearing clothes to ribbons.

In clothing as in other things the Bowery presented some vivid contrasts. There were not only some outfitters equal to the best on Broadway, but there were shops for the very poor man. In some in 1885 you could buy men's "pants" (always pants, never trousers in such a place) at from ninety-two cents up. In 1900 there were some which sold old clothes as new, some which sold only secondhand, some selling both old and new, and sometimes new raiment sold as secondhand. The customer could never be certain that he was getting what was represented. If you called for a secondhand suit, you might get a new one slightly shopworn. There was a psychological trick in this; you fancied that if you bought secondhand goods, you would get a greater bargain. Or, when stock was low, such stores often bought a lot of auction trash, either garments spoiled in making or shoddy stuff put together in the cheapest manner possible; these would be slightly rumpled, the name of some well-known tailor or clothier sewed in them, and they would be sold as secondhand.

When crape was seen on the door of an East Side home, an old clo' dealer—probably several of them—promptly appeared, seeking to buy the clothing which the deceased no longer needed. Dealers often went around with a wagon load of tinware or crockery, offering it in exchange for old cloth-



New York Historical Society

THE BOWERY, LOOKING NORTH FROM HESTER STREET, 1895

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

ing, shoes, or hats. Extremes were found in the hat and shoe stores, too. Some Bowery hatters handled as fine goods as any in the city and do yet; while some sold only old hats refurbished. These were bought for a few cents apiece, cleaned, reblocked, and a new sweatband put in, and the result sold for from twenty to sixty cents. There were dealers in secondhand shoes on the Bowery and in "The Bay," as the vicinity of Baxter Street and Park Row was called, who bought worn shoes either from the wearers or from rag dealers, resoled, patched, and polished them, and often got from fifty to seventy-five cents a pair for them.

As for other commodities, again quoting Julian Ralph in 1891:

Except for the main street of Havre, I never saw so many shops for the sale of jewelry as there are on the Bowery. Most of them display new, cheap and flashy ornaments; half a dozen are what are called pawnbrokers' sales shops, for the sale of unredeemed pledges; one is a mart for duplicated presents received by persons on wedding days, on anniversary occasions or at Christmas.

It was in those days that big glass or paste imitations of fine jewels began to be called "Bowery diamonds" or "Bowery rubies." And yet again, there were Bowery jewelry stores as honest in their quality, as scrupulous in their statements as any in existence.

There were numerous musical instrument houses on the Bowery then, as might be expected in a district where a majority of the residents were from continental Europe. And it is a grisly fact the cabinet furniture and chair makers in the cross streets of the neighborhood seemed now to be devoting all their time and energy to the making of coffins—an industry not yet concentrated in great factories, as it is now. The large output of coffins in the vicinity of the Bowery was cited by the rest of the city as a sinister hint as to the murderous proclivities of the East Side. But, in truth, many

OLD BOWERY DAYS

coffins were naturally needed for a district which was rapidly becoming the most densely crowded of any spot of ground on earth. By 1900 there were portions of the East Side which were populated at the rate of 290,000 to the square mile.

Photograph galleries continued to flourish. The sample case at the door was apt to display brazenly likenesses of President Cleveland, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John Drew, and General Grant as specimens of the "Artistic Work Done Within." There was much posing in these galleries in masks, fancy costumes, and settings. There were many places on the street for the renting of masquerade costumes, usually one flight up, and these were well patronized at the time of the great German costume balls or some of the less respectable masquerades at halls in the vicinity. The masquers usually wore the costumes once more in the photograph gallery on the morning after the ball before returning them.

There were other businesses in the immediate vicinity which deserve mention. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup originally and for many years was manufactured just around the corner in East Broadway, bringing its proprietor wealth and philanthropic opportunity. The spot was marked as late as 1900 by a queer wooden effigy over the door of an infant holding a bottle of the great pacifier. Taylor's hand organ factory prospered in the New Bowery until the open-air musical profession began to be monopolized by Italians, who preferred imported instruments. Taylor's plant for several years found little to do but repair the foreign organs, and the proprietor finally committed suicide.

There is one pleasantly curious fact regarding the old Bowery which must not be overlooked when one is presenting this other side of the shield. To begin with, the technic of the average crook of four or five decades ago differed somewhat from that of to-day. He avoided violence whenever practicable; he preferred to steal rather than to rob. And despite the diabolism of the Bowery, despite its harboring of crim-

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

inals and vagrants, despite the slugging and drugging which often occurred in its low resorts, the street itself seems to have been as safe as any main thoroughfare in the city, and safer than some. A holdup there was well-nigh unknown. The treasurer or cashier of each of the theaters went to the bank every morning, unarmed and carrying the previous night's receipts, often a considerable sum, in a cigar box in his hand—and was never molested. The oldest jewelry store on the street and perhaps in the city has been doing business for one hundred and thirteen years in that one spot, and never had a robbery. "I'd be less afraid if alone on the Bowery of those days at four o'clock in the morning than on many another street in town," says an old policeman. How to explain it? We don't know. But it may be repeated that the only strangers who were in jeopardy down there were the "souse" and the fool who walked into traps which a boy of fifteen should have known enough to avoid.

CHAPTER XXIII

LATTER-DAY DIVERSIONS OF THE BOWERY

IN 1898 the police listed ninety-nine places of amusement on the Bowery—including saloons with music and entertainers—but classed only fourteen as respectable. As usual, the extremes were represented. At one end of the scale were such artists as Jacob Adler and Bertha Kalich at the Thalia and People's Theaters interpreting Ibsen and Sudermann, at the other were McGurk's and still cheaper dives and museums. During the last two decades of the century then closing, the Bowery had had some of the highest class amusement in New York, and—one cannot say some of the worst, for the filthiest exhibitions of the age were those given in certain resorts of the Sâtan's Circus region along Sixth Avenue. But the Bowery had a plethora of amusements which were no credit to it.

First let it be said that the old Bowery Theater—now the Thalia—though dingy and battered, held its head high and remained decent, not only up to that time but for long afterward—like a poverty-stricken old lady, who though threadbare and starving, remains a lady to the end. When the re-christened Thalia opened as a German theater in 1879, the charming young actress and singer, Mathilde Cottrelly, was the play directress. At the opening performance she sat in the chair of Thalia the Muse and recited a prologue. Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe" was then performed. Later Heinrich Conried, fresh from the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen's opera house, was stage director for several years.

Many of Europe's great players appeared at the Thalia; and some studied English and rounded out their careers in

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this country. There was Marie Geistering, of remarkable versatility, who could play anything from Lady Macbeth to the singing soubrette in "La Fille de Madame Angot." Jennie Stubel, sister of the girl for whom the Austrian Archduke John renounced his royal rights, whom he married and took with him when he vanished into the unknown, was another famous soubrette, first appearing in 1881 in "La Mascotte," then in "The Haunted Castle," "Der Chevalier von San Marco" and other operettas. Never a word of English was spoken on its stage, and most of the officials and stars were so ignorant of the language that they had to address James L. Ford, who was the house's press agent for two years, through an interpreter.

Frederika Schmidgall, afterwards better known on the American comic opera stage in "Erminie" and other things as Pauline Hall, made her German debut at the Thalia in 1885 in "Die Fledermaus." Miss Cottrelly, too, had studied English and was now beginning to appear at the American theaters uptown, but came back every now and then to sing with the old company in the lilting strains of Strauss and Millocker and von Suppé. "The Beggar Student," "The Merry War," "The Black Hussar," "Fatanitzza," "Boccaccio," "Der Freischütz," "The Trumpeter of Säckingen," "Don Cesar," "Undine," "The Gypsy Baron," "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein"—what melodious delights they all were!

In the legitimate drama, such fine actors as Sonnenthal, Ludwig Barnay, Daniel Bandmann, and Ernest Possart played Shakespeare and German tragic and romantic dramas. Kathi Schratt was a great and versatile actress who began to be still more famous a quarter century later when other nations learned that she was the intimate friend and adviser of the old Emperor Francis Joseph; so close to him that her death followed shortly after his. Madame Janauschek, Leo Dittrichstein, Hubert Wilke, and Albert Bruning were others who graduated from the Thalia into English drama.

But German drama had its hardships, too. The wealthy

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Fleischmann restaurateurs sunk more than a hundred thousand dollars in the Thalia without any prospect of return, and finally, in 1888, refused to supply more. The house went English for a year, and such favorite old names as "Hoodman Blind," "Harbor Lights," "Over the Garden Wall," "Peck's Bad Boy," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Lights o' London," "The Old Oaken Bucket," Edwin Arden in "The Eagle's Nest" and "Barred Out," N. S. Wood in "The Waifs of New York," and Pat and Kate Rooney in "Pat's Wardrobe" are found on the playbills. But the English recapture was not for long. The rising Hebrew tide overwhelmed the house, as it eventually did all others on the Bowery, and drama in the Yiddish dialect began in the fall of 1889.

Here it may be as well to go back and carry the story of the other English-speaking houses of the Bowery through their last episodes to the end. The People's, built by Harry Miner in 1883 on the site of Hoym's at 199-201 Bowery, and the Windsor, which was the new name applied to the Stadt, at 43-47 Bowery when it became English in 1880, ran for the next decade and more in parallel careers, housing some of the best plays and players on the road, but spicing the repertoire with frequent farces and melodramas. It was precisely the same sort of fare that would be served at the best theater in a provincial city of the period such as Toledo or Chattanooga; a menu that would appeal to all tastes. There Mrs. Langtry in "Macbeth" might be followed the next week by Al Wilson in "Struck Oil"; or Frederick Warde or Louis James in "Virginius," "Ingomar," "The Lady of Lyons," "Damon and Pythias" and "Richard III" given immediate comic relief by Barry and Fay in "Irish Aristocracy." But what of that? A few years earlier both would have been played in the same evening.

It must be set down to the credit of the East Side that despite the diabolism of the day, it would still fill a theater to see such classic tragedies as "King Lear" or "Louis XI," a sweet, old-fashioned, highly moral thing like "The Wide,

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Wide World" or polite society drama such as "Lady Windermere's Fan," the Lyceum Company's "The Wife" and the Madison Square Company's "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

The Windsor was burned on November 29, 1883, rebuilt two years later and opened in February, 1886, with Clara Morris playing such things as "Miss Multon," "Article 47," "Renée de Moray," "Odette," and "Helene." Elderly folk will find many happy memories in the playbills of those two theaters; Fanny Davenport in "Fedora," Mrs. John Drew the elder as Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals"; Lotta in "The Little Detective" and "Musette, or Little Bright Eyes"; Tony Denier's "Humpty-Dumpty" with George H. Adams as Grimaldi; the juvenile N. S. Wood in "Jack Sheppard"; Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in "The Danites," "'49," "The Canuck," and "The Banker's Daughter"; Annie Pixley in "M'liss," with George C. Boniface as Yuba Bill; Denman Thompson in "Joshua Whitcomb"; Sol Smith Russell in "Edgewood Folks"; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" and "The Mighty Dollar"; Lawrence Barrett in "Richelieu," "David Garrick," and Shakespearean repertoire; E. H. Sothorn in "The Highest Bidder"; Robert Mantell in "The Marble Heart," "Monbars," and "The Corsican Brothers"; M. B. Curtis in "Sam'l of Posen," and "The Shatchen." Frank Chanfrau came for one of his last appearances in "Kit, the Arkansaw Traveler"; and after him his son, Henry Chanfrau, also played it. And on a program of 1886 we find young Minnie Maddern, already a trouper of several years' experience, starring in "In Spite of All," several years before she added Fiske to her name.

Among others which, like those just named, were seen at one or both of these houses were Robert Downing in "The Gladiator," "Virginius," and Shakespearean plays; William Gillette in "A Legal Wreck," "She," and "Held by the Enemy"; Oliver Doud Byron and Kate Byron in "The Plunger," "Across the Continent," "A Thousand Miles Away," "The Ups and Downs of Life," and "Turn of the

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Tide"; Dion Boucicault in "The Shaughran"; Ada Gray in "East Lynne," and "A Ring of Iron"; Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels, Cora Tanner in "Alone in London" and "Will She Divorce Him"; James A. Herne's "Drifting Apart" and "Hearts of Oak"; Jennie Yeamans in "Our Jennie"; Steele Mackaye in "Paul Kauvar"; Mme. Janauschek in "Deborah," "Bleak House," "The Harvest Moon," "Marie Stuart" and (with Kate Claxton) "The Two Orphans." The last-named was Miss Claxton's favorite vehicle, but she also appeared in "The Sea of Ice," "The World Against Her," "Bootle's Baby," "The Double Marriage," and "The Snow Flower."

And here was Buffalo Bill, fresh from the Indian wars, playing "The Scout of the Plains" and "The Prairie Waif"; here was Frank I. Frayne doing his crack rifle shooting in "Si Slocum"; here were those tenor-singing comedians, W. J. Scanlan (in "Myles Aroon," "Shane na Lawn," and "Friend and Foe") and J. K. Emmett in his "Fritz" comedies; here were those spectacular potpourris, Hanlon's "Fantasma" and "Le Voyage en Suisse," Kiralfy's "Around the World in Eighty Days" and Neil Burgess's "The County Fair" and "The Country Circus"; here, away back in 1881—which may astound some moderns—was De Wolf Hopper heading a company in "One Hundred Wives"; not, by the way, a forecast of Mr. Hopper's own career.

There are many others which should be mentioned, but space for only a few; Lester Wallack in "Rosedale" and "Moths"; Effie Ellsler in "Woman Against Woman," "The Governess," and "Hazel Kirke"; James O'Neill in "Riche-lieu," "Count of Monte Cristo," "A Celebrated Case" and "The Danicheffs"; Gus Williams in "One of the Finest" and "Captain Mishler"; Agnes Booth in "Pique"; Frank Daniels in "Little Puck"; Milton Nobles in "Love and Law" and "The Phoenix"; Nat Goodwin in "Turned Up," "The Skating Rink," and "Little Jack Sheppard"; Thomas W. Keene in Shakespeare and heroic drama of the old school; Nellie



TONY PASTOR

HENRY C. MINER



THE PEOPLE'S THEATER, 1930, AND OLD BUILDING
NEXT TO IT WHICH LONG HOUSED CHURCH'S
(MINER'S) PHARMACY

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McHenry in "A Night at the Circus"; Chauncey Olcott in "Mavourneen"; the Madison Square Theater Company in "Jim, the Penman," "The Private Secretary," and (with Annie Russell) "Esmaralda"; Frank Mayo in "Davy Crockett" and "The Royal Guard"; Joseph Murphy in "The Donogh," "The Kerry Gow," and "Shaun Rhue"; Mary Shaw, supported by Henry Miller in "Camille"; Thomas Q. Seabrooke, J. Aldrich Libby, and Marie Sanger in "The Little Tycoon."

In "After Dark," as played at the People's on December 28, 1891, Jim Corbett appeared, very self-conscious, in the fourth act—his first venture into the drama after beating John L. Sullivan. Later he came back, starring in "Gentleman Jack" and "A Naval Cadet." Who that saw it can forget that terrific battle in the foul cellar—on Houston Street, as we remember it (Houston Street was a favorite location for sinister underground scenes) in the last-named play? Jim the hero has leaped down the rickety stairs in the nick of time. The heroine lies senseless on the floor; the low-browed villain, a long knife between his teeth, is rolling up his red flannel shirt-sleeves as he glides stealthily forward, while Jim, standing by the girl, calmly removes his white kid gloves in preparation for the fray and drops them into his top hat on the barrel head beside him.

"So you've come for the gal!" sneers the ruffian. "You think you can take her from me, eh? Well, you're up against the hardest game you ever tackled—see?" But it is absurd for him to imagine that he can triumph over Truth and Honor, as embodied in the hero, though the latter has naught but his bare fists to pit against that ugly knife. We cannot describe the battle; you must have seen it to appreciate it. Don't sneer; they have scenes just like it yet in the movies, and millions look on and applaud.

William A. Brady was Corbett's dramatic manager, as well as a dabbler in pugilism in those days, and his wife, Mrs. Marie Rene Brady, was the leading lady. When they were

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playing on the Bowery, a young person known as Alice Brady, whose name has been heard frequently in recent years, was an infant in arms, sometimes taking nourishment in the dressing room between acts.

There were tank dramas such as "A Dark Secret" and "Lost in New York" at the People's and Windsor, and starless or all-star favorites like "Men and Women," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Charley's Aunt," "The Still Alarm," "The Power of the Press," "Siberia," "Mr. Barnes of New York," "The Devil's Auction," "The Ivy Leaf," "The Silver King," "The Clemenceau Case," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," "Blue Jeans," and many more; practically all of Hoyt's comedies: "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Tin Soldier," "A Bunch of Keys," etc. In its last five years as an English-speaking house, from 1894 to 1899, one finds at the People's Maggie Cline in "On Broadway," William S. Hart in "The Man in the Iron Mask," Ned Harrigan in "Old Lavender," Creston Clarke in "The Last of His Race" and an increasing number of farces and melodramas: "Hogan's Alley," "The Knobs of Tennessee," "A Romance of Coon Hollow," "The Waifs of New York," "McFadden's Row of Flats," "Outcasts of a Great City," "Tom Edison the Electrician," Murray and Mack in "Finnegan's 400." On March 25, 1893, the last words of English were spoken in the Windsor and two days later it opened as a Jewish house; and on August 6, 1899, the People's likewise was taken over by the Jews.

Another theater, which most folk remember best as the National—though it bore briefly several names, such as the Oriental, Adler's, Columbia, and Roumania—led a checkered existence through nearly two decades at 104-106 Bowery. It seems to have been launched about 1880, and through a portion of its career it was an English-speaking variety house, giving entertainments of the concert hall type of the period; that is, opening with a blackface minstrel first part, following this with an olio or vaudeville and ending the four- or five-hour program with a full-length melodrama. A program

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of 1883 shows McIntyre and Heath—yes, the same old McIntyre and Heath—doing a turn in the olio, and N. S. Wood, the boy actor, closing the bill with the five-act drama, "Jack Harkaway." Here young Al Herman made one of his first timid dramatic ventures before he added Woods to his name. The house finally became the Teatro Italiano and was presenting Italian drama when it burned in 1898.

There has been some dispute as to the origin of the Jewish drama in New York, but it seems well established that the first Yiddish performances were given at the theater just mentioned in 1882—almost coincidental with what is claimed to have been the first play ever presented for a strictly Jewish audience, which was promoted by the poet Abram Goldfaden in Bucharest, Rumania. The theater on the Bowery was then called the Oriental, perhaps because of the drama it was housing; but it should not be confused with a later, short-lived Oriental Theater on the east side of the street, between Bayard and Canal.

It seems difficult to conceive, but old orthodox Judaism was as strongly opposed to the theater as any Puritan or nineteenth century Methodist. This first dramatic attempt at the Oriental did not last long, and when, two years later, two men named Golubok and Boris Thomashefsky put on a series of crude performances at the Turn Halle on Fourth Street, not only did the orthodox oppose it, but likewise the reformed Jewish element, on the ground that drama in Yiddish would interfere with the development and Americanization of the immigrants. Some of the reformed Jews even appeared at the first performance and tried to persuade the audience to leave the building, but in vain.

Here and at the Oriental (or National), the Yiddish drama struggled on intermittently. There being at first no Jewish plays, other national languages were drawn upon. Some of Shakespeare's plays, though completely unknown to the audiences, proved popular, especially "Hamlet," which usually packed the house. On the night of its first performance the

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audience rose as one person and demanded a speech from the author. The manager finally appeared before the curtain and explained that Mr. Shakespeare had been dead for some time, but that the translator, Mr. Seifert, was in the house and would be glad to oblige.

"It's a bluff!" roared the spectators. "Shakespeare! We want Shakespeare!"

Jacob Adler, the most popular and most able among the Jewish actors, had a longing to break away from tradition and do realistic work. He took over the National late in the eighties, renamed it Adler's Theater and engaged Jacob Gordin to write plays of Jewish life, which he interspersed with some of the dramas of Ibsen, then just becoming known in this country. Starting with only his wife and himself as a nucleus, he slowly built up a capable company, working in several amateurs of talent. "The Wild Man," "The Black Jew," "The Russian Jew," and Ibsen's "Nora" (or "A Doll's House") were tolerably successful, but Adler was just a step in advance of his public, and finally he gave up his house and became a member of the company playing at the Windsor, which was still depending on old Anglo-Saxon tragic and romantic drama. He played more than four hundred and sixty rôles during his career, ranging from Shylock, Lear, and Uriel Acosta down to low comedy parts, and was dubbed the Bowery Garrick. He was perhaps the first to play Shakespeare in modern dress, when he metamorphosed "King Lear" into a contemporary Russian Jewish comedy of manners, with a bewildered old father surrounded by three up-to-date daughters.

Meanwhile, a fine young woman star had been rising in the Yiddish company at the Thalia—Bertha Kalich. A native of Galicia, she had first been engaged at the Thalia as a singer and took leading parts in "The Gypsy Baron," "La Belle Helene," and other operattas done into Yiddish. She was so good an actress that she was given a chance at dramatic rôles, and in her twenties was playing Magda, Juliet, Parthenia,

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and Sapho. Broadway began to hear of her, and uptown folk came down to the Bowery to see her play in an unfamiliar tongue Sudermann's "Ehre," "The Kreutzer Sonata," or "Madame Sans-Gêne"; or some of the Yiddish plays written especially for the Jewish-American stage—"Kith and Kin," Libin's "The Delayed Wedding," "David and His Daughter," Gordin's "Der Wilder König," "Schöne Miriam," or "The Orphan." She even essayed "Hamlet," and some critic compared her portrayal favorably with that of Bernhardt. Belasco thought of presenting her in an English language production in 1901, and she began studying to that end, but plans miscarried, and it was not until 1905 that her Broadway début took place, when she played Sardou's "Fedora," following this with "Monna Vanna" and "The Kreutzer Sonata." But though critical judgment admitted her high talent, in English neither she nor Adler was as much at home nor as enthusiastically received as they had been in the threadbare old theaters down on the Bowery.

When the Thalia first took up Yiddish plays, there was an undoubted hunger for the drama among many East Side tenement dwellers, but the majority of them could afford only the cheaper seats, and when the doors to the gallery were opened, the rush for places was like the charge of an army; people sometimes fell on the steep incline of the gallery and were trampled; and one night a young man named Israel Blumensohn was pushed by the surge clean over the railing and fell forty feet to the parquet floor, smashing two seats and sustaining fatal injuries. But patronage improved numerically and financially, and in 1903 not only were the old houses all operated by Jews, but a new theater was actually built at Grand and Chrystie streets for the Yiddish drama. Miner's was next to fall before the Semitic invasion, and when in 1910 the Atlantic Garden became a Jewish vaudeville house with Miss May Simon, billed as the Yiddish Leslie Carter as star, the oriental conquest of the Bowery was complete. But already the crest of the wave had been passed.

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That year the Thalia, then under the management of Adler, closed, and thereafter saw only brief revivals of Jewish, Italian, or Chinese drama. Within ten years more the Yiddish actor had practically disappeared from the Bowery. The Grand Street Theater, mentioned above, has just fallen before the wreckers who are widening Chrystie Street. It, too, had its season of Chinese drama just before it was demolished.

One item which should not be forgotten is that Jacob K. Sandler, while chorus-master at the Windsor Theatre in 1896, wrote for use in a Yiddish play the famous lament, "Eili, Eili!" which has been sung all over the world, and has become in effect a Jewish folk song.

There remains one theater, in some respects the most famous on the street, yet to be noticed. Harry Miner's Bowery Theater, founded in 1878, was for years the most typical, the most congenial organism on the thoroughfare. It embodied the spirit of the Bowery. Henry Clay Miner himself was a native of the East Side and acquired his rudiments at Public School No. 7 in Chrystie Street; a shrewd, breezy, jovial man who knew his public, always with a flower in his buttonhole and the pink, perfumed air of one just from under the barber's hands, beloved by his employees and rewarding good work and loyalty with something more substantial than praise.

Perhaps more actors and managers famous to-day or in the past twenty years had early amateurish experiences in Miner's Bowery than in any other theater in existence. It was one of the most democratic of houses. For seventy-five cents you could sit in a box and be seen by everybody; parquet fifty cents, balcony twenty-five, and only a dime in the gallery. There was the boy's heaven! Boys, each with a dime tightly clutched in his hand, began to cluster about the gallery door a half hour before it opened; boys up to twenty and some even older, shortly afterwards. When the door opened, a human torrent rolled in, and the gallery was filled

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in five or ten minutes. Youth predominated, especially if some favorite of the boys was billed. Then there came necessarily a long wait before the curtain rose. Those in front passed the time by watching the *élite* fill the lower floor and shouting comment and witticisms down at them. Those farther back found the time pass more slowly, and presently would become convinced that the rising of the curtain was being delayed beyond the hour. Murmurs—if they could be so delicately called—would arise; “Aw, gwan! H’ist the rag! You got our money; give us de show!”

There was a house policeman for each tier, the one in the gallery being known to the habitués for some occult reason as the “Post.” He carried a braided rattan cane, and when the noise became too boisterous, he would stride down the aisle and cast a withering glance along the turbulent rows. When the overture had ceased, when the little bell twittered backstage and the curtain shivered and sagged as if squatting for its leap towards the flies, the Post would slap the wall smartly with his cane and call out, “Hats off, youse! Hats off, all o’ youse!” and two or three hundred heads would be unbonneted before the majesty of the drama.

On the parquet floor the guardian of decorum—who had a long mustache and wore his derby hat all through the performance—had a way of walking down the central aisle and standing back to back with the orchestra conductor, surveying the audience “with the sullen fury of a bad-tempered school-master.” If some one talked too loudly, he reached across the seats and tapped the offender with his cane with the admonition, “Cheese it!”

There was a big bar in the northeast corner of the building, and waiters were constantly hurrying out of it with trays loaded with foam-capped glasses. Patrons raised a finger and passed a nickel along the line, and a thick glass seidel of beer came back.

The list of famous performers who are remembered at Miner’s by the old Bowery boys and girls is almost endless.

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There were seen the Four Cohans, Jerry and his wife and daughter and bright young son Georgie, who was thought by some to be too pert and conceited ever to amount to anything. There were seen those famous couples Hallen and Hart, Hawkins and Collins, Scanlon and Cronin, Montgomery and Stone in their youth, the inseparable McIntyre and Heath in youth and middle age, Lamont and Ducrow in weird, demoniac make-up and dances, Weber and Fields in mere childhood, Harper and Stansel, the one-legged song and dance team; Charlie Evans and Hoey who later made such a hit in "A Parlor Match"; Johnny Wild and Billy Gray in that continuous scream, "The Rival Car-Conductors"; May and Flo Irwin, plump Canadian comedienues (when not with Tony Pastor or Augustin Daly); Francis Wilson and his blackface partner Mackin; Harry and John Kernell in their sidewalk patter; the Russell Brothers, both in skirts and perpetrating such jokes as "Maggie, have you put fresh water in the gold-fish bowl?" "No, they ain't drunk up what I give 'em yesterday." There, too, were seen Jennie Yeamans, Gus Williams, Sam Bernard, Charles Ross, Mabel Fenton, Bessie Bonehill, Helena Mora, who introduced many a popular song; Banks Winter, who wrote and sang "White Wings"; Ella Wesner, famous male impersonator; Lottie Gilson, the peerless sou-brette; Kitty O'Neil, graceful jig dancer; Sam Devere, banjoist, who had sung in after-circus concerts, and who once in a "Hey, Rube!" battle in Texas, killed two cowboys with his banjo; Louise Montague, later musical comedy queen, winner of Barnum's ten thousand dollar prize as "America's greatest beauty"—a decision scathingly criticized by the plump second choice, "First time I ever knew a hatchet-face could win a beauty prize"; Maggie Cline, singing "T'row Him Down, McClusky," while the audience joined lustily in the chorus; Pat Rooney (the elder Pat) demanding as he danced his famous jig, "Are yez all lookin'?" Miner and Rooney quarreled, and the good will of the theater tottered; they were reconciled, and a huge banner swung across the Bowery

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proclaimed it with a three-quarter-length painting of Harry and Pat shaking hands.

The old system of the two-part show still obtained at Miner's up to 1900 or thereabouts, the vaudevillians displaying their specialties in the first half of the evening, then donning new make-up and playing rôles in the melodrama or comedy which followed. At Miner's musical comedies were favored—perhaps a piracy like "Lurline, the Water Queen," which stole all its music from "The Chimes of Normandy," or a burlesque such as the one on "Pinafore," which won considerable fame. Gus Williams, the German dialect comedian, was Admiral Porter; Bobby Newcombe, Ralph Rackstraw; Louise Montague, Josephine; Fanny Beane of Beane and Gilday was Little Buttercup, and Gilday was Dick Dead-eye. The Olympia Quartet were the entire crew of sailors. The Sullivan music was retained, but the libretto was parodied. The Admiral, ordering Rackstraw into confinement for venturing to aspire to the hand of Josephine, bellowed: "Load him down mit bretzels, und tell Howe and Hummel I von't take no bail!"

It has frequently been told that Alfred E. Smith appeared at Miner's in an amateur performance in his youth, but Mr. Smith himself says that his church dramatic society, which usually performed in the basement of St. James's Church at James Street and New Bowery, made its only appearance in a real theater at the London, where they presented "The Shaughran" for a two nights' run. The future governor played Corry Kinchella, the villain, while Folliott, the hero, was impersonated by none other than James J. Walker, now Mayor of New York.

The function by which the Miner theatres are best remembered—Miner established another house on Eighth Avenue and then others—was amateur night. He tried it first in the seventies, but abandoned the idea because the gallery showed a fancy for showering the hapless beginners with eggs and vegetables. Twenty years later it was tried again,

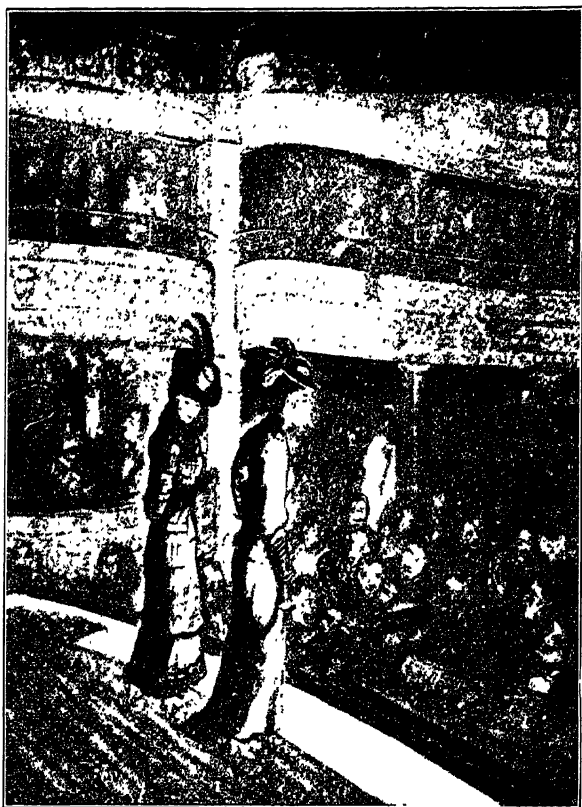
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and the gallery gods proved more humane. So popular did the stunt become at Miner's two houses that the London and the Olympic took it up.

On alternate Friday evenings, after the regular performance, the amateurs had their innings. All who made application at the box office before noon on Friday were permitted to appear. There were never less than eight, and sometimes as high as fifteen on the bill, mostly male. Each entrant was paid a dollar for his work, and there were first, second, and third prizes awarded to the leading performers, with the audience as the judges. In some theaters the first prize was a watch. At Miner's Bowery it was usually a five-dollar gold piece. Second choice received three new one-dollar bills and a third a neat leather pocketbook. There were several habitual amateurs, who appeared at Miner's and the London every Friday night, just to get the one-dollar fees and perhaps always harboring the vague hope that some day they might break into the prize-winning class.

The make-ups affected by the contestants—when they made up at all—were often fearful to behold. At the opening of the performance¹ the manager warned the audience, "You may applaud all you like, but you must not make any remarks or cause any disturbance, or I will stop the show." This threat was never enforced; but when a small boy in the gallery, still imbued with the spirit of the seventies, threw an egg at a stout female, apparently a cook, who was warbling "Why Don't You Play With Me?" he was pounced upon and led out by the bouncer. But for the rest, criticism was only vocal; as when a simpering girl sang, "Won't You Fondle Me?" and the house bellowed "No!" so raucously that the singer left the stage in tears. A coquettish young thing of thirty-nine sang "Coax Me," and the gallery begged her to fade away. But when a really pretty girl with a tolerably good voice sang, "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin,

¹ This description of an amateur night at Miner's is adapted from an article in the *New York World* for March 26, 1905.



Drawing by Glenn H. Coleman in "The Craftsman"

AMATEUR NIGHT AT MINER'S

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Maggie, Dear," there were yells of "You're all right, Mame!" "Bully for you!" "Bring your lunch!" and like encouragement.

The gods could be very sympathetic when real pathos confronted them. When a blind amateur came on and sang a dismal ditty in a cracked voice which would have brought down a hurricane of jeers and hisses on the head of any one else, he was heard in respectful silence. His face was thin, worn, and troubled, his clothes were threadbare. Presently a coin rang on the stage; then came an avalanche of pennies, dimes and quarters, and the stage hands gathered them up and put them in the blind man's cap.

The Armless Wonder likewise touched their sympathies. He did fairly clever things with his toes and teeth, and little newsboys dug in their pockets for pennies to toss at him. One of the three younger Miners then operating the theater was seen in the group who hunted in corners for the coins, and the collection for the Wonder amounted to no less than fourteen dollars.

But next the Black Shakespeare announced his intention of giving "de sliiloquee of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," and he hadn't gotten far when a storm of catcalls silenced him. It might have been largely a peevish reaction against their sentimentalizing over the armless man, but it was enough; after a struggle to make himself heard, the tragedian departed, shaking his fist at the audience, while the orchestra played "Coon, Coon, Coon, I Wish my Color Would Fade."

Next a fifteen-year-old in a messenger boy's uniform tried to sing, "When the Bees Are in the Hive," but through some difference of opinion as to tempo, he left the orchestra behind. "Git off, Bill," advised the gallery. "Vamoose! You're no good." He went, but complaining loudly that the orchestra threw him off; whereas the manager came forth and leaning over the footlights, said, more in sorrow than in anger, "Why call yourself the paragon orchestra? You can't even accompany properly a talented young gentleman with a

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highly cultivated voice and an unduly modest opinion as to its worth."

A team of buck and wing dancers, a juggler, a blackface comedian in a red plaid suit, a clay modeller and a musical artist sporting long hair, frock coat, and slightly fringed trousers and operating five weird instruments, including a stringed cigar-box, made little impression. But a newsboys' quartette carrying real newspapers was well received; and Rusty Hogan, newsboy soloist, who came on with a bundle of papers under his arm and an expansive smile which revealed one tooth as missing, made a real hit and received a shower of money.

It was after midnight when the participants lined up on the stage and the audience expressed its belief as to the best performers. The manager, holding up the five-dollar piece in a small plush case, passed from one to another, pausing at each to await the shouted comments and the hand-clapping: "Yes!" "No!" "N.G.!" "Good!" "Boo—boooh" "Get off!" "Rotten!" and sometimes hisses. Those most soundly jeered were sent off until at last the group was reduced to three contestants—Rusty, the Newsboy Quartette, and the Armless Wonder. When the case was held over Rusty's head, the applause was tumultuous: "Yes! Yes! Yes! He's it! He won it fair!" and Rusty received the prize. The quartette took second money and the armless man third.

Miner's was also famous for the invention of the hook, and that instrument in turn for a cant phrase that was heard around the world. One Friday night in 1903 a particularly bad amateur began an apparently interminable song in a thin, razor-edged tenor voice. Despite howls, groans, hisses, and cat-calls he stood his ground and continued to sing. Tom Miner, who was conducting the performance that night, noticed in a corner a cane with a particularly large crook on the end which has been used by a Negro impersonator, and an idea struck him. He called the property man, and with a bit of twine they quickly lashed the cane to a long pole.

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Then without appearing before the audience, Miner reached forth, hooked the "artist" around the neck and drew him off amid howls of glee from the spectators.

The next amateur was scheduled to give imitations of noted actors. After the worst attempt imaginable at an imitation of Edwin Booth, he announced that his next subject would be Richard Mansfield. At that a youthful voice in the gallery shrilled, "Get the hook!" and amid the ensuing roar of laughter the would-be impersonator abandoned his act and fled from the stage.

A new implement and a new bit of slang were born that night. Other vaudeville houses adopted the hook. An amateur's allotted time was anywhere from five to ten minutes, according to the number appearing on the program, and if he overstayed it, he was hooked off. Even Parisian vaudeville theaters adopted the idea. It is related that in the French Senate a member, bored by a long-winded speech which another Senator was droning off, called out, "*Le croc!*" At once, from many parts of the house came laughter and cries of "*Le croc! Le croc! Apportez le croc!*" (The hook! The hook! Get the hook!) until the speaker was forced to retire in confusion and anger.

Mr. Miner, after having a taste of politics as Democratic District Chairman, ran for Congress in 1894. He had become wealthy and was spending more of his time uptown, and some East Siders were of opinion that his opponent, Tim Campbell, was more nearly of their own kind. "Miner comes down here in a coach once in a while, and that's all we ever see of him," grumbled one voter, "but Tim's always ready to do somethin' for the poor man."

Tim, for his part, was peevish at the gibing newspapers. "I'm tired of bein' made to talk like a Bowery mug," he complained. "Misrepresentation has injured me canvass. I've been square all through this campaign, and I ain't so ignorant as I'm made out. *Veritas odium parit*. How's that?"

Miner's personal popularity, however, was still great on

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the East Side. The Democrats in general were swamped in the election, Tammany losing control in the city and Hill being defeated for Governor, but Miner was elected, and became the Honorable Henry Clay Miner. He served only one term, for he died in February, 1900. His three sons, Edwin, Thomas, and Henry Clay, Jr., carried on the business and continued to expand the chain. So many foreign tongues overwhelmed the lower East Side that they at length abandoned the old vaudeville house there; it became Jewish for a time and then, like the other theaters of the Bowery, fell into a haphazard existence, with long periods of darkness and Jewish or Italian companies performing in it only briefly. It was burned in 1929.

The London, the rival variety house up the street, gave audience at various times to many of the same performers who appeared at Miner's; but though it prospered intermittently, it was never so famous nor so colorful as the other. It was noteworthy as being the place where the youthful Weber and Fields displayed their first company of their own in 1890. Jacques Kruger, a prominent comedian of days past, loved to tell of how he, already a noted actor, once played an engagement at the London and succeeded in getting one hundred dollars for the week, though under protest, the manager declaring that he had never heard of him.

There was one time in the history of the Bowery theaters when all performances were cancelled—the evening of the great blizzard of March 12, 1888, and the following one. Nat Goodwin was scheduled to begin a week's engagement at the People's that evening, but neither there nor at any of the other houses was there any performance. New York and the East Side haven't yet forgotten that terrible storm. All transportation broke down. Street cars ran off the track, were upset, abandoned. In a collision on the Bowery L, an engineer was killed and service there also ceased, as the engineers could not see their way through the storm. Deliveries of meat and milk failed, but the worst hardship to

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the poor was the shortage of coal, which many of them could buy only by the bucketful. Men, women, and children struggled through the drifts to grocery stores, seeking coal, and the price rose to sixty cents per "patent pail" (twelve quarts). The supply was soon exhausted, and women wept when they could buy no more.

To many elderly people, the most vivid of all the memories of the old Bowery has to do with its dime museums. A volume could be written about them. In no other mile of street did so many flourish—ministering to a population which hard experience should have made skeptical, yet was extremely gullible; a swarming, increasing peasant horde which had plenty of shrewd tricks of its own, yet failed to comprehend most of the tricks of the professional showman. Harken to the ballyhoo of the more polished barkers, as Felix Isman ² remembers it:

The greatest, the most astounding aggregation of marvels and monstrosities ever gathered together in one edifice! . . . From the ends of the earth . . . the wilds of darkest Africa, the miasmatic jungles of Brazil, the mystic headwaters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the cannibal isles of the Antipodes, the frosty slopes of the Himalayas and barren steppes of the Caucasus; sparing no expense, every town, every village, every hamlet, every nook and cranny of the globe has been searched with a fine-tooth comb to provide a feast for the eye and mind. . . . No waiting, no delays. Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and avoid the rush. Tickets now selling in the doorway.

Inside, there was nearly always a mermaid; no Bowery museum was complete without one. But, unfortunately, no one ever succeeded in capturing a mermaid alive. They were always stuffed, usually rather undersized, and invariably kept in a large, thick glass case, which prevented your getting close enough to see the stitches and glued places. In upper rooms on the Bowery between 1880 and 1910 not only

² In *Weber and Fields*.

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mermaids but other monstrosities and curiosities such as two-headed calves and four-legged chickens were made to order and were good sellers to museums all over the country. In one place relics and antiques were turned out—ancient coins, rare violins, worm-eaten furniture, flint spearheads, genuine paintings by any specified Old Master, crosses and boxes of olive wood from the Mount of Olives, armor worn by famous knights, guns, swords, and bullets from famous battlefields.

A fat woman was almost a necessity to a museum, too. Why any one should want to look at a mere obscene lump of fat weighing five or six hundred pounds is beyond the comprehension of a balanced mind, as is also the morbid desire to see deformities, monstrosities, and mutilations, human and animal; but it is so. Neither could any museum hope to survive without a giant—or at least, they seemed to think so: and a dwarf was likewise among the commonest attractions, as were the bearded lady, the wild man of Borneo, the armless wonder, the tattooed man, the horse with a snake in his eye, the Circassian beauty with a shock of hair approximately as large as a hayrick, a snake charmer, usually female, and the India rubber or elastic skin man, who with thumb and finger pulled the skin of face or body out several inches and let it snap back with a sound that was dreadful to hear. A glass eater was a good attraction and the envy of dyspeptics. When Bill Jones, a popular glass eater of the nineties, appeared, they ran quotations from his epicurean sayings in the newspaper ads: “‘A piece of window glass between two slices of bread is nice’—Bill Jones.”

Then there were the mental marvels, such as the one who could look at you and guess your weight, and the one who instantly quoted the population of any given city. The promoters were sometimes driven to extremities for novelties, as for example, Sir Ed-oo-ard, the man with a face of stone, who would not laugh, nay, “would not move a mus-

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sill of the face," e'en though you might "mock, jeer, jest, and jape" with him; who would in fact hand you ten thousand dollars in cash if you made him smile; and the Ohio farmer who had the mysterious disease which impelled him to walk without ceasing. For twenty years he had not stopped walking, day or night; he ate and slept walking. When his family tried to halt him, he begged them with tears in his eyes to let him go, else he should die. And when you saw him, you saw nothing but a man walking back and forth. Come to think of it, it did require some stamina to do that for twelve or fourteen hours a day.

Roy McCardell was a museum "fan" during his newspaper days. His best-loved resorts were

Huber's Museum on Fourteenth Street, Doris's Museum on Eighth Avenue, but best of all, the old Globe Museum on the Bowery, when I was on *Puck*, at Houston and Mulberry Streets, around the corner. Here at the Globe Museum I foregathered with and was the close personal friend of George, the Turtle Boy; Laloo, the East Indian Enigma—a small girl's head grew from his body—and once in a pool game at a resort near by, in which George, the Turtle Boy and Laloo were playing for the Human Curiosity Championship, Laloo pushed the 10 ball in the corner pocket with his elbow and the indignant Turtle Boy snapped at him, "If you do that again, I'll kick your sister!"

I was honored with the girlish confidences of Emma Shaler, the Ossified Girl, who confessed to me that "the life hardened one." And I had a necktie knitted for me by Lilith, the Legless Lady; was guest of honor at the birthday party of the Murray Triplets; and I am the friend to this day of Madam Rosa, the Bearded Lady, to whom I used to lend books, such as Rosa N. Carey's *Not Like Other Girls*. And I used to take the Peerless Corinne, Circassian Princess and Sword Swallower, to old Maria's to dine, where, despite her professional proclivities, I am pleased to say that the Princess's table manners were beyond reproach.

I have drunk with Enoch, the Man Fish, and have heard Billy Wells, the Iron-Skull Man, complain—after twelve shows a day,

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where at each show a Belgian block was cracked on his head with a sledge hammer—that he had worn a new derby hat the night before and it had given him a headache.

At the Globe, in the theatorium, I have led the claque for Carrie Stanley and for that grand old Bernhardt of the Bowery, Fanny Herring, in *The Dumb Boy of Manchester*, *The Ticket-of-leave Man*, *Camille* and *Little Sure-Shot*, the *Pride of the Prairie*.

But the best introduction of a human curiosity to an appreciative public that I ever heard was Professor Langdon's of that most famed of ophidian dietists, the Original Bosco;—

"La-dees and gentlemen! Permit me to call your attention to the world-renowned, justly celebrated, only and original Bosco, the Snake Eater. He eats them alive! He bites their heads off! He grovels in a den of loathsome reptyles! An exhibit for the edUcated, AND a show for the sensitive and refined."

The Globe, where George Middleton, the great dime museum impresario, had his beginning as a manager, was at 298 Bowery—a famous location, where once that old grog-gery, the Gotham Cottage, had stood. At the New York Museum at 210 Bowery the Ford Brothers, fresh from their assassination of Jesse James, were exhibited to an admiring public as heroes and public benefactors. At Alexander's Museum, 317 Bowery, Steve Brodie displayed himself after that fearful leap from the bridge. Worth's Museum at 99 Bowery, near Hester, was one of the early ones. Snakes were a feature there, and any boy who brought a live mouse to feed to them was given one free admission. Many an East Side boy might be seen hurrying thitherward fifty years ago with a badly frightened mouse in a little wire trap. Worth did not have his serpents devenomized, and when he was bitten on the thumb by a rattlesnake one day, he seized a quart of whisky, leaped into a carriage, and while the driver was lashing his horses all the way to Bellevue Hospital, legend has it that Worth emptied the bottle. It may have saved his life, but it did not save his thumb. That member was amputated at the hospital, and thereafter was exhibited in a

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jar of alcohol in the foyer of the theatre as evidence of the ferocity of the exhibit.

These little personal souvenirs were not uncommon among wild animal handlers. There was a lion tamer at the Gaiety Musee, 138 Bowery, who lived in Brooklyn, and, as it was claimed, kept his jungle pets in his apartment in vacation seasons, and often fed them from his hand in his dining room. But lions are notoriously careless as to their table manners, and one of them accidentally clawed a thumb nail off his employer one day; whereupon the Signor, as a souvenir and bit of publicity—perhaps to shame the clumsy lion, too—had the nail set in a gold mount and wore it as a pendant on his watch chain.

The "lecture" on the curiosities usually began on the hour. The "Professor" moved from rostrum to rostrum, dispensing misinformation regarding the exhibits, announcing that the human wonders would answer any proper question and adding that he believed they had their photographs for sale—a clutch of the photographs being always in plain view at the feet of each. Very early in museum history an idea was devised to catch another nickel. Having displayed the curiosities, the lecturer would announce a big show in the theater on another floor. At the Globe he did it in poetry:

Now you've seen our wonder wares,
Next is the big show given downstairs.
You'll see a drammer most intense;
The seats they'll cost you but five cents, etc.

The theater was merely one of the floors of the converted business building, with low ceiling, small stage across one end and poor views from the seats. A barker at its entrance would start a loud outcry, "Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, to the big show . . . comprising all the leading stars of the dramatic, operatic and variety stage, all presented to you for five cents, one nickel, hawf a dime, the twentieth part of a dollah!" A Punch and Judy team inside would

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begin squeaking, half a dozen "shillabers" or stool pigeons would bustle forward and proffer imaginary nickels to start the crowd going. Naturally, for such a price, the show was poor, often semi-amateur. Sometimes it was vaudeville, sometimes melodrama; if the latter, one found in it relics like poor old Fanny Herring, once a dramatic star, but reduced in her latter years to the Globe Museum, where, as the poetic professor announced,

Fanny Herring gives below
A drammer laid in O-hi-o.

In the vaudeville were beginners like Weber and Fields, Harry and Al Jolson, Francis Wilson, Harry and John Kernell, Sam Bernard, Peter F. Dailey, Maggie Mitchell, Joseph Coyne, and many more who appeared at such places when they were little more than children. Towards the end of the century, as a concluding feature of the vaudeville there would appear certain jerky moving pictures of jumping horses, battleships, President McKinley walking across his lawn, British soldiers going to the Boer War, presented by the kineopticon, the cinematograph, the biograph, the animatograph—the names of the movie machine then were legion. Now the lights would flash on, the bouncer would bellow, "All out!" and another performance would begin as soon as the new crowd was seated. A metropolitan dime museum with an ordinary run of business could give ten or twelve of these shows per day, and sometimes fifteen; and when Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy, came to the Bowery, the rush was so great that twenty-three shows were crowded into a day, to the annoyance of patrons, who complained bitterly of being hurried.

Steadily the museums became more disreputable, more of a cheat. Extra fees were asked for additional exhibits, often the veriest fakes. The electric battery machine with two handles which one grasped to receive a tingling shock was new in the eighties, and victims who were persuaded to try

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it were mulcted for a fee for "electric treatment." Credulous ones were lured into a "Doctor's" or "Professor's" office for a blood-pressure or lung test, phrenological examination, or palm reading. Nothing was said about payment, but while in the midst of the ceremony the victim heard a click and saw a flap in the wall turn over, exposing a sign, "Professor Bunk's Fee is \$2." If you refused to pay, cajolery was tried, then threats and sometimes the affair ended with violent ejection.

Living pictures, posed by women in tights and promised to be much spicier than they really were, became an excuse for an additional dime. At one museum, a view of "the unclad female form in all its loveliness" was promised for an extra nickel. Those who paid were ushered into a room where there were a few scenic views and pictures of burlesque actresses. When a dozen or so dupes had gathered, an attaché entered and announced that for one dime more they would be admitted to the real sanctum, where the promised figure might be seen through a slit in a curtain. Even then there would be some who were fatuous enough to give up another coin. And when they looked, they saw only a manikin or show window dummy, its joints dimly visible in a bluish light.

That museum was operating in fear of the law. But at wide-open periods there were places, of which the Grand at 132 Bowery (operated by Broken-Nose Burke and sponsor of Swipes the Newsboy), was the worst, where exhibits in all stages of bad taste, vulgarity, and obscenity might be found. Anatomical museums also appeared, with wax casts, artificial monstrosities and medical lithographs, usually stressing the horrors of social diseases, with spectacled and Vandyke-bearded "professors," always from Berlin or Paris, to lure a victim into his lair for "medical advice."

Short-changing was also a favorite device. There used to be a pestiferous little coin, the three-cent piece, which was only a trifle smaller than a dime. One Bowery museum had

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a standing agreement with Hubner's notion store to buy all its three-cent pieces for four cents. The museum gave them out in change as dimes. If you noticed it before picking up your change, the "error" was rectified; but if you had taken a step away from the window and came back, the cashier brazenly charged you with trying to cheat *him*. If an easy-looking individual laid down the exact coin, a dime, and started on, the cashier called him back with a note of polite indignation in his tone.

"This ain't a dime you gave me; it's a three-cent piece," he would say, and sure enough, it was a three-cent piece he shoved back. If the stranger protested, he was merely courting trouble. The museums reversed the modern department store slogan; with them, the customer was always wrong.

Many a boy destined to become famous in connecton with the stage sprang from the seething East Side tenements and had his first experience in Bowery playhouses. Little Joe Weber, for example, living in a basement in East Broadway, and his neighbor just around the corner, Lew Schanfield, were both born in Poland. They went to Public School 42 in Allen Street, where among other students were a boy named McGovern, later to be known to fame as James T. Powers, Paul Salvin and Arthur Dunn and his sister Jennie. Jimmy Powers did his first turn in a hall on Bleecker Street, and it has already been related how he made his first hit at Aberle's.

Joe and Lew were team mates from the beginning. They first appeared "professionally" at the age of nine with blacked faces at the Turn Halle on Fourth Street, receiving as their fee a sandwich and a pass to the next show. It was at the Turn Halle, by the way, that Gus Hill, another East Side boy, later great variety producer, began life as a club-swinging. Joe and Lew next found a job at three dollars a week in a museum just opened on Chatham Square, in a room recently vacated by a secondhand clothing store. But this enterprise presently failed, and after another period of

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depression, they had a stroke of good fortune, being taken on at the Globe at twenty-five dollars a week. George Middleton, who had just taken over the museum, sported a fur overcoat, but under it was the summer linen suit which he had worn home from his engagement with a circus several weeks before. Here the youthful stars worked the first two weeks in blackface. During the next two they wore Fauntleroy suits, danced and did paper-tearing. Who remembers the old paper-tearing acts? The artist warbled a song and holding his hands behind him, tore a sheet of paper into clever silhouettes. He might start with the paper folded into a small rectangle, and when he brought it forth and opened it, lo! it was a delicate, lacy concoction like an old-fashioned valentine. Or, torn unfolded, it might be a battleship or a portrait of Teddy Roosevelt. The Leonzo Brothers, also East Side boys, sang "Alice, Where Art Thou?" while they tore, and then perhaps swaggered through the afterpiece, a bloodstained melodrama such as "Marked for Life."

For their third change of bill, Weber and Fields (for the first syllable of Lew's name was now gradually disappearing) put on their first German dialect act. Harry Semon, son of a house painter in the neighborhood, helped them with their makeups—and thus another great theatrical enterprise, Hurtig & Semon, is foreshadowed.

They were not yet twelve when Weber and Fields, singing at Worth's Museum on the Bowery, were taken into custody by the Gerry Society, and vowed that they were over sixteen. But they were "under twelve" for years thereafter when traveling on the railroads. Next they went to Miner's Bowery, at first receiving only twenty dollars a week; but there they put on their first "Mike and Meyer" act—they are doing it yet on the radio—and in theatrical slang, it was a "riot." A Tuesday afternoon matinee, called the actors' matinee because it was attended by so many of the profession, was likewise thrown into convulsions, with the result

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that the boys were sent up to Miner's Eighth Avenue at a salary of fifty dollars weekly. When in 1890 they brought their own company to the London, the whole East Side turned out and gave them an uproarious welcome.

When they finally took over the Imperial Theatre on Broadway and founded their famous music hall, they leased the building from Harry Miner, and succeeded as tenants another East Sider, George Kraus, who had started on the Bowery. Kraus was later partner with Big Tim Sullivan in the ownership of the Dewey Theater on Fourteenth Street. The story of how Big Tim worked off a junk automobile on him for \$7,500 is a classic at which the Bowery laughs yet.

The bar at Miner's Theater was a loafing place for professionals and for youth who themselves longed wistfully for connection with the stage. Two of the latter, a few decades ago, were named Sam Harris and Al Herman—both now big producers on Broadway, though Herman is more easily recognized under the name, Al H. Woods. The latter's first successful promotion was when he put the pugilist, Terry McGovern, into a melodrama and played the National and the Thalia on the Bowery. Marcus Loew, William Fox, Joseph and Nicholas Schenck, and George White all romped on East Side streets in their youth. So did Sam Bernard, whose first appearance was with his brother Dick at the Grand Duke's Opera House, which was in a basement under a stale beer dive at Worth and Baxter streets. This theater, named in honor of the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, a recent visitor to this country, was run by a gang of newsboys and bootblacks calling themselves the Baxter Street Dudes and captained by one Baby-Face Willie, who was as tough as he was angelic-looking. Admission rates were from six to ten cents; the theater was well patronized and would have been a success had not opposing gangs bombarded it so often with stones and bricks.

If the histrionic urge is implanted in a youngster, it is apt to crop out early. More than thirty years ago two boys,

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brothers named Harry and Asa Yoelson (two more natives of Poland, by the way) of whom the older was not over fifteen, appeared on the streets of New York. They were the sons of a Jewish cantor in Washington, and had run away from home to become actors. To be exact, Harry, the elder, absconded first, and Asa followed him. They had been well trained in singing by their father, and the first pennies they earned in New York they got by "busking" in the saloons and dives of the Bowery. The busker was a free lance, a wandering minstrel. Entering a resort with tables filled with diners or drinkers and usually with its own music, the boys would approach the manager or head waiter and ask timidly, "Say, Mister, kin we do a turn? We got all the latest songs, and we're good dancers."

The potentate would look them over appraisingly. Most times he said, gruffly, "No! Out wit' yez!" but if he decided that they might offer his patrons a bit of novelty, he would call to the pianist, "Hey, Jack! Give de kids a chancet, will yer?" And Jack would oblige, sometimes even picking out an accompaniment to their songs. The turn completed, a few patrons would toss nickels and dimes at the minstrels, and they would go on to the next place.

Thus did Harry and Al Jolson begin their career in the metropolis. They slept the first night in a wagon in the open air, and some one stole Al's shoes, which he had removed for comfort. Harry sent him back to Washington, but he ran away again. They played an engagement at the Gaiety Museum, and Harry was for a time a singing waiter at Callahan's dance hall saloon, which lay in L shape around Hubner's notion store at Chatham Square and Doyers Street.

Blind Sol was a busker whom the other itinerants were glad to lead from place to place, because he had the entrée everywhere, and they could sneak in with him. Streetwalkers often did the trick, and so did a youth named Izzy Baline,—born in Poland, of course—whose first home in New York had been a basement in Monroe Street. Izzy

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appeared as busker at Callahan's some time after the Jolsons' advent there and sang a woeful ballad entitled, "The Mansion of Aching Hearts"—just the sort of thing the patrons of such places liked. One would expect them to crave something jolly, something that would make them forget the sorry side of life. But no! what they liked best was something that would make them cry: songs bewailing the false step, extolling the old homely virtues; songs about true love, remorse, heartbreak, and death. "A Violet from His Mother's Grave," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "She May Have Seen Better Days," "The Picture That is Turned Towards the Wall," "Teach Our Baby That I'm Dead," "Just Break the News to Mother," and "You Made Me What I Am To-day; I Hope You're Satisfied." Izzy Baline crooned many of these when he became singing waiter at Nigger Mike Saulter's dive, and doubtless meditated even then that he could write better stuff.

Nigger Mike, a Jew who received his nickname because of his dark complexion, had opened his dance hall—which he called the Pelham—at 12 Pell Street in 1904. This was the building remodeled by Chinese in 1890 for a theater called the Chinatown Music Hall—the first Chinese theater east of California, antedating the one on Doyers Street by five years—though the existence of this first one was comparatively brief. Saulter's place was popular; one saw all classes there, from crooks to slumming celebrities, and Mike, as he became prosperous, dabbled in sports. He had a race horse named for himself, Nigger Mike, and when it won at Brighton at odds of 100 to 1, its owner kept open house for a day, and the Bowery enjoyed a treat.

There was a blind musician at Saulter's too, for a time—Tom, the piano player. He was good, but Louie Gass, over at the Chatham Club, at 6 Doyers Street, was even better. Like many a barroom musician, he knew not one note from another, but he could improvise an accompaniment to a song instantly. The Chatham had a good tenor, too, Johnny

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Doyle, but on one or two occasions they borrowed the sweet-voiced Izzy Baline from Saulter, and the question, "Who wants the handsome waiter?" became a byword over there.

The Chatham Club was frequented by some rather desperate gentlemen (and Saulter's was not guiltless of them): Chick Tricker, Jack Sirocco, and Kid Twist, gang leaders; Louis Pioggi, alias Louie the Lump, who killed Kid Twist at Coney Island; Sandel Mertz, killed by persons theoretically unknown; Big Jack Zelig, prince of gunmen, who furnished the four slayers of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler; Julius Morello, who tried to kill Zelig but lost his own life; Charley Torti, who wounded Zelig almost unto death in the very shadow of the Criminal Courts, and at least two other persons famous in the Rosenthal murder—the informers, Bald Jack Rose, gambler, and Bridgie Webber, who began life in a very humble way by stealing dogs and progressed to the ownership of the biggest opium joint in Chinatown, not to mention a gambling house and the Sans Souci Music Hall on Third Avenue. Izzy Baline didn't like this Chinatown-gangland environment any better than the rest of us would have; so he went up to Tin Pan Alley, altered his name to Irving Berlin, wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—and was famous. Really very simple, when you know how it's done. Berlin and George White, the "Scandals" producer, often laugh together at memories of how the latter, busking around the Bowery resorts in his youth, came to Izzy, the head waiter at Saulter's, to ask permission to sing and garner a few pennies.

There is another boy yet to be mentioned; born on El-dridge Street, early left an orphan by the death of both parents and brought up by an old kinswoman. Nagged by the dramatic urge at sixteen, he longed to try out his art on amateur night at Miner's, but had not even a whole pair of trousers to wear. He finally succeeded in leasing a pair from another boy for fifty cents which was to be paid out of the dollar he received for appearing. His specialty that night

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was imitations of prominent actors, and he did so well that he not only received a coin shower from the audience, but was awarded the five-dollar first prize. The name of the youth was Eddie Cantor.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN THE REIGN OF BIG TIM SULLIVAN

O WEN KILDARE, the Bowery writer, used to tell of how he, a penniless orphan of seven, went down to Theater Alley, back of the Park Row newspaper offices, one morning, hoping somehow to get some papers to sell, though the prospect of such a thing seemed very remote; and how he was presently noticed and accosted by a somewhat larger boy of dominating mien, who, finding that he had no money, "staked" him to a nickel to buy a batch of papers. He learned that the name of the other boy, who this early in life was instinctively assuming leadership and drawing others to him like a magnet by kindness, was Tim Sullivan. Years afterward James L. Ford, buying a newspaper from a diminutive merchant, asked him casually if he obtained his stock from the American News Company.

"Naw," was the reply. "I gits 'em offa Dry Dollar."

"And who may Dry Dollar be?" asked Ford.

"He's a big lad wot buys fer us little kids," was the explanation; and thus Ford first began to hear of a rising politician who was still buying papers for newsboys, partly because he was a politician, but also, we are certain, because he had once been a newsboy himself and sympathized with them in their difficulties.

There are two or three theories as to the origin of the nickname Dry Dollar which clung to him through most of his life, but the one which Sullivan himself told was that in boyhood he once found one of those big green revenue stamps washed off a wet beer keg, and dried it carefully to take home to his mother, under the im-

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pression that he had found a dollar bill. Perhaps there was never a more perplexing admixture of good and evil in one human character than in that of Timothy D. Sullivan. It is easy to make excuses for him, and those who were favored with his friendship would die rather than admit that he was bad. To begin with, he had a poor start. He was born in a tenement in the dingy street misnamed Park Place in 1863, the son of a poor laborer. His father died when Tim was only four, leaving his widow to care as best she could for six children.

Tim spent a part of one winter in school, though his mother could not keep him decently dressed. When he came to school through the first deep snow with half-frozen toes peeping through his broken shoes, his teacher said indignantly that it was a shame, and that his father ought to be spoken to about it. Something in the orphan boy's eyes told her that she had made a mistake. Detaining him after hours, she learned the truth. The teacher's name being Murphy, she knew how to assist a poor boy promptly and without red tape. She took him around to Tammany District Leader Brennan, and when Tim went home that night, he was wearing the first new pair of shoes he had ever owned. That, it is said, was why, in his prosperity, he gave away from five to ten thousand pairs of shoes every winter to the unfortunate. It was a sort of memorial to the teacher who befriended him in one of his worst hours of need.

At the age of either seven or eight Tim was selling newspapers in front of Dolan's beanery on Park Row. Before he was fifteen he was attracting the attention of the politicians because of his leadership among the boys. He ran errands for Tom Walsh (Fatty) the Sixth Ward leader, who kept an eye on him, gave him the rudiments of political instruction and gleaned information from him.

"Timmy," said Walsh one day, "Blank is a good, straight fellow, ain't he?"

"Yes," retorted Tim dryly. "As straight as Pearl

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Street" (which, if you don't happen to know, is so sinuous that it intersects Broadway twice). The answer tickled Walsh enormously, and he often quoted it. Tim cast his first vote either at seventeen or nineteen—again the stories differ—and duplicated as often as desired; which, together with other evidence, convinced Croker that he was a coming political genius.

At twenty-two young Sullivan owned a saloon on Chrystie Street—for any promising politician could get backing for such a business either from the breweries or the big bosses. At twenty-three he was elected to the State Assembly. Big, handsome, genial, kindly but shrewd and a handy man with his fists, Tim was already a power in the "Sixt'" Ward, where the Five Points district and Mulberry Bend were almost as foul and evil as the former had been before the Civil War—some think more so. Stale beer dives, basement grogeries and brothels, sailors' dance halls with unprintable names swarmed on every block. "In every shadow," wrote George Kibbe Turner,¹ "bands of soft-fleshed young thieves watched and waited for the drunken laborer reeling home by night." Such was the Whyo Gang, whose votes Sullivan was said to control, and who were often seen around his saloons, of which he had four by 1889; two of them on Center Street, and one on Marion (now Lafayette). The one at 116 Center was directly opposite the Tombs Police Court. Policemen and court officials were in and out of it many times a day, and one of the court clerks was said to be a silent partner.

Inspector Byrnes that year asked the Legislature for blanket power to arrest at sight all professional criminals whom he found in New York on the day of the Centennial celebration in May. A bill to that effect passed the Senate, and then Byrnes learned that it had been held up in the House by Representative Sullivan, whose record he knew

¹ "Tammany's Control of New York by Professional Criminals," *McClure's Magazine*, June, 1909.

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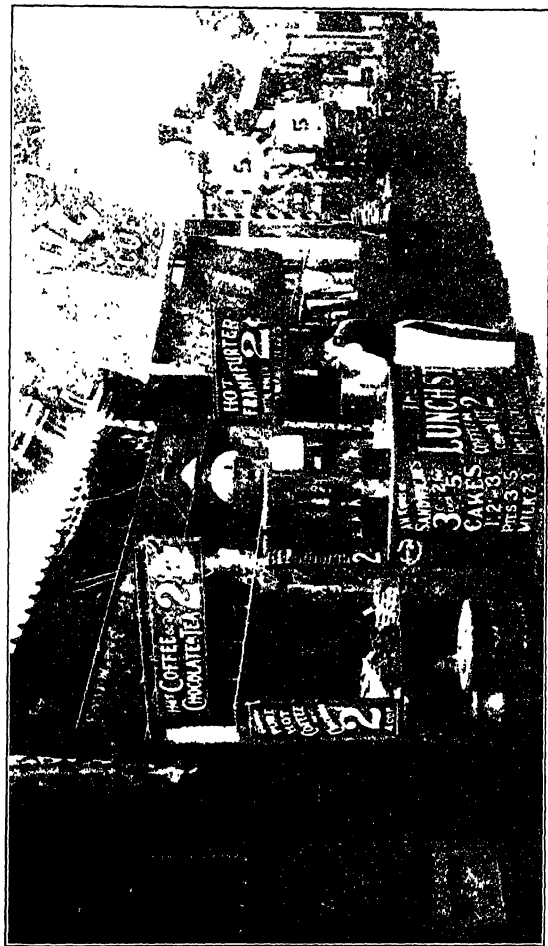
well. There was a split in the local Democracy then, and Byrnes and Sullivan being on opposite sides, the Chief spoke his mind.

"Timothy D. Sullivan," said he, "better known as Dry Dollar Sullivan, associates with thieves and disreputable citizens. Peter Barry, one of the Whyo Gang, was one of his boon companions. Barry is now serving seven years in State's Prison. Tommy McAneny, general thief, is another chum of Sullivan. Some time ago, when Tommy Nichols and John Clark were arrested for burglary, Sullivan tried his hardest to get Cottrell, one of my detectives, to make it light for them. Sullivan also associated with Johnny Hand, Danny Lyons, James alias Figs Lyons and Dan Driscoll, hanged for murder, and dozens of other criminals."

On the day after Byrnes's statement was made public, Sullivan arose in the Assembly and answered him—as he always did when charges were made against his character—by telling in language strongly tinged with what has come to be known as the Bowery dialect, the story of his orphan boyhood.

"If Mr. Cottrell," he said, "or any other policeman says I ever approached him to make it light for any thief, he's a liar. If Inspector Byrnes says I did, he's a liar. . . . My father died when I was four years old, leaving me the second youngest of four children. My mother struggled along the best she could, but when I was not quite seven I had to go downtown and help to keep the rest of us together—sell newspapers and one thing and another . . . I can prove that since I was seven years old until the day before I came to the Legislature, I never lost two days' work in my life. Now I don't think I've had much time to associate with thieves."

When Tim told his life story in his own magnetic way, he was irresistible. Even hard-boiled Republican members shed tears, and Byrnes's bill was lost. An old member of the Whyo Gang said twenty years later, "There was a new kind of politics started in New York with that speech. The



WHAT WITH TWO-CENT TEA, COFFEE AND FRANKFURTERS, ONE-CENT POOL AND FIVE-CENT SHAVES, LIVING WAS CHEAP ON THE BOWERY AROUND 1900

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politicians seen right after that that the man who was ready to come out and take a chance for us fellers would get the votes."

In 1892 Sullivan was promoted by Croker to leadership of the Third Assembly District, succeeding Harry Miner, who was too busy with his theaters and too well-to-do to care for the job longer. That fall he carried the district for Cleveland by 395 votes to 4. He knew that there were three unshakable Republicans in the district, but he was astounded by the fourth one, and apologized with embarrassment to Croker for it. "Harrison got one more vote than I expected," he said, "but I'll find that feller." Croker promptly recognized his toil and talent by making him leader of the Bowery Assembly District, just north and east of his old one.

The Eighth—"De Ate"—Assembly District, east of the Bowery, was realigned that year. John J. O'Brien had become Democratic boss of that district when it was still largely German in the seventies and turned it from Republican to Democratic in 1876, carrying it for Tilden by 3,200 votes. But the Jews, who were swarming into the district in the seventies and eighties, were hard to handle politically, and the mercurial Italians to the west of the Bowery were also a problem. When Big Tim Sullivan took over the Bowery territory in 1893, it was in an unsatisfactory condition from a Democratic standpoint, and the times were unpropitious. Dr. Parkhurst, the City Club—described by Big Tim as "Silk hats and silk socks with nothing in between"—and other reformers were thundering against Tammany, and in the following year the Lexow Committee of the State Senate began its investigations into New York's Police Department, uncovering an appalling mass of vice and corruption. Before the Committee had proceeded far, several Bowery resorts were closed and others had become as prim as Bible classes. "Everything's dead slow," reporters patrolling the streets were told. Moreover, the public reaction was such

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that Tammany was turned out that fall, and William L. Strong, a Republican, became Mayor.

But Big Tim knew, as all Democrats knew, that New York's brief spasms of virtue last only through one mayoralty term, and even before that is over, she is hankering again for the odoriferous fleshpots of Tammany. So even during those two arid years of reform, Tammany was organizing for the future by building up gangs of election repeaters to counteract any fits of temperament or independence among the southern and eastern European voters. The Big Feller, as he was coming to be called because of his six-foot stature and powerful body, did wonders towards consolidating his territory for the benefit of Tammany and Timothy D. Sullivan. Within three or four years he had the Bowery and environs safely Democratic, but in so doing he made it more wide open than ever before. Vice and crime had only to pay for protection and furnish voters, and they had a free hand. Careful students of the period are convinced that the idolized Big Tim's political organization of the district did far more to deepen the disgrace of the Bowery than Hoyt's song. He made politics and crime more comprehensively synonymous than even such a master as Tweed had been able to do.

Around him was growing up a veritable Sullivan oligarchy. Among his aides were his cousin Florence, who managed some of his saloons, of which he now had six, and who helped Tim in person to beat up opposition election watchers, as testified before the Lexow Committee; his brothers Paddy and Dennis (better known as Flat-Nose Dinny, who kept a saloon at Bowery and Houston, and eventually became a boss at Coney Island), his half-brother Larry Mulligan, and two other cousins, Christy and a lean, mirthless lawyer, Timothy P., alias Little Tim, the very antithesis of the full-blooded Big Feller. There were other political backers who were as devoted to him as his own kin; Photo Dave Altman, for example, who for years was a bodyguard for him and who

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placed him in nomination every time he ran for public office. Tim had a superstition that Altman brought him luck, and would let no one else nominate him. Thomas F. Reilly, alias Sarsaparilla, was also known as Big Tim's valet because of the rôle he played when Sullivan went to Congress. Big Tim had tired of Albany after several terms in House and Senate. The Republicans were in power, and as he phrased it, "The graft is played out."

"Why don't you go to Congress?" asked a friend.

"Me in Congress!" jeered Sullivan. "To the itzy house with youse! Do you want to put me on the bum, like Tim Campbell and Sulzer? Nit!"

"But it's fine," the friend insisted, until at length Tim grew interested and asked, "What's the graft over there?" The possibilities were outlined to him.

"How long does it take to get to Washington?" he asked.

"Only five hours."

"Sure?" He was surprised. "That ain't such a long time." He meditated. "Them guys that flag the Washington graft get famous and get to be the main squeeze at the White House if their gang is in, don't they? They're the whole cheese in national conventions. That ain't such a bad lay. I'll think it over. If it ain't a piker's game, I might take a stack and sit in."

A hint was enough. His campaign was started by his friends without his saying a word. When queried on the subject by a reporter, he answered, "Who knows? It might be a grand game with the limit off. They pulled the blinders so tight at Albany that it got to be heavy goin' and I pulled out. Maybe on a bigger track in faster company it would be worth while entering. I may take a hand." And he strolled off down the Bowery.

He scarcely had to make a speech; the mere news that he was willing to go to Congress was enough. He hated speechmaking, anyhow, and never spoke at length save under pressure of strong emotion, usually when his character

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was assailed. Oratory was unnecessary in his cause. If he uttered only twenty simple words, they were listened to as rapturously as if they had been the verbose eloquence of a Webster. A sample was his speech in behalf of the Aldermanic candidacy of "Battery Dan" Finn, as reported by the *World*,

"Boys, I'm a Democrat [cheers]. I've been a Democrat all my life [loud cheers]. I have voted the Democratic ticket straight all my life [uproarious cheers]. I never scratched a ticket since I cast my first vote when I was seventeen, and I never will [pandemonium]."

The critic may think that Tim wandered from the subject in this oration, but not so. If he had merely recited the multiplication table in Finn's behalf, it would have been valid material. Anybody that Tim was for was good enough for the voters, and Finn was elected.

When Tim started to Washington, as the legend goes, he had the belief that any one in official life in the national capital who did not have a valet lost prestige. So he asked "Sassparilla," as the Bowery pronounced it, if he would pose as the valet—though not, of course, being expected to perform any of the humiliating duties of the office. Reilly readily consented, and Tim startled Washington by registering at the Shoreham as Senator Timothy D. Sullivan and valet. When he went to the White House to call on the President, Sassparilla Reilly walked respectfully behind. The Bowery in general, by the way, had awe-stricken ideas as to social usage in Washington. "They oughta repeal that law that a guy's gotta wear a dress suit when he goes down there," complained another henchman who contemplated a call on Big Tim during his incumbency. "Now I gotta go over on Baxter Street and rent one, and wit' the railroad fare an' all, it costs like hell!"

Tim didn't care for Washington. He won the pinochle championship of Congress, but he seldom answered at roll call and spent most of his time in New York, looking after

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his business and political interests—which were to a considerable degree identical. “It’s a piker’s game,” he told reporters after his term was over. “There’s nothin’ to this Congressman business. They use ’em for hitchin’ posts down there.”

Crocker, wealthy, aging, and indolent, was spending more and more of his time at his estate in England, while Tim Sullivan, only in his early thirties, was rapidly gathering power. After two years of the reform Mayor, William L. Strong, Tammany came into its own again in the election of 1897 with a man made in its own image, Robert A. van Wyck. Crocker returned suddenly to manage the campaign and defend his leadership. After the election, Big Tim and his Bowery subjects staged a noisy parade in celebration of the glorious victory, and ostensibly to honor Crocker, who was staying at the Murray Hill Hotel. Up Fourth Avenue came the pageant with blaring bands and Big Tim in the lead, a magnificent figure mounted on a caracoling charger, lesser leaders following, also on horseback, and then the yelling commonalty on foot—the Sullivan Association, the Chop Suey Social Club, the Elmwood Athletic Club, and the Palm Pleasure Association (named for a notorious dive on Chrystie Street), all armed with brooms in jocose allusion to the sweep in the election. There were also the Bowling Green Wheelmen and several floats carrying Columbia, Uncle Sam, Chief Tammany, and other revered figures. But to the embarrassment of everybody concerned, Mr. Crocker did not appear to greet the parade at the hotel and word was sent out that he was ill. Van Wyck also mysteriously disappeared from the Hoffman House just before the parade reached there. The truth was that Crocker had begun to fear the young Titan who had grown so great that he could no longer be summoned like a lackey, but must be approached with courtesy.

Sullivan was too good a politician to take umbrage at the slight to his parade, and when Crocker sailed for England

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again, Big Tim was one of the great throng of notables—judges, commissioners, and other city officials, gamblers and racketeers, who went to the pier to bid him farewell and to smother his royal suite with flowers.

It was under the administration of Van Wyck and Big Bill Devery—"best police chief New York ever had," as Van Wyck called him—that the city became more wide open than ever. Out of town gangsters, swindlers, and thieves swarmed in, and Sullivan's district was their lair and happy hunting ground. In his territory and under his régime the Jews and Italians were educated in crime. The Jewish and Italian gangster, the Jewish and Italian pander rose to real power. Though cursed by rabbis and priests and fought by the better element of their own nationalities, the great gangs of white slavers like the Max Hochstim Association and another euphemistically called a Benevolent Association with a clubhouse on Second Avenue, both Jewish, and a large Italian group in the Sixth Ward, grew in strength and polluted the whole social atmosphere. The five-cent dance halls, the only chance that many a poor girl had for the amusement she most loved, were haunted by cadets and many a girl fell a victim to them. The saloons and the so-called hotels around Chatham Square, practically all engaged in some way in the business of prostitution, were all operated by political workers, some of them the heads of repeating gangs. Even waiters, small crooks, hangers-on, and panhandlers did their bits at procuring and repeating. Sullivan himself was charged with owning brothels.

Gamblers, thieves, and pimps were organized in separate groups, each under an able leader, with the object of bringing cash and votes to the great machine within a machine, to the theoretically subordinate prince who was rapidly becoming more powerful than King Croker and Tammany itself. The leading businesses of the district became robbery, thievery, graft, swindling, prostitution, and professional beggary.

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Boys of ten and twelve were carefully trained as pickpockets and girls of thirteen and fourteen went on the streets.

There were crook headquarters everywhere. Red Jack's on Chatham Square, for example, in 1902 was a burglar's and robbers' hangout. Two other retired crooks kept similar places near by. The "sure thing mob," such as dice men, pin cloth and spindle workers, short change artists and "guns" then congregated at McGurk's and other places near Rivington Street. Just around the corner from the Bowery was an emporium where crooked gambling utensils, such as marked cards, loaded dice, brace faro boxes and braked roulette wheels were made or vended. On Elizabeth Street was a crooks' weapon shop, which kept constantly on hand a nice assortment of pistols, knucks, stilettos, etc., to suit every taste, and also manufactured the billy, a club with a slug of lead in the end, and the blackjack, a leather bag about six inches long, filled with fine shot and with a piece of rope sewed into one end as a handle.

The Raines Law hotels were a byword and a hissing of this period. State Senator Raines, a foe to liquor but indifferent to vice, fathered a bill in 1896 which forbade any place save hotels to sell liquor on Sunday. Now, the Sunday trade was most important of all to the liquor dealers; they quickly saw the loophole, and every one who could get possession of the floor or floors over his saloon did so and announced his business as a "hotel." As the environment was seldom inviting to decent transient trade, the rooms were almost exclusively used for immoral purposes. Whenever a shooting, a stabbing, or a police raid occurred at such a place, the newspapers were meticulous in referring to it as a Raines Law Hotel.

Among the saloons and dance halls of the Bowery which became Raines Law hotels were the elegant Harry Oxford's, the Volks Garten—how that name had been smirched!—the Tivoli, the Senate, McGurk's, the old One-Mile House opposite the milestone at Rivington Street, Lynch's White

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House near Grand Street, Bertha Hertz's notorious Dry Dock, and the Rosedale, favorite resort of the walking sisterhood, whose proprietor for a quarter century ran one such place after another on the Bowery and thereabouts, every one being closed sooner or later by the law, whereupon he promptly opened another, and prospered.

It was during those years at the turn of the century that McGurk's place at 295 Bowery, opened in 1895, attained its morbid notoriety under the name of Suicide Hall. What were its attractions, it is hard to discover; for it is described as a dingy place with heavy, battered tables and thick glasses, clouded with rough usage and poor cleansing; yet it was crowded nightly. In a rear room there were thirty tables, seating more than a hundred patrons. In a corner, where his cold, glittering eyes could survey the room without his being seen from the door, sat the proprietor, usually in his shirt sleeves. Eat-em-up-Jack McManus or some broken-nosed pugilist served as bouncer, while the head waiter, Short-Change Charley, had acquired as ticket-seller for a circus such experience in his art that by folding over bills³ and palming coins he could bilk a customer twice on the same transaction. But he had a humiliating experience one night with Kellar, the magician, then playing at the People's Theater, who had come with a party of friends to see the sights. Kellar quickly detected his trick and not only outpalmed him in complaining of it, but charged him with being a pickpocket, and proceeded to draw allegedly stolen jewelry from the clothing of the appalled and trembling waiter. McGurk, discovering the identity of the guest, decreed that it was Charley's turn to treat.

McGurk had one rule which was unique. If one of the female habitués or entertainers at his place was caught in the act of robbing a man or the victim raised his voice in complaint, she must return the money without argument. It was all right if she got away with it, but to be caught cancelled her rights. This gave the place a certain popularity

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and even a reputation of being on the square. Its advertising cards were found in sailors' resorts all over the world, distributed mostly by satisfied customers for a small tip.

It is asserted that during the seven years' existence of the dive, thousands of drunken men were robbed there and thrown into the street. Business was too good—the pace was too hot for the women inmates, and several of them either committed suicide or tried to do so. Police records show that in 1899 five women and one man took their lives there, usually by poison, and seven attempted it. These tragedies has a curious psychological effect on the women of the street; it became a sort of fad for one in low spirits or worn and jaded by life to go to McGurk's and drink poison. Two or three of McGurk's entertainers, instead of cluttering up his own place, had the decency to go around to the Three Deuces, a less noted place in Chrystie Street, to shuffle off the coil.

Emma Hartig, a fifteen-year-old prostitute who testified before the Mazet Committee in 1899, had been in the business five months and already an inmate of four houses when she attempted suicide in McGurk's. She was arrested, but befriended by wealthy women, she was taken to the country and reformed.

One memorable night when a woman named Tina Gordon drank her cup of hemlock and toppled to the floor McGurk knelt by the body and prayed for the repose of her soul. Then rising, he addressed the awed and uneasy guests, declaring that "Most of the women who come to my place have been on the down grade too long to think of reforming. I just want to say that I never pushed a girl downhill any more than I ever refused a helping hand to one who wanted to climb"—which last remark was equivocal, to say the least of it.

In 1902 the Bowery was declared to be "the paradise of the criminal." Eventually, the East Side suffered from overproduction of crime. In a district where by 1905 even the Grand Street car conductors rifled passengers' pockets, there

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was simply not enough to be stolen. Pickpockets around the end of the Brooklyn Bridge fought for a chance at an easy-looking quarry. It became necessary to extend operations farther and farther afield in the city.

The Bowery had become the Eden of bums and beggars, too; in fact, the block between Catherine and Bayard, on the east side of the street, was known as Panhandlers' Paradise. It was almost one continuous row of "barrel houses," dives and lodging houses catering to mendicants—even supplying crutches, bandages, wooden legs, and wheel chairs for "paralytics," one of the considerations being that the beggar's food and drink money must be spent on the block. There were women who borrowed or rented a child or two by the day and worked the business and financial districts as poor widows. What jovial evenings the panhandlers had in their "clubs" when the strain of the day's work was over! With the paraphernalia laid aside and the distorted faces and limbs relaxed, they joked and cursed merrily and sang rollicking, bawdy songs.

"You can get any game you want on the Bowery," was the boast in Van Wyck's administration; "high play at cards, wheel or dice, race track betting, finish prize fights, dog fights, cock fights, even flea fights if you want 'em; or you can go down to Chinatown and try fan-tan or pi-gow." This does not convey a strictly true impression, for there was far more gambling, there were many more sporting affairs on Broadway than on the Bowery. But no matter what game you played there and to a considerable extent elsewhere, you paid tribute to the Sullivan machine. Gambling was Tim's favorite diversion, but it was also his business. He lost many thousands at poker and other games through recklessness, but many times as much came back to his pockets as his share of gambling and betting graft and from his partnerships in gambling houses. In the latter nineties when he was a State Senator, he and Devery and Frank Farrell, the leading professional gambler of his day, were the three most

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powerful figures in a ring which levied tribute on all gambling in New York, and according to the *New York Times* in 1900, was then pocketing \$3,095,000 a year in graft.

On the night after Van Wyck took office, January 2, 1898, a boxing match was stopped because it had not yet been settled who was to control boxing and receive the graft from it. Sullivan wanted the plum and so did the McCarren-McLaughlin faction in Brooklyn. After a long deadlock, an agreement was reached, McLaughlin taking Brooklyn, while Sullivan controlled Manhattan and the rest of the State. Only a few clubs were licensed, and from one of them Sullivan is said to have received a profit of \$50,000 in one year. Even the New York Athletic Club couldn't put on a boxing match. Tom O'Rourke, Sullivan's mouthpiece, said to boxers, "If you don't fight in our clubs, you don't fight anywhere else in the State."

The Big Feller's sources of income were numerous. He was a successful theatrical promoter, owning a number of motion picture, vaudeville, and burlesque houses in partnership with Considine, Kraus, and others. He and Considine even took over Miner's Bowery about 1908. Tim likewise owned race horses, one of which is said to have earned \$100,000 on the track. Another of his horses was named The Bowery, and the East Side wasted thousands of dollars in bets on it.

Under Sullivan's rule there arose two great racial mobs of crooks, pimps, and election repeaters on either side of the Bowery—the gang mostly of Jews to the eastward of it, captained by Monk Eastman; and the Five Pointers, predominantly Italian, west of it in the Sixth and Fourteenth Wards, led by Paul Kelly. Out of these two groups came the majority of the vicious criminals who pestered and disgraced New York during the first two decades of the century, and their malign influence is manifest yet.

These gangs had recognized territories in which they were privileged, within reason, to rob, pick pockets, hold up or

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levy tribute on stuss games and otherwise do the best they could, in return for voting early and often on election day. "When times are right," said a gangster, "they go out every afternoon, just like mechanics goin' to work." Their dividing line was the Bowery, though the Eastmans were disposed to insist on a part of Chinatown also, at least as far as Nigger Mike's. This led to occasional skirmishes which have been exaggerated by sensational writers into pitched battles, with hundreds taking part. There was friction, sometimes conflict, as was inevitable among such banditti, but Sullivan and other leaders were always oiling the waters when troubled and threatening to withdraw their protection if the battlers got out of hand, and more than one menace of war was thus squelched to such a degree that no more than two or three deaths immediately resulted. Eastman and Kelly are said to have tried to settle all disputes by the ordeal of battle—i.e., with their own four fists in a suburban barn; but the joust was a draw.

Eastman in character and appearance was the traditional gangster; a bull-necked, heavy-jowled, unkempt, battle-scarred, cauliflower-eared ex-pugilist whose small button of a nose had been further defaced by an adversary's fist. Whether he was Jewish or Irish is still being debated, with the possibility that neither school of thought is entirely correct. After serving for a time as bouncer at Silver Dollar Smith's saloon, he made his reputation as "sheriff" of New Irving Hall. Though somewhat undersized and never weighing over 150 pounds, he was an ugly fighter, especially as he preferred a blackjack, a bottle, or a pistol to his fists; and even the fists he reënforced with brass knucks. Towards the close of his career he was scored with knife wounds and carried several bullets in his body. He had a weakness for cats and pigeons, and when he left New Irving Hall, he kept a bird and animal store on Broome Street, which, because of his prestige as gang leader, yielded a profit larger than that of the average business of the kind. The fondness of many

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of the most brutal gangsters for birds and animals is a curious psychological item. Humpty Jackson, leader of a gang of thieves, thugs, and repeaters in a district just north of Eastman's, was in the same business, though he also had a saloon on Third Avenue.

Eastman's two leading lieutenants were Kid Twist and Richie Fitzpatrick, though Crazy Butch and Ike the Blood were able sluggers and gunmen. Monk could furnish four or five hundred repeaters on election day, whereas Paul Kelly at his best was probably good for a thousand—though he claimed two thousand. Kelly's real name was Antonio Vaccarelli. His pseudonym has been attributed to the error of an election clerk, but it was probably the result of his having begun life as a boxer, Irish names being favored in that business over Jewish or Italian as conveying verisimilitude. Kelly was—and is—a small, dapper, quiet man, who developed an amateur interest in art and music. But in the early stages of his career there were some interesting episodes. He was arrested for assault and robbery in 1901, and the case was so manipulated that his conviction was obtained for mere assault, and instead of from ten to twenty years in prison he was given only nine months. Recorder Goff, in pronouncing the sentence, denounced the conduct of the prosecution as "shameful."

This was just after his gang, the Five Pointers, had performed their first big election chore for Sullivan, in the fall of 1901 when Tom Foley, described by an admirer as owning "de swellest ginmill below de line" (Fourteenth Street), ran against Paddy Divver, saloon-keeper and Tammany stalwart, for leadership of the Second District. Sullivan's name had now become connected with organized prostitution. He was a vice-president of the Max Hochstim Association. Following the revelations of the Mazet Committee in 1899 and the resulting outcry against Tammany, the Wigwam had made a show of virtue by appointing its own vice investigation committee. Sullivan bluntly warned the committee not

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to poke its nose into his Bowery district, and it heeded the injunction. Croker supported Divver, but Sullivan, to strengthen his own position and make the East Side safe for vice, backed his friend Foley. He was even guilty of *lèse majesté*. "Croker ain't the whole thing," he told reporters. Divver, long a boss in his district and theoretically a friend to virtue, sounded the slogan, "Don't vote the red lights into the old Fourth Ward." He was intensely annoyed by a song bellowed by the Foley-Sullivan partisans, a parody on Maggie Cline's McClusky ballad referring to Divver's defeat in fistic combat by one Tekulsky, a Park Row saloon-keeper.

"T'row him down, Tekulsky!" rang out the battle cry.

"T'row him down, Tekulsky, you can lick him if you try."

And all the future ages, with wonder and delight,

Will read on history's pages of the great Tekulsky fight.

"This," said George Kibbe Turner, "was one of the most savage political fights in the barbaric history of the Democratic party of New York . . . the last stand of the old-time type of Irish peasant saloonkeeping leader in the old Irish immigrant stronghold of New York. The old order was overwhelmed by the new." Italian repeaters from the Five Points Gang swarmed over from Sullivan's territory and formed lines at the polls as early as 2 A. M. A regular commissary supplied them with breakfast, luncheon, whisky, cigars, and benches to sit on. The old Irish residents of the Ward were enraged but helpless; they were outnumbered, elbowed aside, even blackjacked. Foley leaders, on the other hand, indignantly protested that the Divver crowd had names on the registration lists taken from the tombstones in Calvary and Greenwood cemeteries. But if so, they were not enough, for Foley won by a three to one majority.

Repeating, in Big Tim's opinion, could almost be made an exact science. If the polls were carefully watched, "guys with whiskers" were advisable. "When they vote with their

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whiskers on, you take 'em to a barber and scrape off the chin-fringe. Then you vote 'em again with side lilacs and mustache. Then to the barber again, off comes the sides and you vote 'em a third time with just a mustache. If that ain't enough, and the box can stand a few more ballots, clean off the mustache and vote 'em plain face. That makes every one of 'em good for four votes."

The reign of a gang leader is as a rule comparatively brief. Eastman was caught in an attempted highway robbery in 1904, and he who had often defied the police with boasts of his political power now found himself forsaken by his Tammany friends. He was convicted and sentenced to ten years in prison. Paul Kelly expressed polite regret, though adding critically, that Monk was a soft, easygoing fellow, with "a gang of cowards behind him, second-story men, yeggs, flat robbers and moll-buzzers." Kelly was then running a dive, the New Brighton, at 58 Great Jones Street, just off the Bowery.

Kid Twist and Richie Fitzgerald at once became bitter rivals for the leadership vacated by Eastman. At the former's suggestion they met in a Chrystie Street back room to talk the matter over, and there the body of Fitzgerald was found later with a bullet in the heart. Twist was too important a man just then to be sacrificed to the vengeful spirit of the law, and so he became leader of the Eastmans and held the place until slain by one of the Five Pointers, Louie the Lump, at Coney Island three years later. After his death the gang broke into smaller factions. Monk Eastman, released after serving five years, was almost continuously in trouble with the police until 1917, when he enlisted in the army and served bravely and honorably in France. But upon his return he began bootlegging and drug peddling, and one morning in 1920 at dawn he was found slain by five bullets on Fourteenth Street.

Louie the Lump was a member of the southern portion of Kelly's gang, which seceded from his leadership in 1905.

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Sinister happenings began to menace Kelly shortly after that. His bouncer, Eat-'em-up Jack, was brained with a lead pipe one night opposite a dark doorway in the Bowery, supposedly as a result of an affront to Chick Tricker, another member of the southern faction. A few nights later Biff Ellison, another discontented ex-henchman of Kelly's (he had once briefly operated a resort on Cooper Square called Paresis Hall, where male perverts were on display), met one Razor Riley in Nigger Mike Saulter's, and while half drunk, they decided to "cook" Kelly. Hurrying up to the New Brighton, they strode, in the vainglorious gangster manner, into the room thronged with dancers and drinkers, and opened fire on Kelly, who was talking to a man named Harrington. The latter was killed, and Kelly, though fighting back with two pistols, received three bullets in his body, while the assembled company hastily departed through doors and windows. Some time later a passing patrolman, noting the deathlike stillness over a place usually clamant with music and laughter, pushed open the door and found a room silent save for the ticking of a big clock and deserted save for a prowling cat and a dead man whose feet protruded from behind a chair.

The New Brighton was closed thereafter. When Kelly was able to leave the hospital, he opened another resort which he called Little Italy, also on Great Jones Street. This fell after a few months before the crusading of General Theodore A. Bingham, Police Commissioner in Mayor McClellan's second term, who was making an honest effort to clean up the city. Kelly thereupon transferred his activities to Harlem and Yorkville. For several years past he has been honorably engaged in real estate and labor activities.

By the end of 1901 Little Tim, Florrie Sullivan, and Julius Harberger, another Sullivan tool, were at the head of wards and districts surrounding the Bowery, so that what was called the gorilla territory was now pretty well under the thumb of Big Tim. But Tammany suffered disaster that fall in the city election, despite Croker's directing presence again. The

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reaction caused by the Mazet Committee's findings was too strong, and Seth Low, President of Columbia University, an honest man but inexperienced and colorless as a politician, defeated Tammany's candidate for Mayor. Bill Devery, a genius for nicknames, called Dr. Low "Little Eva." But the Doctor had the last laugh when he threw Devery out of office.

When the result of the election became known, Big Tim called the rank and file of the Sullivan Association together at their clubhouse, 207 Bowery, and said to them, "Boys, it looks like a hard winter ahead and light pickings for you for a couple of years. My distinguished friend, the Human Turnip, is going to be Mayor of New York. I think you fellows better resign from the Sullivan Association and join a Republican Club in whatever district you vote in. If any of you haven't got enough money for your initiation or dues, I'll lend it to you or give it to you. You'll stand some chance to get jobs if you do that. There'll be nothing doing in the job line for enrolled Democrats for the next two years. Be Republican and do the best you can till the next election; then come around to me, and we'll throw the hooks into them fellers downtown."

It proved rather a hard season for dive-keepers, too. Some of them promptly went on their good behavior, but others remained careless and were closed—among them the Rose-dale, the Palm on Chrystie Street, and, most important of all, McGurk's Suicide Hall. McGurk had by this time amassed a competence, estimated at \$300,000, and he decided to retire. He lived quietly in New York for a while, then removed with his family to California. There he entered his daughter in a convent school, but when the identity of her father was discovered, she was dismissed. It was a heavy blow to McGurk, and his spirit never recovered from it. Before that time he had given much to charitable and religious causes, but after that, he contributed no more. He died in 1912.

The loss of the election of 1901 finally precipitated Croker's retirement as Boss. Sullivan, the most powerful politician

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in New York, could have succeeded him, but he did not want the place. The gleanings were better where he was, and he preferred cash to glory. He favored his friend, Charles W. Murphy, whom he knew he could depend on, for the post, and Murphy got in.

There was talk of abolishing Chinatown in the last year of Low's administration. The new municipal building was then being planned. The Mayor favored placing it where it now stands, between Park Row, Duane, and Centre streets. Ex-Comptroller Green and others urged the blocks between Mulberry, Bayard, the Bowery, Chatham Square, and Worth Street, including nearly all of Chinatown and fronting on the little park which had just replaced one side of the noisome Mulberry Bend. "The site is now occupied," said Mr. Green, delicately, "by a rather inferior class of buildings." But although Low lost the mayoralty at the end of that year, his choice for the site was later adopted.

The Wigwam was split into contending factions for a year or so after Croker's passing, and did not become united until after the election of 1903. Devery refused to accept Murphy as leader, and made a fight against George B. McClellan, Tammany's candidate for Mayor. He predicted that "the downtrod will arise in their might and make the Murphys and the Big and Little Sullivans look like calico dogs stuffed with saloon sweepin's."

But they didn't, and McClellan was swept in by a large plurality. The Bowery began to perk up again—the frolicsome element, that is, not the soberer folk. Such of these as were left (and many had been driven away in the years just past by the increasing rowdyism) were aware that the street was and had for a long time been in a decline. A few sturdy, respectable firms still clung to their old stands, but the Bowery was no longer a good shopping street. Realty values had fallen. The *Herald* made a survey in 1904 and found that rooms north of Grand Street which had been rented to dry goods and clothing stores in 1885 at \$5,000 per annum rental

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could now be had for \$2,000; while stores that brought \$1,400 and \$1,500 had declined to \$900. It was hoped that the two new East River bridges would help property values; but the Williamsburg Bridge had been completed in 1903 (incidentally promoting the widening of Delancey Street and its extension to Lafayette by a new street named Kenmare, in honor of the birthplace of Tim Sullivan's mother) without bringing a perceptible improvement. Nor was any derived from the Manhattan Bridge, completed in 1909, whose approach sprang from a handsome plaza at Bowery and Canal Street, to make way for which the Windsor Theater and other landmarks were demolished.

Something had put a curse on the street. But of course it couldn't have been its own conduct. The Bowery was like the man who insists that he wasn't drunk—he just ate something that disagreed with him. "It was that song," declared the oracles, solemnly, ignoring the fact that a suggestion to change the thoroughfare's name was made in 1892, before the slanderous song was promulgated, clearly indicating that there was already a sense of disgrace. Changing the name wouldn't have done any good, anyhow, for the street had been more ribald since 1892 than it was before. Nevertheless, the proposition to give the Bowery a chance to begin all over again under a new name and live a better life was brought up again and again by business men who found a Bowery address a handicap, and was resisted by many old settlers, as well as the saloon and political element. "I'd as soon think of supporting a proposition to blow up the Battery," said Alderman Olcott.

Any one suggesting that perhaps the pernicious political system headed by the idolized Big Feller had helped to drag the street's good name in the mud during the twelve years past would have been hanged, drawn, and quartered. Tim could not err. Was not his hand always open to the poor, to everybody who lacked? His fortieth birthday, on July 23, 1903, was celebrated like that of a king. For some time past

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he had been maintaining a suite at the Occidental Hotel as an office and committee room, and it was literally smothered with roses and other floral greetings. Hundreds of letters poured in, and all the great men of the Wigwam came to offer congratulations. Tim had to visit several parks in the afternoon where groups of his subjects were gathered to felicitate him, and finally an Italian club on Elizabeth Street, where a new oil portrait of him had been hung, reverently labeled, "Our Leader, Timothy D. Sullivan." He stood high with the Italians for having fathered the State law which made Columbus Day a legal holiday.

Large photographs and lithograph prints of him hung on the walls of saloons and business houses all over the district, just as Queen Victoria's used to hang on cottage walls in England. You may see some of them there still. Probably there was never another leader in American politics who had such a personal following; certainly never another who had a more magnetic personality. "His smile," said one who, if prejudiced at all, was prejudiced against him, "can be adequately described only by the word 'beautiful.' He radiated kindness."

Openhandedness wins votes, of course, but there can be no doubt that Tim Sullivan was unaffectedly generous. On a trip to Europe in 1909, his presence inevitably became known, and a dozen Americans stranded in London and Paris commended themselves to his attention. He paid the fares of all of them back to America, though few or none of them could ever mean anything to him politically. In southern California on another tour he found no less than thirty-seven sports and racketeers whom he knew or who made him believe he knew them, and he brought them all back to New York in a private car.

Tim liked Conrad Kleinhans, who operated an elevator in an Albany hotel—a lame man who had never had a grand occasion in his life. So Tim gave a sumptuous dinner for him in the hotel's banquet hall, with assemblymen and judges as



LITTLE TIM SULLIVAN

BIG TIM SULLIVAN



THE OLDEST HOTEL IN NEW YORK: HEADQUARTERS
OF BIG TIM SULLIVAN WHEN IT WAS KNOWN AS
THE OCCIDENTAL

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guests. It cost him three thousand dollars, but Cooney had such glory and pleasure that night as kept him talking about it for the rest of his days. The only return Tim got out of that affair was the joy of doing it. Nor can it be believed that a mere vote actuated him in the case of a young man for whom he interceded when William Travers Jerome was District Attorney. This man, the son of a poor widow whom Sullivan knew, had committed a brutal assault on another man while drunk. Tim went to his enemy, Jerome, and humbled himself for the mother's sake, making an eloquent plea for mercy, and telling Jerome that he had warned the saloon-keepers in his district that the first one who sold that lad a drink would be put out of business. And the hard-boiled prosecutor, looking at him with a curious, new respect, promised—and kept his word—to make it as easy for the prisoner as he could.

"Tim Sullivan is crooked, if you please," said Jerome in a campaign speech later on, "but he lives up to his principles, such as they are, and he is true to his friends. He never had a chance when he was a boy to become anything more than what he is. Contrast his case with that of —— [naming a more distinguished and intellectual Democrat]. I would rather entertain Tim Sullivan at my table any day than——"

The saying was probably true that Tim made millions and gave away millions. It made him feel good to give, and perhaps he was salving his conscience by so doing. We have known other racketeers, liquor men, patent medicine quacks, and the like, who did the same. Time and again some person indebted to Sullivan would send him a valuable gift, perhaps a fine watch or a thousand-dollar diamond, and he would toss it to any lieutenant who happened to be nearest at the moment, as if it had been a cigar. Towards the close of his career he was harder to see than the President or the King of England, because he had begun to realize that he must protect himself against pleas for money which he could not resist.

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He never touched liquor or tobacco. Startling news though it may be, he read some good books—Hugo, Dickens, Jack London, and others. *Les Miserables* was his favorite novel. He couldn't understand why any one read trash. Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* was a sex shocker of the times, and Tim declared that "Anybody who read *Three Weeks* ought to get ten days."

Gambling was his major weakness. Once when he and Harry Miner were running against each other for office, both were at Saratoga. Tim, gambling as usual, went broke, borrowed five thousand dollars from Miner and went back to the table. He became estranged from his wife in 1905, and thereafter lived at the Occidental, where he and numerous other politicians kept a poker game in continuous operation. One legend is that it ran five years without stopping. Tim made all the rules of the game, raising the limit as it suited him, and the others didn't mind, for he was so reckless that he was a poor gambler. "He couldn't have won with ten cards to choose from," said a friend. If he did win a thousand, he flung twice that much away in celebration of the event.

One of his ways of helping a friend or a needy man was to install him as kitty keeper in the poker game. Sullivan decreed the rake-offs, and gave the kitty keeper what he chose each time, from a quarter to twenty dollars. One man who held the place about a year earned eighteen thousand dollars at it.

After money was in his hands, it meant nothing to Tim. On the train going to the Democratic National Convention in 1904, he and five Tammany friends were playing poker, and in the absence of chips, were using twenty dollar bills instead. As one pot was opened, it was discovered that there were only five bills on the table. Somebody was "shy," but nobody would admit that he had failed to put up his money. The protestations were growing a bit acrimonious when Tim smilingly reached over, picked up the bills, tore them into little

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bits and tossed them through the window. "There, boys," said he, gently, "that ends all the argument. Now let's all put in again, and there won't be any misunderstanding."

He was modest and seemingly sane in his estimate of his own position as a leader. "Every community," he said, "has to have some man who can take the trouble to look out for their public interest while they are earning their living, and it don't make any difference whether he's tall, short, fat, lean, humpbacked or with only half his teeth, if he's willing to work harder than any one else, he's the fellow that'll hold the job. They're not always grateful, and when they catch a man fourflushing, no matter how good his excuse—Skiddoo! back to the old home for his. And so, after all, there ain't much to it to be a leader. It's just plenty of work, keep your temper or throw it away, be on the level, and don't put on any airs, because God and the people hate a chesty man."

By "on the level," he meant "with his pals," the men who worked with him. Others were fair game, to be choused as one pleased. Or is it possible that Tim thought he deserved the enormous profits he took out of his district as reward for his labor? Even hostile writers admit that he may have distributed at least twenty-five thousand dollars a year to the poor, and that he sometimes started out in person at dawn with gangs of men for whom he wished to find jobs on public works. But they also charge that he and his machine took seven or eight times as much money out of the district as he gave away. Even poor pushcart peddlers were not only shaken down by the police occasionally, but had to buy tickets to the chowder parties or clambakes which Sullivan and numerous other leaders were giving almost every summer week at College Point. Yes, and merchants, liquor men, gamblers, and harlots, too, enough to pay for the whole "racket." To refuse was to lose one's right to do business.

Those chowders were routine affairs. There was a parade to the dock, with a band and perhaps Harry Oxford as Grand

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Marshal or some pugilist like Tom Sharkey or Kid McCoy leading, in recognition of Tim's boxing kingship. On the steamboat, ticket holders got some of the value of their money in free drinks at the bar; and roulette wheels, faro boxes, dice, cards, chips, and tables were supplied free of charge for those who wished to try their luck against professionals. Chinese constituents came, too, and brought their favorite games with them. Distinguished guests such as the Sullivans, Tom Foley, Silver Dollar Smith, Jule Harberger, and others sat in private rooms with champagne and poker outfits, and big money often changed hands.

At the grove, the gambling games were set up under the trees. "Only straight game here; just the same as played in our rooms in New York!" the barkers would cry. More drinks were served, some went swimming, there were foot races, wrestling, sometimes amateur boxing bouts, games of baseball between fats and leans, between married men and bachelors. Chicken, chowder, perhaps clam fritters, coffee, beer, and ice cream were served, and the proletariat climbed over one another, even on the table, in the rush to get more. Then back to the city in the evening, where a torchlight parade and fireworks wound up the day.

The political balls, also called "rackets," given by politicians and gangsters, were another means of levying tribute and promoting prostitution. Washington's Birthday eve was sacred to Harry Oxford's ball at Webster Hall. Larry Mulligan's always took place on St. Patrick's Eve, sometimes at Terrace Garden, sometimes at Tammany Hall. Even Biff Ellison, huge, foppish gangster and dive keeper, emulating Chuck Connors, formed the Biff Ellison Association, consisting entirely of himself, and gave three rackets a year at Tammany Hall which were said to net him an average profit of a thousand dollars apiece.

Larry Mulligan's ball was described by George Kibbe Turner in one of his scathing articles of the period on Tammany,

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That night . . . the streets of the Tenderloin lie vacant of its women; the eyes of the city detective force were focused on the great dancing hall—stuffed to the doors with painted women and lean-faced men. In the center box, held in the name of a young Jewish friend, sits “the Big Feller”—clear-skinned, fair-faced and happy. Around him sit the gathering of his business and political lieutenants . . . the rulers of New York; Larry Mulligan, his stepbrother, head of this pleasing association; Paddy Sullivan, his brother, president of the Hesper Club of gamblers; Considine, business associate, owner of the Metropole Hotel, where the “wise ones” gather; Big Tom Foley, and—an exception to the general look of rosy prosperity—Little Tim Sullivan, the lean little manager of the old Third District and leader of the New York Board of Aldermen.

The council unbends; it exchanges showers of confetti; the Big Feller smiles gayly upon the frail congregation below him—the tenth short-lived generation of prostitutes he had seen at gatherings like this since, more than twenty years ago he had started his first Five Points assembly—he himself as fresh now as then. In the rear of the box a judge of the General Sessions Court sits modestly, decently, hat in hand. In the welter on the slippery floor, another city judge, known to the upper and under world alike as “Freddy” Kernochan, leads through the happy mazes of the grand march a thousand pimps and prostitutes to the blatant crying of the band:—

“Sullivan, Sullivan, a damned fine Irishman!”

This caustic sketch, written during the mayoralty campaign of 1909, stung Big Tim into making one of his rare speeches. It was at Miner’s Bowery, and the crowd overflowed to the sidewalk. His old partner, George Kraus, was in the chair. When Tim arose, the applause for several minutes prevented his speaking. He finally began, in a voice faltering with emotion, to defend himself against the numerous charges which were being hurled at him; declaring that his income was derived from his theatrical business. “I’m worth something,” he admitted, “and there’s no reason why I shouldn’t be. I’m an average downtown boy, with a head that’s always

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clear, for I don't drink nor smoke. But I haven't changed my residence since I got my money, and I ain't going to. I was born among you, and I'm going to die among you."

He sketched his poverty-stricken boyhood in the dramatic manner which he could command at such times; told how his mother would sing the children to sleep at night, and often they would not have noticed that she had not eaten any supper because there was not enough for her to eat. "The trouble with the reformers is that they don't know conditions down here. . . . The thieves we have down here ain't thieves from choice, they're thieves from necessity, and necessity don't know any law. They steal because they need a doctor for some dying one or they steal because there ain't any bread in the house for the children."

By this time half the audience were in tears.

Tim then referred to "something written by a gentleman named Turner. He's not so bad, even if he has been writing horrible stuff, but I can't say as much for the people who've been paying him. I've been looking Turner up. He's got three children and a wife, and they might have been starving, and a man who has children starving will do anything.

"In an article he wrote about the Lawrence Mulligan ball, he said that the women were of questionable virtue and the men worse. Now I've got right here in hand a list, and the reporters can take it and look up the names, and I'm here to say that they will find that every woman is a virtuous woman and every man a decent man."

Taking up the charge of "white slavery," he asserted that "I've been living here all my life, and I never knew a man engaged in this business, and I won't stand for this. I'm not going to say anything, but this man Turner better keep out of this district.

"I've never professed to be any more than an average man. I don't want you to think that I'm very good, for I've done a lot of wrong things. I'm just an average man, but I've told you of that old mother of mine and what she did for me, and

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I want to say here before you all that there is no man on earth who believes in the virtue of women more than I do."

The effrontery required to stand before an East Side audience and say that he had never known a man engaged in a traffic which was then notorious was simply colossal. It rather makes one smile at his rhapsody on feminine virtue. Men have strange moral quirks. Florrie Sullivan, boss of the Park Row territory for many years, is said to have had a particular hatred for the man who lived on the earnings of a lewd woman, and to have saluted such a one with his huge fist whenever discovered in his district.

In 1909, when Big Tim made that famous speech, the shadows were beginning to close over him and over the Bowery—though, on the surface, life still seemed bright for the Big Feller. He had gone back to the State Senate in 1908; he had had a trip to Europe the next year, and excited ushers at the Grand Prix had whispered the news along that the handsome giant was King of the Bowery—a country of which most of them had never heard, though goodness knows, the spicy travesty, "Dans le Bowery," staged at the Folies a few years before should have given them an idea. He had been powerful enough to bully Mayor McClellan into discharging Police Commissioner Bingham, who had begun cleaning up the region around Chatham Square, beginning with Paddy Mullins's dive at 6 Mott Street, haunt of thieves and vicious women. When a startled politician asked Bingham if he had consulted the Sullivans about these moves, he snorted, "The Sullivans! They can't even get the time of day from this department." A few weeks later, however, he was removed from office. The Sullivans were still able to get more than the time of day from the City Hall.

But a strange fatality was pursuing them. Florrie died in June of that year. Two years before, his mind had become affected. He went to Europe for a rest, but returned a lunatic. In the fall of 1909, Little Tim showed signs of psychopathic trouble, and in the middle of December he died. His

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mind was clear at the last; he knew that he was passing, and he called his cousin to his bedside. For several years Little Tim had presided at the Big Fellow's Christmas dinners, the latter absenting himself. But now, "I'm not going to be at the dinner, Tim," said the cousin, "and so you'll have to show there. The boys will feel bad if neither one of us is there, and though I know it'll make you sad, there's no other way. Will you do this for me, Tim?"

Tim promised, and when the doors of the clubhouse at 207 Bowery opened, he was there. Five thousand men were fed in relays—10,000 pounds of turkey, 500 loaves of bread, 200 gallons of coffee, 5,000 pies, 100 kegs of beer vanished like smoke, and Tim handed out a pipe and a bag of tobacco to every diner. "The guys'll eat and smoke because they're hungry," said Johnny Lookup, the blind panhandler, "but it's a sad Christmas for the Bowery." The guests were not all cheats; that was proven by the fact that some collapsed while standing in line. Medical attendance was quickly provided in such cases.

Christy Sullivan that year spent practically all of his little fortune in an effort to win the job of sheriff, but failed; and Colonel Mike Padden, a strong Sullivan man, was forced out of his good job in the Water Department. "It's a hoodoo!" said the Bowery, gloomily; but the truth of the matter was that times were changing.

Tickets were given out at the Christmas dinner as usual for the free shoes distributed a month later—5,500 pairs that year, with socks for each (costing Sullivan \$13,750), but in the following year no less than 7,000 pairs were given out. Senator John C. Fitzgerald, whom Sullivan had selected as Little Tim's successor in the Third District, was in charge of the distribution. Coffee and sandwiches were also served because there was such a long wait in line. Many came who had no tickets, but Tim had given orders that no one was to be turned away shoeless. A man in the Raymond Street Jail wrote a letter, asking for a pair, and he was accommodated.

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In 1910 agitation arose again for change of the name of the street. Settlement workers petitioned Sullivan to consider making it a part of Third Avenue, but were met with a blast of disapproval. "Only over my dead body!" he cried. "The name was good enough when we were boys down here, and it's going to be good enough for those who are here now. As long as I'm alive, the Bowery will be the Bowery. The trouble is, the Bowery has always been misunderstood."

"The East Side is purer than any other part of the city," he told reporters. "Tell the people that Timothy D. Sullivan will never stand for changing the name." He was particularly incensed at a suggestion that it be renamed Parkhurst Avenue. Many others, including Borough President McAneny, were strongly against the change, and the proposition made no headway.

With the great gangs broken into smaller cruising squadrons, under chieftains no less vicious, however, than Eastman, the Bowery and vicinity were harried by their warfare among themselves in 1910-12. The principal vendetta was between Big Jack Zelig on the one side and Jack Sirocco and Chick Tricker on the other. Several subordinate warriors were slain, Zelig was wounded and the whole front of Tricker's putrid dive, the Fleabag, at 241 Bowery, was shot out by two carloads of Zelig gunmen who swept past it. One night nine pistol battles were fought at various points on the East Side, and there were several sluggings and knife thrusts. Despite efforts of the police and appeals of the politicians, the warfare broke out again and again at times.

Sullivan had put a measure through the Legislature which was ostensibly intended as a protection for society, but had an ulterior purpose. The Sullivan Law makes it a felony to be found carrying a concealed firearm. This deters the good citizen from carrying one, but not the crook who is willing to take a chance. The law was intended, however, as a brake on the gangsters. Whenever one of them became obstreperous or for any reason needed putting out of the way, a gun

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could be "planted" in his clothes as he was being arrested, and he would be railroaded off to prison. Big Jack Zelig, in fear of this, had all his pockets sewed up, and his artillery was carried by an inconspicuous gunbearer who walked behind him.

The final crash of the old order was brought about by the killing of the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, allegedly at the behest of Police Lieutenant Becker, in July, 1912. The assassination occurred on Forty-fourth Street, far distant from the Bowery, but it was done by four of Big Jack Zelig's gunmen, furnished as the price of his freedom from a felony charge. Rosenthal had exposed Becker's partnership in his gambling business, and also brought in the name of Big Tim Sullivan. The murder excited a wave of popular indignation against police and politicians, and once more, as in so many similar upheavals, a mass meeting was held at Cooper Union, and measures taken to force a cleansing. As a result, many resorts in the Bowery district closed their doors. The liquor licenses of Jimmy Kelly's notorious Mandarin Club in Chinatown, of the Chatham Club and Pioggi's dive in Doyers Street, were revoked. The Chatham Club remained open until the following spring as a lunch and soft drink stand.

It was shortly after the Rosenthal murder that Big Tim began acting strangely. He had suffered a shock that year in the death of his wife, with whom he had become reconciled before her passing. He now began to have delusions of persecution and became rapidly worse. A chill struck to the hearts of his friends and associates as they recalled that Florrie had been afflicted in the same manner, and, to a certain extent, Little Tim. Late in the year the Big Fellow's affairs were placed in the hands of a committee consisting of his brother Patrick, Lawrence Mulligan, Frank Farrell, and another man. Tim was confined for a time in a sanitarium, then removed to a house in Eastchester. He played cards continuously with his guards, save when he gave them the slip and escaped. Once he was found revisiting old scenes

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in the Bowery, and again wandering among the Hudson River docks.

In May, 1913, Chuck Connors died. He had lost his grip several years before and become a mere loafer in the Chatham Club, where he sat for hours daily in a chair tilted against the wall, much of the time with his hat over his eyes, a pitiful contrast to his former jovial self. Visitors still went to the place just to look at him, but he no longer acted as guide nor gave his grand "rackets," and his prestige was being stolen by one Frank Salvatore, an Italian bootblack who called himself Young Chuck Connors and organized the Young Chuck Connors Association.

Chuck still had a room in Richard K. Fox's flats, at 6 Dover Street, almost under the Brooklyn Bridge, where he had lived ever since the building was erected. It was rumored that Fox charged him no rent. He was taken ill at the Chatham Club one day, carried home and died two days later. On the day before his death a big limousine drew up at the door of the dingy old building, and a tall, handsome lady in a stunning tailor-made costume and with flowers in her hand, went up to call on him. It was the old schoolmate of his childhood, Blanche Walsh.

When news of his death came to the Chatham Club, the proprietor, Roxy Cornell (real name Canelli), with a brush and some Chinese ink scrawled "We mourn our loss" on a card and hung it on the wall above the chair he always occupied. His age was estimated at all figures from forty-nine to sixty-one, with the former probably a little nearer the truth. Two weeks after his death the Chatham Club closed its doors. There was more head-shaking up and down the street. Some had said the old Bowery was dying when Mike Lyons's restaurant closed six years before. Now, with Chuck Connors dead and the Big Feller insane, they were sure of it.

Tim seemed much better that summer, and his brother Paddy took him for a brief trip to Europe. But in Septem-

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ber he was back at the Eastchester house again. One night he insisted on playing cards all night with his guards, and when they fell asleep from exhaustion, he slipped away. At dawn a train on the New Haven Railroad some distance away passed over and mutilated the body of a man who, as the engineer believed, was dead before the train reached him. Oddly enough, no one suspected that it was Sullivan; and while search was being carried on high and low for the runaway, the body lay for two weeks unclaimed and unidentified at the morgue. Then the policeman required by law to take a last look before the body is buried in the Potter's Field came in and gave a great start as he looked. "It's Big Tim, God rest him!" he whispered.

Tim's funeral at Old St. Patrick's was one of the most impressive ever seen in New York. Mulberry, Mott, and Prince streets, around the Cathedral, were swept and scrubbed for the occasion. Eight priests took part in the solemn requiem mass, and the horde of city officials, friends, and weeping constituents not only filled the church, but overflowed into all the streets around. There were carloads of flowers. Sarsaparilla Reilly, his friend for thirty years, was the master of ceremonies. More than twenty-five thousand persons followed Big Tim to his grave in Calvary.

The value of his estate was found to be a trifle more than a million dollars. It was revealed that he had lost fully \$700,000 in recent years through loans and indorsing the notes of his friends. The Bowery political scene was never the same after his death. Fitzgerald, who tried to take his place, and Paddy Sullivan quarreled and compromised. The latter succeeded in holding the leadership for a time and organized his own association, with a clubhouse at 259 Bowery. He also tried for a while to keep up the old Christmas dinners to the poor, but presently abandoned it, and was never a great force in East Side politics.

Now, indeed, the giants were all departed, and nothing left but petty gangsters and ragamuffins. The Bowery had for

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years past been more and more a dingy rendezvous for tramps and down-and-outers. Hobo society notes recorded the appearance of some of the leading figures of the profession on its pavements now and then—Denver Pete, Boston Slim, Ike the Rustler, Champ the Bed, Calamity Burke, Short-Tail Kelly, Gulper Mooney, and Angel Face, not to speak of James Eads How, the millionaire hobo, who for a time ran a lodging house for poor men on Fourth Street, and Jeff Davis, "King of Hoboes," who wore a glittering badge, his insignia of office. During the hard winter of 1914-15 Davis succeeded in leasing for a dollar a year a large empty building at Worth and Center Streets, and operated there the Hotel de Gink for his comrades in the "Itinerant Workers' Union." Here were accommodations at low rates not only for the "blanket stiff" (tramp who carries his own blanket) and "bundle stiff" (tramp who carries a package or handbag which may even house such luxuries as nightshirt and toothbrush) but also for the lowest type of hobo, who contents himself with a "Tucson blanket" (newspaper) or nothing at all.

As always, there were "mission stiffes," bums who affected a deep interest in their souls' salvation, sometimes even to the point of shedding tears, in order to get precedence for free food and lodging at the missions. These agencies, the Salvation Army, the Bowery Mission, Hadley Hall, the Holy Name Society, the All-Night Mission, and the Y. M. C. A., all on the Bowery, the Five Points Mission, the Howard Mission on the New Bowery and the Rescue Mission which was installed in the old Chinese Theater on Doyers Street after Ah Hoon, the comedian, was killed by the Hip Sings in 1909, were and are overworked in winter and in times of depression, trying to provide food, lodging, and work for those honestly suffering; and even those who harbor an in-born prejudice against labor cannot be permitted to freeze or starve. The Squirrel Inn was another agency tried out for several years on the Bowery and abandoned; a sort of

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clubhouse launched by a temperance society to combat the temptations of the saloon. On the Bowery it was believed to be a money-making scheme; most or all of the missions are thus cynically regarded by the out-at-elbows fraternity. "Them guys get theirs," is the opinion.

In 1909 it was estimated that an average of twenty-five thousand men lay nightly along Park Row and the Bowery, in hotels, lodging houses, flop houses, missions, or slumped down on chairs, kegs, or the floor in the rear of saloons. There were about seventy-five restaurants between Brooklyn Bridge and Cooper Union, and 115 stores for the sale of men's apparel, but not one for women. This stretch of thoroughfare was distinctively a man's highway. There were on Park Row 560 buildings, of which 425 were occupied wholly or in part by saloons, cigar stores, men's lodging houses, dealers in men's wear and other places patronized exclusively by men.

The Squirrel Inn had a reading room where might be seen those curious derelicts, the well-read, the college-bred, men who perhaps had been cradled in eiderdown and fine linen in babyhood; Oxford graduates, men with the scars of German student duels on their faces; men like "J. Black," who occasionally donned a respectable suit and slipped away to the Public Library uptown to read for days at a stretch; men like "Scotty" who, when times were particularly bad, would beg a sheet of paper and write to some one in Scotland, weeping as he did so; would be morose for weeks until the reply came and weep again as he read it; then would disappear for a week or more, return wearing a new outfit of clothing, drunk and hilarious, and begin the downward career again: remittance men like "Casey," whose cycle from top to dregs and back again covered three months, the better lodgings and restaurants at first, then cheaper and cheaper ones, finally the seven-cent flop houses and the Mariners' one-cent meals, and after that, cleaning cuspidors in saloons, sleeping on a keg and eating the remnants of the free lunch. Then his quar-

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terly allowance would come and he would begin at the top again, perhaps buying new clothing, which would exhaust it more quickly. Irresponsibles like these were often good patrons of the "reliever shops," basement doggeries where the outcast sot could exchange his shoes for a pair still more badly worn plus a drink of corrosive whisky.

What was the peculiar spell which the old Bowery exerted, not only over the bum but the man of birth and education; the spell which wins such passionate defenses of its name from its old citizens; which makes them proud to have been born, lived and done business on it; which induced masquerades like that of the man who died in 1913 at the age of eighty, after thirty years in Bowery lodging houses under the name of William Smith, apparently always in the clutch of poverty? When he died it was found that he came of a prominent family, had disappeared shortly after his father's death and while posing as an outcast in the Bowery, had made many shrewd trades in the stock market and left an estate of \$200,000 in cash and securities. Or that other old man, educated and distinguished looking but supposedly a pauper, who at death left papers showing that he had been a skilful and successful surgeon in Europe; likewise a bank book showing deposits of \$35,000 and a will giving a thousand of it to a hospital where he had once been a patient and dividing the rest between two seedy lodging-house inmates who had been persistently kind to him.

One has heard of certain streams of romance which, if you drank of their waters, would draw you back irresistibly, it might be ten, twenty, fifty years afterwards, to drink again. Even so the old Bowery. Alderman Farley and his wife lived contentedly above his saloon for twenty-three years, but after she died he was restless and unhappy, and decided to move his lodging uptown. But he could not be content away from the old street and the clatter of the L, so back he came in a year or two to live alone in a room above

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the saloon, and there he was found dead one May morning in 1914.

The most interesting figures of the latter period have been certain bizarre personalities among the peddlers, panhandlers, and outcasts. Jew Dave Kelly, for example, a little spitfire who whipped policemen and devoted a considerable portion of his mendicant's income to feeding stray cats. Spike O'Day, who had a wooden leg, but pawned it nearly every morning and redeemed it at night from the proceeds of a day's begging in a sitting position on the sidewalk. Dave the Fiddler, Irish but announcing himself on the Rialto and at Coney Island by a printed card as Signor Puccini and supposed to be deaf and dumb; his repertoire consisting of Irish reels, bits of Italian opera and "The Last Rose of Summer." Haggard female figures—Mother Roach, Sloppy Mag Mc-Unsky, The Truck, Frisco Nell, the female hobo; brands plucked from the burning like Sophie the Scrubwoman, whose full-length portrait long hung in the Rescue Mission; Chinatown Gertie who, as an opium addict in a room (with the door open) above Nigger Mike's, was part of the exhibit of the Chinatown guides, but who reformed and became a burning flame of piety in the missions; Gold Tooth Fannie, a lady of the night, who gave away food from a torchlighted cart at cold winter dawns; the Captain, middle-aged seaman who drifted into the Bowery Mission, drunk, hatless and with only one shoe, and became a prominent social worker; Victor Benke, who, one night when there was no pianist at the Bowery Mission, came forward, tattered and dirty, and thrilled the meeting with his playing—whose manhood was restored, who composed music, won fame and was offered high position as an organist, but remained true to the East Side, and whose memorial tablet says that "The men of the Bowery loved him."

Radicalism never made much headway among the Bowery derelicts. The Outcasts' Festival held in a hall on East Broadway in 1910, with Hutchins Hapgood as chairman,

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heard much anarchistic and communistic doctrine from some of the speakers, such as Emma Goldman, Sadakichi Hartmann, and Dr. Reitman, "king of the tramps" (where was Jeff Davis?); but it was received apathetically. The crowd listened with much more sympathy to the good-natured philosophy of Chuck Connors, who was also a speaker.

When the "work or fight" order was promulgated in 1917 the "Little Stock Exchange" at Bowery and Bayard Streets went out of business. It had for many years been a resort for beggars, pickpockets, small thieves, cheap fences, and scrubby brokers who sold real diamonds on the curb for a dollar and up. Suits of clothes were sold there for fifty cents and a dollar. From there, stretching westward to Mott Street, is still the great secondhand clothing mart of New York. But the work or fight order brought to many habitués of the Little Stock Exchange the horrors of toil or its alternative, which some accepted gladly, of a prison cell. Tinky-Tin Cushman and One-Legged Louie, who had a real leg tied up to his back, were escorted to jail. Dan the Fiddler sold his black wig for fifty cents and his violin, "a genuine Strad," for fifteen dollars. Dago Joe sold his hand organ, which played nothing but "Sweet Marie," and found a job.

The *Herald* looked the Bowery over early that year and found on it 63 saloons, 51 cheap lodging houses, 14 cheap theaters and motion picture houses, 41 restaurants, 9 pawnshops, 21 labor agencies, and 5 missions: but not a single dime museum nor auction room. "They've all gone up to Times Square, where the boobs are," said the Bowery.

The last effort to change the name of the street was made in 1916. With Big Tim out of the way, the business men thought they might find it easier to bring about the desired alteration, though there was a difference of opinion as to the new name. Fourth Avenue South, Peter Cooper Street, Hewitt Avenue, and Central Broadway—as if the town hadn't enough Broadways already—were some of the least

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absurd names proposed. But the Aldermen and other city officials were still found to be adamant; and when the business men learned that even the New York Historical Society would oppose them, they gave up hope.

CHAPTER XXV

THE LAST PHASE

WHATEVER the spell was—that subtle essence, gay, raffish, and impudent, but with its spice of romance and mystery, adventure, and vagabondry, it is gone, and the Bowery to-day is a sober, humdrum business street, pestered only—much to the annoyance of its business men—by the crowd of wastrels and unfortunates who haunt the missions and labor agencies, some seeking work and a chance, many seeking only free board and lodging on the easiest possible terms. Like an elderly reformed *roué*, its deep-lined venous countenance still bears marks of its naughty past, making it fascinating yet fearful to the virtuous. Coming from all corners of America, they go down there every day in sight-seeing buses, and the lecturers do the best they can.

Individualism is still strong on the East Side. Of 10, 751 stores in the area east of the Bowery, only about a hundred, or less than one per cent, are chain stores. Mixed in among the tenements is more big business than the stranger might think. Many streets run to a particular line, as is often the case in New York. Division Street has 79 cloak and ladies' suit stores, some of them handsome ones, and women from far uptown come there to buy. On Orchard Street are 43 hosiery and underwear jobbers, and on Eldridge Street 60 cotton and drygoods jobbers almost in a continuous line. But the Bowery has a greater variety of business than any other mile of street in New York. One of its favorite lines is that of hotel and restaurant kitchen and dining room equipment, with more than twenty houses devoted to the various branches. There are fifteen lighting fixture stores and

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twenty-eight dealers in secondhand store equipment. Crockery, stationery, glass and mirrors, paints, wholesale and retail confectionery, notions, enamelware, brass, copper, leather and rubber goods; a lumber dealer whose stock is all under roof; a wholesale poultry dealer; bird and animal stores whose agents are busy in far-off Africa and Burmah; clothing stores new and secondhand, hat stores, shoe stores. Besides individual jewelry stores, there are on the block between Canal and Hester two jewelers' exchanges and two diamond exchanges, one of them with fifty-two dealers in it, and it is said that a million dollars' worth of jewels changes hands in a day on that block. Incidentally it may be remarked that the manager of one of the Simpson pawnshops is one of the greatest diamond experts in New York. So unerring is his judgment and so high his integrity that all disputes in the Bowery diamond market, as well as many elsewhere, are referred to him, and his decision is accepted without question.

Continuity, permanence, are characteristic of the Bowery. On no other street of its length in America are there as many businesses, as many buildings and institutions which have been there for half a century and more—some of them more than a century. Others have existed there for fifty or seventy-five years before going out of business or moving elsewhere.

It is a curious bit of incongruity that at the head of the street all through its period of depravity stood the greatest Bible printing house in America and one of the leading educational institutions for underprivileged youth; futile agencies, one might think, did not one know that all the time they were doing their bit at sapping the structure of disorder which politics and human depravity had reared, and were partly responsible for its fall. They stand there yet, looking as solid and static as the rock on which they are built; the old red brick Bible House, where more than 76,000,000 copies of the Scriptures have been printed in all of earth's languages and many of the dialects, and Cooper Union, hoary

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with age but youthful in spirit, supplying practical education at low cost to thousands of young New Yorkers and a forum for the discussion of any cultural or sociological theme. Until 1900 it was unendowed, being supported by Mr. Cooper and his family; but that year Andrew Carnegie established a foundation of \$300,000 for its benefit, later adding another \$300,000. J. P. Morgan was also a large contributor, but the chief benefactors have always been the families of Mr. Cooper and of Abram S. Hewitt, his son-in-law and partner.

Its auditorium is second only to Faneuil Hall for historic interest. Here, as already told, Lincoln made his great anti-slavery speech in 1860. On the day before the address, his interest in the poor led him down to the Five Points Mission where he appeared unexpectedly, a gaunt, homely figure, during the Sunday school service. He reluctantly accepted an invitation to speak to the children and told them in his simple but eloquent way how he had once been poor and ragged himself, but did the best he could. From the same Cooper Union rostrum Henry Ward Beecher, William Cullen Bryant, William Lloyd Garrison, Edward Everett, and Wendell Phillips thundered against slavery and in defense of the Union. There great patriotic mass meetings were held at the outbreak of the Civil War. There the Council of Political Reform called another great meeting on April 6, 1871, with Beecher, Judge Barrett, W. F. Havemeyer, William Walter Phelps, and William M. Evarts on the platform to launch the fight against Tweed, and there in September the Committee of Seventy was appointed to carry it on. There in 1894, after the exposures of the Lexow Committee, another Committee of Seventy was formed, and after the Rosenthal murder in 1912 the fight for civic decency was taken up again.

Mr. Cooper had declared from the start that the rostrum of his Institute should not be closed to any one because of political, religious, or social prejudices. Therefore he permitted Victoria Woodhull, advocate of woman's suffrage and free

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love, to air her views in the hall and brought much criticism upon his venerable head thereby. His answer to it was to invite her to come again. She did so, and was introduced by the long-haired, lily-fingered Theodore Tilton, accuser of Beecher. On the night when the provincial lawyer, Robert G. Ingersoll, expounded his atheism in Cooper Union, he at once became a national figure. When he asked Cooper for permission to use the hall and it was promptly granted, there was talk among the pious in New York of a mob; but old Peter showed his contempt of threats by going to the hall and introducing Ingersoll himself.

In 1876 at the age of eighty-five, Mr. Cooper had the honor of nomination for President by the Greenback party. Until his latter days he might be seen frequently driving downtown from his home, still standing at 9 Lexington Avenue, in his queer old buggy which you may see preserved in the Institute building. He died in 1883 at the age of ninety-two. On May 29, 1897, a statue of him, wrought by Augustus St. Gaudens, who had been a pupil at the Institute, was unveiled by the hand of his great-granddaughter, Candace Hewitt, in the tiny green triangle just south of the building. It is a figure seated with staff in hand, just as he used to sit and almost in the same spot on many a summer afternoon, looking down the Bowery.

To-day the Institute has an endowment of about \$4,500,000. It gives courses in engineering, industrial chemistry, and other technical subjects, in drawing, modeling, applied design, and secretarial training. There are at least 10,000 applicants for admission every year, of whom only 3,500 can be accommodated. In 1897 the Tompkins Market property, across the street, was leased, the market demolished, and the Abram S. Hewitt Memorial Annex erected—a two-story structure to which other stories are to be added later. In the great library and reading room, which is open until late in the evening and where 450 newspapers and magazines are taken in, one may see hordes of readers, often

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ragged and dirty, devouring reading matter which perhaps they could get nowhere else and in a place where the grimmest of them is welcome.

Banks and bank locations are long-lived on the Bowery. For more than a century a bank has stood continuously on the northwest corner of Grand Street, where the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank was organized in 1830, while abattoirs still abounded on Chrystie and Elizabeth Streets. The Bowery National, which succeeded the Butchers' and Drovers' in 1901, erected a handsome building (still standing) whose front displays some of the early sculptural work of Frederick MacMonnies. Other changes of name and organization took place, and a branch of the Bank of America now functions there.

Just across Grand Street, the southwest corner, where the Chatham and Phoenix is now, has been a money mart since 1860, when the Oriental Bank moved to that point from Division Street, where it had been organized six years before. The Manufacturers' Trust, at the corner of Prince Street, has replaced the old Germania, founded in 1870, with Colonel Christian Schwarzwälder as its first president. And at the corner of Bond Street a branch of the National City Bank occupies the original building erected by the German Exchange Bank when it began business there in 1873.

The Bowery Savings Bank was organized by a group of East Side merchants in 1834, and began business next door to the Butchers' and Drovers', where it still functions, though now in a spacious modern building and with a huge "branch" on Forty-second Street. The first strong box was a tiny trunk, 24 by 16 by 14 inches and covered with thin leather, which was deposited every night in the Butchers' and Drovers' vault. The two financial neighbors weathered the panic of 1837 very nicely, and since 1900 the Bowery Savings has been proudly claiming to be the largest savings bank in the world.

The Dry Dock Savings Bank was organized by a group of

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men, mostly master mechanics in the shipyards, in 1848, and began business on Fourth Street near Avenue C. When a mob of draft rioters made a night attack on the bank in 1863, the watchman barred the door with a piece of timber and held the fort until police drove away the assailants. The present building at Third Street and the Bowery, erected in 1875, is one of the unusual landmarks of the street. Designed by Leopold Eidlitz, a native of Prague, it is Gothic with the Czecho-Slovakian touch of the Pulverthurm of Powder Tower of the architect's native city.

The second fireproof building erected in New York (Cooper Union being the first) still stands on the east side of Cooper Square at Seventh Street—the home of the Metropolitan Savings Bank, erected in 1867 and with never a crack in its walls to this day. The Metropolitan was first chartered as the Mariners' Savings, farther downtown, in 1852.

The Citizens' Savings Bank, whose white-domed edifice rises at the corner of Canal Street, was founded on Avenue A in 1860 and removed to its present corner two years later. From a perch on a telegraph pole the present President of the Bank, Mr. Saylor, then a small boy, witnessed the Catherine Street outbreak of the Draft Riots.

These old savings banks look back serenely over the history of the street and seem to find it not so bad. After the Draft Riots they were never menaced. Though criminals had their lairs all about, there were no "stickups" in the banking rooms, no blowing of vault doors, no tunneling into vaults from below by burglars, as was frequently done elsewhere fifty or sixty years ago. Money with the scent of liquor on it, money flecked with blood and feathers from kosher poultry merchants, mothball-scented money from clothing dealers, it all came trustfully to the Bowery banks, and confidence in them has seldom wavered. During a time of doubt as this book was being written, when one of the city's great banks closed its doors, precipitating runs upon other institutions all over the city, new depositors came into the Bowery banks so

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rapidly that they could scarcely be accommodated. At one of the savings banks there were on some days as high as two or three hundred of them in an hour, nearly all depositing money withdrawn from banks elsewhere. A communist taking part in a synthetic riot at the City Hall, shouting, "We want bread! We want work!" was found to have exhibited his faith in capitalism by recently depositing \$2,622 in a Bowery savings bank.

At the southwest corner of the Bowery and Broome Street stands the oldest hotel in New York still functioning as a hotel. Its oldest rival disappeared in 1891 when the New England, farther down the Bowery, advertised a century ago as being "in the most pleasant and central part of the city," was torn down. It is practically impossible to determine the exact age of the house on the Broome Street corner, now known as the Commercial, for its career parallels that of Topsy—it was not built all at once, but just grew. We knew, however, that a hotel or tavern has been in operation on that corner for at least one hundred and twenty-five years. In 1805 it appears as the New Bull's Head, a few years later as the Upper Bull's Head, and between 1825 and 1830 as the Bowery House. The land on which the hotel stands has been from those days to the present time the property of descendants of the De Lanceys. Joseph C. Yates, who was Governor of New York in 1822-24, and who married the daughter of John De Lancey, is often mentioned nowadays as the builder of the present structure, but it is evident that whatever he built or remodeled, it was only the nucleus of the hotel as it is. It was evidently his building which by 1830 was being called the West Chester House. The General Executive Committee of the Mechanics and Workingmen met there in June of that year and promulgated an address deprecating "the intrusion of religious opinions and prejudices in their great work of political reform."

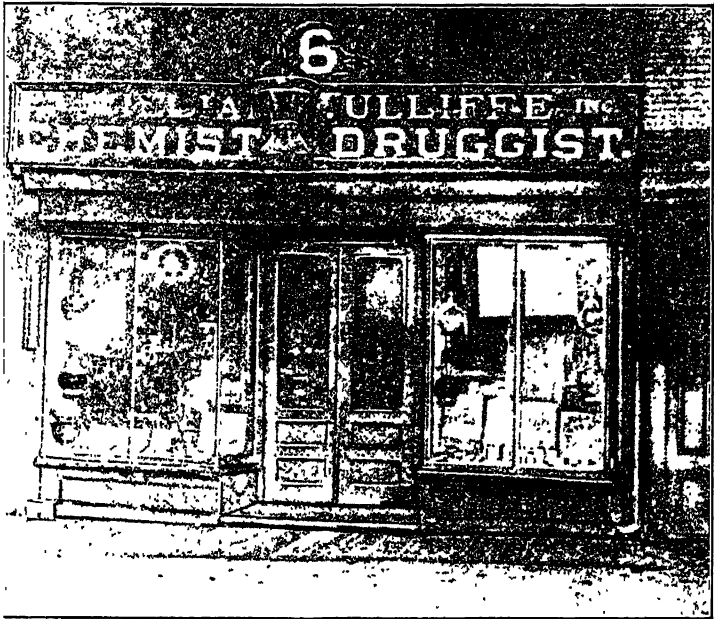
Five years later the name had been changed to Military and Civick Hotel, and the house was headquarters of the Equal

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Rights or Anti-Monopoly faction of the Democratic Party, supporting Jackson and opposing the United States Bank. On the evening of October 29, 1835, when nominations for candidates for State officers were to be ratified, this faction met at the hotel and marched to the Hall in a body, expecting trouble with the capitalistic faction. The scrimmage came, the Equal Rights men obtained forcible possession of the chair and the Bank men left the hall. Two or three minutes later the gas was turned off; but many of the crowd had the newly invented Locofoco or friction matches in their pockets; a few candles were found, and the meeting went triumphantly on. Next morning the *Courier and Enquirer* called the dissenters Locofocos and the name stuck, sometimes being applied to all Democrats.

By 1840 the building had gone back to the old name of Westchester House, which it retained for fifty years and more thereafter; then the change was made to Occidental. The building was a three-story one until 1866, when a fourth story was added. Some of the glory of the Occidental in the days of Big Tim Sullivan has already been touched upon. With his death its prestige declined and it became just another cheap wayfarers' hotel; its name was changed to the Commercial and, except for its size, it differs little now from the other forty- and fifty-cent upstairs hotels of the Bowery—a small, tile-floored office, shower baths and a faint odor of disinfectant—which becomes much stronger, almost overpowering, when you enter the missions and cheap lodging houses.

One of the most interesting business houses of the street is the little William J. Olliffe pharmacy, down at No. 6, between Doyers and Pell. There is some dispute as to the date of its origin, but the name of its founder first appears in the City Directory for 1813-14, when farmers were still parking their loads of hay in the Square. From the city records it appears that the story-and-a-half home of the business was standing at least as far back as 1808. It is the



OLD OLLIFFE PHARMACY AS IT APPEARED IN 1927
 NOTE THE MISSPELLING, "ULLIFFE," DONE BY A PAINTER IN 1856
 AND LEFT UNCORRECTED FOR MORE THAN SEVENTY YEARS.



CENTURY-OLD HOUSES AT FOURTH STREET AND BOWERY

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quaintest business structure in the city, and doubtless the oldest wooden one. The massive marble-topped counters, the heavy chairs and prescription screens, the clumsy drawers for powders and herbs, all look as if they must have been there from the beginning. An up-to-date Chinese physician has his office in the rear, and Chinatown supplies much business for the store, especially in ginseng.

Olliffe's used to do a good business in leeches for reducing black eyes, but the leech is a bit passé now. To-day, if you get a "shanty on your glimmer," you just step down the street a few doors to a barber shop whose sign promises, "Black eyes made natural"—with grease paints, of course; an interesting reminder of the old Bowery. That other specialist, however, who undertook to bleach red noses has vanished. We never believed in him very strongly, anyhow.

Half a block up the street at No. 28 is the city's oldest jewelry store, A. C. Benedict & Co., founded on that spot in 1818. On its ledgers are many names distinguished in the history of New York. One very early bill for \$128 covers spoons, tongs, and saltcellars sold to Captain Cornelius Vanderbilt for the tavern at New Brunswick, N. J.; in which he placed his wife to increase the family income. A later bill reads, "C. Vanderbilt, one imitation diamond pin, \$1.25." Robert Bonner, publisher and owner of Maud S. and Sunol, used to hitch his dashing rig in front of the store and come in to buy clock oil which he used on his racing sulkies. Diamond Jim Brady brought his thickly jewel-studded watch there for repairs and cleaning. Howe and Hummel were regular customers. At a much more recent date, Count Salm and his millionairess bride, Miss Rogers, drove down there secretly for their wedding ring.

A watch bought from the house in the year it began business is still keeping time in New Jersey, and the great-grandson of the original buyer brings it to the old shop for cleaning. A tall clock has been ticking away on the floor of the store through the whole hundred and thirteen years of its

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history. But the old place is going out of business in April, 1931. The owners were growing old and a little weary, and they had a sentimental objection to letting the place pass into other hands, so they ended its history.

On the east side of Chatham Square James Cowperthwait (or Copperwaite, as the Bowery invariably calls him), started his furniture business in 1807. When the Chatham Theater closed in 1852, he remodeled and moved into it, and the firm is still occupying the building, as well as a new one adjoining it. Back in the rear end of the sturdily built old building you may still dimly trace the outline of the stage where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was born, where the first minstrel performance was given, where Kirby died so grandly, and Frank Chanfrau delighted the Bhoys with the heroic Mose.

The first of the Simpsons, originally ship carpenters from the north of England, opened a pawnbrokers' shop near the Park Theater on Chatham Street between Beekman and Ann in 1822. Every few years, it seems, some kinsman or scion of the original family set up in business for himself, with the result that there are now seven or eight Simpson pawnshops in different parts of the city, four of them still in the old neighborhood. The one at 90 Park Row is the direct descendant of the original concern; on its shelves you may see the ledgers from 1822 to the present date. Another, J. Simpson & Co., at the lower end of Chatham Square, is but little younger. William Simpson & Co., at Bowery and Broome Street, was founded in 1836, and John Simpson, at 164 Bowery, in 1860. R. Simpson & Co., now on Forty-second Street, were on the Bowery and Grand Street from 1827 to 1897.

In the folklore of the stage, the Simpsons stand high as the actors' friends. Fifty years ago many a fur-collared overcoat was passed over their counter and its Thespian owner went shivering out into the January wind. Sam Devere's banjo was so often in Simpson shops that the clerks knew

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its every string; and Johnny Wild even succeeded in pawning his dog time and again for ten or fifteen dollars. It was against all rules and a nuisance to the Simpsons, but they liked Johnny.

Callahan's has been selling hats at 140 Bowery since 1860 and McCann's, opposite Rivington Street, since 1875. Barney McCann died a millionaire in 1929. Both are contestants for the honor of having sold Al Smith his first brown derby; but Callahan's proudly cherishes a bit of documentary evidence in a plaint of the Governor's to a newspaper reporter that he used to be able to buy a hat at Callahan's for a dollar-ninety which would cost him ten dollars now. Mr. Smith himself is quoted as saying that he bought his first cigar—a five-center, of course—at Senator Plunkett's cigar store, which used to be at 22 Bowery.

Bade Brothers have sold paints on the Bowery since 1880, and at the corner of Hester Street three generations of Isaacs have been purveying haberdashery "and firemen's outfits"—reminiscence of the old days—since 1869. At the corner of Doyers Street A. W. Hubner began selling notions in 1859, and his former clerk, Samuel Moore, still carries on the business though he has moved up the Bowery towards Canal Street. Street merchants and hawkers who work both city and country trade are outfitted at such stores as this, and trickling in and out of its doors is a stream of the most interesting characters to be met in the metropolis—such as Bowery Jimmy, whose selling patter ought to be put into vaudeville, "Third Avenue," who says that New York is the greatest hick town in the universe, and old Abie Levy, who has been hawking on the street since the seventies—a frail, small, white-bearded figure silently, wistfully shaking a little bunch of key rings at you on Chatham Square.

In the old Westchester Hotel building, in Broome Street, just off the Bowery, Carl Stehr's pipe shop has been functioning for nearly sixty-five years. The elder Stehr carved meerschaums with such skill and loving care that he won a

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gold medal on them at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876; and his son, the second Carl, still carries on.

There are other old businesses, now removed to other locations, which were long a part of the Bowery picture. John P. Jube & Company, for example, who began selling carriage hardware to East Side aristocracy in 1842, and took up automobile supplies when carriages went out of fashion, were at 97 Bowery until 1930, then moved to Howard Street. The great hardware business of Hammacher, Schlemmer & Company was on the Bowery for more than half a century; at No. 221 from 1848 to 1859—where William Schlemmer, a German immigrant boy and later a partner, sold tools on the sidewalk in front of the store at a salary of two dollars a week—then at No. 209 until 1904, when it moved up to Thirteenth Street and Fourth Avenue. There it stands on the site of the old brick water tower erected in 1831.

Who would expect to hear of a florist's shop prospering on the Bowery in the rough days following the Civil War? Adolph Le Moulton began there in 1865, and within ten years he was employing forty people, operating day and night and sometimes doing a thousand-dollar-a-day business. In 1903 he moved uptown, where the second Adolph and some of the old Bowery helpers still sell flowers.

Colonel Christian Schwarzwälder, who began his cabinet-making just off Chatham Square in 1834, is represented today by a corporation of grandnephews, with offices uptown and a factory in the Catskills. Wallach, Arnheim and Nicoll have already been mentioned.

There were other concerns now passed out of the scene which proved the Bowery tradition of long tenure: Feser Brothers, closed in 1929 after purveying food and drink at No. 269 for forty years; Dr. Church's pharmacy, first established on the Bowery in 1804, bought by Harry Miner in 1876 and installed next door to his People's Theatre, and closed as a retail business in 1919, though the company still compounds cosmetics elsewhere. W. N. Seymour & Com-

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pany sold hardware at Chatham Square and Catherine Street throughout almost the entire nineteenth century. To the very last, farmers from Long Island and New Jersey parked their wagons at its doors—sons and grandsons of men who had bought their hardware there and knew no other place.

There are many relics and landmarks which testify to the static tendency of the street; century-old, dormered and hip-roofed residences and stores; the Glenmore Hotel at Mott Street and Chatham Square, where O'Donovan Rossa used to be host; the queer, higgledy-piggledy old Chatham Club shack on Doyers Street; the actual buildings where Nigger Mike Saulter and John McGurk and Mike Lyons and other famous characters did business; the one (remodeled) where Stephen Collins Foster was lodging during his last few days. There are human landmarks, too, like blue-eyed old Barney Flynn, now proprietor of several lodging houses, and Diamond Dan O'Rourke, still living over his bare, doleful old barroom and keeping it open, waiting for Prohibition to end.

The ruins of the Thalia and Miner's Bowery lie just as fire felled them in 1929; the former a mere heap of brick, the latter a cindered shell—as you peer through the crevices of its boarded-up front, you may look right through the whorl of charred wooden ribs of the balcony back to the empty socket that was the stage. That they still lie thus is a sad commentary on the present-day state of the Bowery. Up the street the old London Theater, shabby, dirty, and gloomy, broods over happier days. A Chinese company was playing there not so long ago. They had been burned out of the Thalia, had gone to the old Jewish theater at Grand and Chrystie, and been driven from that when Chrystie was widened. An occasional season of Italian movies enlivens the London. There are two other motion picture theaters on the street; small ones not equipped for sound, showing old silent cowboy and farce films. At the one on Chatham Square there is once in a while a Chinese picture. We saw there recently, "Kan, the Great Knight Errant," a drama of

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medieval China, produced by the Great Wall Film Company of Shanghai. And now and then they get a modern story, made in California, of Chinese in Occidental dress in one of America's Chinatowns.

The missions and some of their pilots are becoming old landmarks, too; white-haired men like Tom Noonan of the Rescue Mission on Doyers Street, John Callahan, "Bishop of Hadley Hall," (next door to John McGurk's old stand), Father William J. Rafter of the Holy Name Mission, John R. Henry of the Bowery Mission, Commander Wallace Winchell of the Salvation Army, all of whom have toiled at their thankless tasks for many years. When a quarrel arose in the Salvation Army dormitory (wrote a reporter twenty years ago), and a hundred rough men suddenly flew at each other's throats, "Brigadier Wally Winchell would mount a bench and hurl himself into the tangle, shouting the name of Jesus." He is slightly less athletic now than then, but he still believes in the potency of the Holy Name, as witness the hand-lettered posters such as this on the front of the building:

DO YOU WANT A NEW THRILL?
LET JESUS
DYNAMITE
SIN OUT OF YOUR SOUL

It's the same old Salvation Army.

The Bowery Mission has enjoyed the patronage of many wealthy and distinguished persons. "Mother" Bird, its former matron, had close friends in such women as Mrs. Russell Sage (her girlhood schoolmate) and Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard. Through the efforts of Dr. Louis Klopsch of the American Bible Society, then its head, President Taft visited the mission one stormy December night in 1909, was greeted with applause and cheers by the assembled derelicts and made a charmingly tactful address to them. On departing, he waved his hand and said, "Good-by, boys!" to which they

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responded heartily, "Good-by, Bill! Merry Christmas, Bill!"

The Young Men's Christian Association, 222-224 Bowery, fosters no breadlines, but for years has operated a comfortable hotel for those able to pay a very modest fee for a night's lodging; and it devotes much energy to cultural, athletic, and religious activities. A perusal of its membership lists since its installation there in 1885 is an interesting ethnographical study. At the beginning, the names were mostly Anglo-Saxon, with a sprinkling of German and a still fainter savor of Scotch and Irish. Compare this with the yearbook for 1926. In a membership of 734, there are 410 names unmistakably Italian and 100 Jewish! And of the not more than fifty English names, some have been assumed by immigrant families after reaching this country.

These and the records of similar organizations indicate a higher standard of behavior on the East Side. Let those sneer at religion who will, its gaze is always upward; it has been the greatest of civilizing forces. The dogged urge of churches, synagogues, missions, religious associations and schools, and crusading preachers has done more to promote order, sobriety, and decency in the Bowery district and east of it than education or law and the police.

The East Side is in a state of transformation. There is still much ugliness, still some unkempt, noisome tenements, veritable rats' nests, to remind one of the old days. There are 431 rear houses still in the district—that is, tenements in the middle of a block, with no outlook on a street; and 8,000 people still live in them, but only a few years ago there were 50,000 people living in such places! Their number is decreasing; sanitation, health propaganda are penetrating all the dark corners. The population of the district is decreasing rapidly, because families are occupying more living space. Apartment houses have just been erected on Grand Street, on Avenue A, on Stanton and other streets such as the quarter never saw before. East Side merchants park costly limousines at the curb, and in some of their show windows

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you see the best makes of hats, shoes, clothing, of candy and food products, of radios.

Houston Street has been more than doubled in width, Essex nearly as much, and a subway is being built under them. A great boulevard is planned, to follow the full length of the shore of the East River. Whether that is accomplished soon or not, the East Side will have changed within the next ten or fifteen years beyond recognition by one who last saw it no more than five years ago. Will the Bowery be able to keep pace with it?

The nadir of its remorse and depression has been passed, and the tax books show that assessed values along the street have risen from twenty to forty per cent in ten years. But its ancient supremacy is menaced. No street cursed by elevated tracks can ever become a Broadway or Fifth Avenue. When or if a projected subway is built under Second Avenue and Chrystie Street, that combined thoroughfare will become a dangerous rival. Chrystie's handicap is that it can have no southern outlet towards the financial district, as has the Bowery via Pearl Street and Park Row. The Bowery has great advantages in its strategic position as an artery, in the powerful banking interests along its course and in its centuries of precedence as the great East Side highway. For sentiment's sake, it is to be hoped that the old thoroughfare of Stuyvesant and Bayard and De Lancey will hold its own.

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